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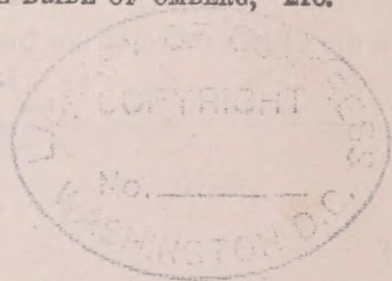
OR,

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

*Flygare-Carlen, Emilie (Smith)*  
BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

AUTHOR OF "ONE YEAR OF WEDLOCK," "THE BRIDE OF OMBERG," ETC.

WITH



A PREFACE TO HER AMERICAN READERS, BY THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SWEDISH,  
BY ELBERT PERCE.

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TO

**Frederick William Shelton,**

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE TRANSLATOR.



## TO MY AMERICAN READERS.

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On the western coast of Sweden, among naked rocks and  
hilly mountains, and washed by the wild waves of the North  
Sea, is situated the small port of Gothenburg, renowned  
as the haven of the Atlantic. Here I spent my youthful  
days, under the careful guidance of experienced parents, upright  
and industrious persons, such I should imagine as were  
among the first to emigrate to the New World, the holy land  
of liberty.

My earliest recollections are connected with a happy  
ground of my youth, the mountains which surround a man-  
sion, bearing an inscription in a foreign language. The  
mountains and the change of seasons, daily repeated, then  
served as my parental school. My father made it his work,  
and although time has nearly destroyed the landscape, still  
the instruction remains fresh in my memory. I remember that  
my father was a man of letters, who had been in the service  
of the king, and of the queen. And the daughter who lived  
a century ago in the hall of the Kings—the National of



## TO MY AMERICAN READERS.

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ON the western coast of Sweden, among naked rocks and lofty mountains, and washed by the wild waves of the North Sea, is situated the small frontier town of Strömstad, renowned as the former home of the Vikings. Here I spent my youthful days, under the careful guidance of affectionate parents, upright and industrious persons, such, I should imagine, as were among the first to emigrate to the New World, the holy land of liberty.

My earliest recollections are connected with a favorite playground of my youth, the churchyard which contained a monument bearing an inscription in a foreign language. The monument and the strange inscription, firmly imprinted themselves upon my youthful mind. My father translated the words, and although time has nearly destroyed the tombstone, still the inscription remains fresh in my memory. Under that stone reposed a youth, a stranger, who had closed his life's drama amid the wild surf of the coast. And this stranger, who found a resting-place in the land of the Vikings—that Northland of



which Ossian's ever sounding harp has sung—was a son of America!

My father (a seafaring man) related of the shipwreck; of the young supercargo's sad fate, and of the grief of the crew at the loss of their beloved shipmate. This narrative gave rise to thoughts of the stranger's native land. Until then, that country had been a legendary land to me. Indians, Yankees, bloodshed, liberty, and the great Washington, the king without court, without guards, pomp or crown, all awakened my liveliest interest, and caused my heart to swell with inward emotion. Yes, my ideas of this New World were filled with all that was wonderful and romantic. At length these beautiful dreams were swept away in the river of time, to give place for new thoughts. The child advanced in years. Life changed its pictures. Daylight and sunshine; sweet flowers and poetry—behold, this was one picture. But the other, more varied, gave material for all my labors, and bestowed upon me the wealth of experience. This picture was darkened by a sadder day. Our Father, the high giver of good, bestowed the one as well as the other. Praise be to him for the light as well as the darkness!

My sympathies for America and her people shall ever be cherished.

It was only occasionally that a few German translations from English romances found their way to our lonely home. My



elder brother returned home from college, and a new life was opened to my astonished and delighted mind. He brought with him the beautiful creations of Irving and Cooper. Oh, how I devoured those charming works of genius! How I was enchanted by those glowing descriptions of Nature! The wild Indian life; those terrible wars, so different from those of other lands, and the faithful descriptions of the stirring incidents of sea-life, bewildered and enchained my imagination. But I was conducted thus far. The rays emanating from the zenith of American genius, commenced to awaken into life the slumbering embryo, which God had implanted within my soul. It expanded; obscure ideas thrust themselves forward, but they were dissolved into sighs, which expressed, "Oh, that I could *thus* think—*thus* express my thoughts!"

However, I courageously grasped my pen, and the power, which had so long lain dormant, was at length called into existence. My first attempt was based solely upon innocent reminiscences—still my destination in the great course of authorship gradually became more and more apparent. I have striven onward, at least boldly, and with good will. I have experienced the thorns and triumphs of literary life. The former have slightly wounded; the latter never intoxicated me. But of one triumph I was proud. It was when I held in my hand, for the first time, one of my works, translated and published in America. My eyes filled with tears. The bright



dreams of youth again passed before me. Ye Americans had planted the seed, and ye also approved of the fruit!

And now ye stranger friends upon the other side of the "great waters." Ye countrymen of Irving and Cooper! Ye true patriots

With zeal for liberty, law, and land,  
Defiant to thralldom and throne,  
Firm as a nation ye proudly stand,  
Maintaining the seed ye have sown.

Ye brave founders of Union! Ye happiest nation of the world, accept the gratitude of a lowly heart, for receiving her humble works within the halo of your domestic firesides.

EMILIE F. CARLEN.

*Stockholm, Sept., 1853.*



# GUSTAVUS LINDORM;

OR,

“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

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## CHAPTER I.

From the dark depths arose  
The twin brother of death.

TEGNER.

It was a gloomy and stormy evening. The waves dashed high over the beach, wetting to the skin a man who was busily engaged in unfastening a skiff. He mournfully gazed over the water to the other side of the bay, and sadly shaking his head, muttered to himself:—

“We shall certainly be lost, and of what use is the gain then? He must be raving mad. I will endeavor to persuade him to relinquish the adventure.”

He had hardly spoken these words when he heard hasty steps approaching him, and turning saw a tall figure, closely enveloped in a large cloak, advancing towards him.

“Have you unfastened the boat?” inquired the new comer, placing his hand restlessly upon the shoulder of the other.

“It will be ready in a moment,” replied the man; “but allow me to speak frankly. It is tempting fate to go out in such weather. Only wait until the break of day, and then the storm will have subsided. You may rely upon my words; I am an old seaman, and even if the wind should continue to blow, after daylight to-morrow morning, which I much doubt, we can,



nevertheless, see our way before us. The November tempests do not allow us to tamper with them."

"Silence," said the stranger, with quiet earnestness. "Yonder light shall not be extinguished before I have visited those who are anxiously awaiting me by its lustre. Therefore do not lose time in foolish chattering. I must go, even if I am forced to go alone. A sacred promise compels me to do so. Have you never heard of the seventeenth of November?"

"Yes," answered the other, who was a poor fisherman, and an involuntary shudder passed over him. "I have heard of it to my heart's content. There is a singular story concerning it, rumored about the country."

The stranger sighed deeply, and seated himself in the boat, motioning to his companion to follow him. But the fisherman trembled with fear, looking first upon the wild waters, and then upon the ghastly being whose voice sounded as hollow and hoarse as though it came from an inhabitant of another world.

The stranger understood the sentiments of the man. "Come, you fool," said he, in a clear and friendly voice, "You can see that I am made of flesh and blood as well as yourself." Here he lifted his slouching hat which had before concealed his countenance, and in spite of the gloomy twilight, the fisherman was able to distinguish the features of a noble and handsome countenance, which, although not belonging to a youthful man, still indicated something better; vigor and manly resolution, combined with an expression, proving that the stranger possessed a generous heart.

The fisherman hesitated no longer; he entered the boat, and, taking the oars, commended his soul to the care of God, and commenced rowing vigorously. The waves embraced the little craft as the grave encircles its cold victim. They lifted it high upon their foaming crests, and then dashed it down, as though they would have drawn it into their immeasurable depths. The stranger gazed upon the light, as it glimmered like a ray of hope upon the other side, and a tear glistened in his eye, which, however, was not caused by his own danger; but for the anxiety and fears of the expectant ones. The fisherman repeated every prayer he had learned, from his childhood to his present age, and they both worked on with almost superhuman power.

And they thus battled with the waves in a small bay of the



Baltic. They labored earnestly, for life appears most desirable to those who are in fear of bidding adieu to its manifold pains and joys. With the permission of the reader, we will now turn our attention to the land and its inhabitants. Upon the shore, which the boat was leaving behind it, was situated a new and splendid mansion, which arose proudly above the surrounding forest. The mansion was entirely square, having two stories; but as it was planted upon a high stone foundation, it appeared to have three. The lofty windows, curtained with silk, the elegant columns which supported a balcony that fronted the sea shore, and, finally, the artistic pleasure grounds, with their beautiful walks, statues, summer houses, fountains, and orange trees, formed a strong contrast with the humble red cottage which was located directly opposite, upon the other side of the bay, as it nestled there as contentedly and cheerfully as though the highest boon of life, domestic peace, resided within its lowly walls.

The proprietor of the former mansion, Baron Charles Engelbert de Lindorm, had retired thither with his second wife, a few years before. With her he received the estate Trollvik,\* which had been so named formerly from an old tradition, but which was now called Engelvik†. But God only knows how it was, whether the witches were angry because the name had been changed, and endeavored to wreak their vengeance by undermining the domestic peace of the young couple, or whether it was due to themselves, yet this much is certain, no manner of life could be less compared to that of angels than that which existed at Engelvik. Baron de Lindorm's first wife had been a beautiful and good girl of humble birth; but a few short months after their marriage, the heaven which was opened to him had exhausted all its treasures, and had drawn heavy clouds over the head of his young wife. As the Baron possessed a passionate character, which sometimes went to the extreme, always following the inclination of the moment, his marriage had been one of those headstrong actions, the consequences of which are generally deferred until a more suitable season. The consequences of this action, however, came but too soon to Lindorm. He had believed that he would have been able to meet the bitterness and ill-will of his proud and high born relations, with

\* Witches' Bay.

† Angels' Bay.



stoical indifference, as well as the cold and ambiguous politeness of his former friends. But he was disappointed. There was a chord within his soul, which, when touched, produced jarring discord. He experienced to the greatest extent, that his whole stock of philosophy was not sufficient to protect him from the poisonous arrows which the offended aristocratic world shot towards him, and none of them struck deeper than the complacent politeness which was exhibited towards his wife by the neighboring gentry. In short, Lindorm became convinced that no one can defy the opinion of the world unpunished. It will always have its revenge. In consequence of this the Baron became morose and impatient, and the innocent cause of his troubles was obliged to repay for every bitter moment which he experienced either at home or abroad.

The young lady, who, from her childhood, had been feeble in health, soon sank beneath the bitter reproaches of her husband, and she was already near the grave, when, in the second year of her marriage, heaven blessed her with a son. It was but once that she pressed the innocent being to her nearly frozen heart, and besought Lindorm, who was kneeling beside her bed in deep but fruitless affliction, to place the love he had once squandered upon her, upon the child.

"Do not torment yourself, my dear Engelbert," she whispered to him. "What is now to happen will be better for both of us. Believe me, I now think only of our former happy days, and my heart is grateful for them. But it longs for rest; yes, I long to pray at the throne of our Heavenly Father, for you and our little one——" She ceased, and the look of pure love which she cast upon the pain-distorted features of her husband, clearly proved that she now belonged more to heaven than to earth.

Tears of the deepest sorrow streamed over Lindorm's face. "Live, my dear wife," he entreated in his anguish, "and my whole life shall be devoted in the endeavor to atone for all you have suffered." She pressed her hand to his brow, which was clammy and cold. "Live," he continued, "and say that you forgive me, for the thought that I have murdered you by my miserable weakness, will drive me mad." She did not reply. Her tongue refused its office, and her pure soul ascended to the spheres of light and happiness.

Lindorm cast his eyes towards heaven. He gazed at the lips



of his wife—a smile still lingered there. Then he pressed his hand upon the heart which had once beat so warmly for him. It had ceased its throbbings.

A hoarse scream issued from his lips, and he sank senseless to the floor.

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## CHAPTER II.

Seek you a home; a dwelling place  
That you around so restless roam?  
Does yonder light invite you  
To the bridal chamber fair?

ATTERBOM.

Six long gloomy years elapsed, and during the first two years after the death of his wife, Lindorm's brain had been fettered by raving madness. At length reason slowly commenced to return. He was carried from one watering place to the other. He submitted to the strangest medical treatment prescribed for him by the most skillful physicians of Stockholm and Copenhagen. The mist which veiled his senses gradually decreased; but it never cleared away entirely. He would be sane for years; but at the least excitement the demon would again rage within him. His impetuosity was not lessened in the slightest degree. His passions boiled within him like a hidden volcano, although the surface was quiet and cold. A deep melancholy, which never quitted him, rendered his whole demeanor interesting and attractive. After the six years had passed, his recovery was as complete as could be hoped for, and as his travels, as well as his protracted illness, had somewhat decreased his income, which at any time had not been great, he determined to contract a new marriage to increase it.

After some reflection, he married Miss de O——, who, although deformed by a severe attack of small-pox, still had the advantage of being nobly allied, and could enumerate a score of famous ancestors. But as the spring of love had dried up within the Baron's heart, and as she was wealthy and independ-



ent, he considered a connection with her very desirable. The lady consented without much hesitation, and as Lindorm loved country life, and as his bride had no reason to desire the enjoyments of the city, where, before her betrothal, no man had laid his sacrifices at her altar, it was determined to transform Trollvik into an Eden, and give it a more suitable name. The lady sent her agents thither, to build a proper mansion, and improve the grounds. German gardeners, architects from Copenhagen, and painters and paper-hangers from all parts of the world were sent there. Suffice it to say, that Engelvik was so much improved, that its former occupants would no longer have recognized it. The newly married couple shortly afterward made it their home. Lindorm took with him his son, who was now seventeen years of age. He was accompanied by his tutor. The Baroness brought with her, as a companion, a young girl, the only relation she possessed. Alida de H——, was so much imbued with modesty and piety, that she might well have been considered the impersonification of humility; and as the Baroness was perfectly contrary to this, she gave vent to her spleen upon her poor relation.

“That girl Alida,” she would say, “was born only to depend upon the charity of others. This, one can easily see by her downcast eyes, when she is spoken to, and by her tenderness, for her eyes always fill with tears, whenever Mr. Werner reads of the sad fate of young girls who were situated as she is. Poor girl! how would you conduct yourself if you were left alone to extricate yourself from the troubles of this world, like the heroines of those stories? I believe it is fortunate to have a protecting oak to cling to, when one is such a tender and innocent vine.”

When the Baroness thus spoke, her husband would knit his heavy eyebrows into a gloomy frown, and snap his fingers violently—a sure sign that he was angry. Alida would continue to sew more industriously—a tear would glitter in her eye, and drop upon her thin hand, as Mr. Werner, the tutor, concealed behind his newspaper, would laugh silently at the comparison of the vine and protecting oak. He could not deny himself the pleasure of looking at the oak, which, tall and angular as a fence post, seemed scarcely to have sufficient juice to keep itself erect, much less to support a clinging vine.

When the Baron was left alone with his wife, after such a



scene, he would express his displeasure at the Baroness' treatment of Alida. "My dear," he would say, "you will oblige me if you will treat Miss de H—— with more delicacy. These unkind remarks render the dependent position of the young girl still more painful to her."

"My dear," repeated the Baroness ironically. "You will oblige *me* very much if you will keep that son of yours in order a little more. That disobedient boy is continually spoiling all my beautiful orange trees and statues. It was only yesterday that he broke Neptune's arm with a stone, and upset little Astrild, and covered him with mud. In fact all my improvements will be destroyed if that spoiled boy is not severely trained."

Gustavus, who was the image of his mother, and more beautiful than any of the garden gods, possessed his father's impetuosity and passionate character. It was his delight to make targets for his bow and arrows, of the nymphs and goddesses, which, in his opinion, were superfluous commodities in the garden, and even occasionally to make battle with the gods themselves, whose dignified bearing enraged him so much, that he pelted them with earth and stones. But the Baron did not intend to punish him for this, and as he much loved his son, he could not allow his wife to remind him that he evinced too much forbearance towards the boy. He therefore said decidedly, "Gustavus shall be provided with another home; but as to his training, you should allow me to do that for myself."

"For that very reason," replied his wife, "you will excuse me if I take the liberty of saying that I am the one to judge concerning my behavior towards Alida. We shall therefore do better, not to interfere with each other in these matters."

Lindorm's blood boiled within him; but he regained his composure with an effort, and biting his lips until the blood started, left the apartment.

The Baroness smiled with an expression of triumph, at the tact, as she called it, with which she managed her husband; but she became still more bitter towards Alida—so much so that the Baron, the good tutor, and even Gustavus, consoled the angelic being by words of kindness.

On the opposite side of the bay, was situated Rosendal, the little red cottage, which we have before mentioned. Here lived an old German nobleman, with his wife, a Swedish lady. Mr.



de Werdenberg had taken up his residence upon the Scandinavian peninsula, several years before, on account of circumstances which are unnecessary to repeat. He made his home in Sweden, having purchased the beautiful island of Rosendal, a place highly favored by nature. Shortly afterwards he married, and he lived a quiet and happy life. His marriage had been blessed with two children: a daughter, a tender bud, who had been already transplanted into the garden of immortality, and a son, who was as full of hope and promise as a youth could be, and was the joy and pride of his parents. In a country where he was an utter stranger, and being entirely void of means, Mr. de Werdenberg could think of no better business for his son to follow, than that he should become a seafaring man. George was extremely pleased with this plan, and as he was active and honest, he soon attained a prominent position in his profession. At the time of which we speak, he was the master of a brig belonging to a commercial house of G———. Rosendal was surrounded by water, and therefore George, when he returned home in the fall, was obliged to go thither from Engelvik in a small boat. When he first visited the Lindorms, after they had arrived at Engenvik, Captain Werdenberg found the Baron engaged in superintending the building of a skiff.

“Do you wish to see me?” inquired the Baron, presuming that the Captain was a stranger who had business with him.

“No, sir,” replied George, with a polite bow, “I desire to procure a boat, that I may go over to my home, Rosendal. My name is Werdenberg.”

“Your servant, sir,” said the Baron. “We are neighbors, then. I am the owner of Engelvik. Be kind enough, Captain, to take dinner with me. In the meantime, I will cause my sloop to be prepared, and will then have you taken to Rosendal.”

Werdenberg hesitated. To waste time seemed to be a theft from his old parents. But the Baron was urgent, and he at length consented. They entered the mansion together. In the hall they saw Alida, who was kneeling before a chair which she was covering with white cloth, to preserve the plush cushions. When she heard the door open, she slightly turned her head, and arose, blushing deeply and modestly when her eyes met those of the stranger. She scarcely heard a word as George was introduced to her, after which ceremony, she hastened to



inform the Baroness of the arrival of the guest. Alida sat opposite Werdenberg at the table, and although she did not lift her eyes during the whole time they remained at dinner, still she was aware that George's eyes were frequently fixed upon her. The heart of the young seaman, which up to this time had been cold, now felt a sensation of warmth towards the fair Alida, and although he had seen nothing more than the down-cast eyes, half concealed by their long black eyelashes, still during his ride home, he could think of nothing else than of those eyes, whose glance must certainly contain all of those noble and beautiful things, which until now had existed only in his dreams. Then he wondered whether it was usual for her always to cast down her eyes, or whether there was any particular cause for her doing so that day. If there was a cause, what could it be? Had she observed that he had been unable to turn his gaze away from her? It was very impolite. She must be offended at his rudeness. Here his ideas came to an end. —The sloop suddenly struck the side of the wharf.

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### CHAPTER III.

Then came two beautiful children,  
Love and Hope by name.

ATTERBOM.

WERDENBERG was enfolded in the embrace of his parents. How simple, and for that very reason, how true was their happiness. After the first outbreak of joy had subsided, the family seated themselves around the cheerful fire, and conversed upon the events which had occurred during the past summer. After George had listened with respectful attention to the minute communications of his father in relation to the little farm; the good crops, and the fishery, he turned to his mother, to hear with the same interest, the little history of the island, comprising short biographies of the cows, sheep, and swine, and, finally, the most important news of all the success of the flax crop.



After all the domestic affairs had been discussed, George was obliged to give a report of the adventures of his voyage. The aged couple listened with looks of joy and contentment to their favorite, and should he have conversed with them on this subject during the whole night, they would have listened to him without the slightest sensation of weariness.

As a matter of course, the next day was spent in reviewing the actions of the neighbors. The natural commencement was with Engelvik, concerning which Mrs. de Werdenberg had much to say. But George was the most interested when his mother spoke of the harsh treatment of the amiable Miss de H——, by the Baroness. His heart beat with pain and compassion as he heard of her wrongs.

“And still she is such a good child,” added Mrs. de Werdenberg, “her mild disposition never allows her to utter the slightest complaint. But that she suffers in silence can easily be discerned by those having experience in the world, and one well knows, how gay and happy girls of her age should look. Yes, George, my dear boy, you can believe me, she is a pearl which cannot be suitably mated. She is unassuming, industrious, and a good housekeeper, free from vanity or dissimulation. I should be delighted to call such a girl my daughter.”

“And I should be delighted to call her wife,” added a voice within George’s heart.

All persons of rank who lived in the neighborhood, were invited to Rosendal the following Friday. It was the usual custom, upon the return of a long absent friend, to invite guests to welcome him, and all the rarities which he brought home with him were used to decorate the tables. The Baron and his family were present upon this occasion, and although the Baroness did not wish to enliven them by her own presence, still she allowed Alida to accompany Lindorm, who also took Werner and Gustavus with him. Among the company were many young people, for which reason the time between dinner and supper passed quickly, and although in the year 1801, people were not acquainted with the pleasant way of killing time by slander, or, to express it in a more refined manner, by rehearsing all the public news of the day, they preferred the plain pleasures of dances and frolics. They laughed, chatted, and joined in the national song which was then in



vogue. Their hearts were gay, for they did not feel the want of more exalted enjoyments.

This day was the happiest one that Alida had ever experienced. George had distinguished her above all the other maidens, and involuntarily she felt flattered by it; for it was the first time she ever felt that she had some value in the eyes of others. It was the first time any homage had been paid her, and an innocent feeling of vanity arose within her heart, although she was as free from self-conceit as an Anemone.

This vanity was now awakened into life, and afterwards she would blush deeply when the Baroness occasionally noticed that on *certain* days she wore a pink gauze shawl, instead of the modest blue one she usually wore; and that she ornamented her hair with a ribbon. But if this evinced that she was like all other women, the new sentiments which she began to be conscious of, effected the nobler qualities of her character, and with true patience she bore the bitter taunts and ridicule of her cousin. She no longer wept, for she experienced a sensation of powerful happiness within her, without being able to account for it.

The Baron, who admired the modest and refined young man, invited George to renew his visits, and the invitation was accepted. He called at Engelvik three or four times each week, and was always received kindly by the Baron; graciously by the Baroness, and blushing by Alida. He now felt the desire to look deeper into her blue eyes, and as he found in them more than he had hoped for, he at length ventured, one beautiful spring morning, to invite her to take a walk with him, or the time for his departure was fast approaching. The young lady played with her apron half bashfully, and cast a concealed look at the Baroness.

"The morning is pleasant, and the fresh air will not harm you," said the Baroness, for it did not require much acuteness to divine how the walk would terminate. And as it was her greatest desire to have Alida leave the house, she joyfully consented to the walk. The Baron made a significant gesture of assent, and as little Gustavus cried for his hat, wishing to accompany them, he said, "Stay here, my boy."

And the youthful couple went on their way, and although the conversation, which took place during that walk, between Captain de Werdenberg and Miss de H——, remains unknown,



still we can give a report of the result, which was, that on the following Sabbath, a matrimonial alliance between Captain George de Werdenberg and the high-born Miss de H——, was announced from the pulpit. The old rector of Effenbo congratulated the couple, as was his general custom, and afterwards, on the nineteenth day of April, he performed the marriage ceremony. After a honeymoon of fourteen days, George departed for G——, to plow the ocean anew, and to increase his wealth. If ever true happiness can be attained on this earth, it fell to the lot of de Werdenberg and his young wife. No clouds darkened the bright sky of their bliss. They read each other's desires in their eyes, and it was their happiness to fulfil them. George's birthday was the seventeenth day of November, and he had made a solemn vow to Alida that he would certainly be home on this day. "Only death, my dear wife," said he, at the painful hour of separation, "death only shall prevent my doing so." A daughter, their only child, was presented to them, and the care of this tender rosebud rendered their happiness so complete, that it was only disturbed by learning that discord still prevailed at Engelvik.

Little Gustavus was the cause of the discord between the Baron and Baroness, and as they both considered themselves right, although neither of them were so in fact, and as neither of them would succumb, the evil increased daily. In addition to this the green-eyed monster, jealousy, took up his residence in the house of the Baron. The Baroness thought that her husband visited Rosendal too often. He would spend whole days there, whether the captain was at home or not. The venom of her tongue wounded her husband deeply. He no longer felt at home in his own house, and Rosendal afforded him a retreat. Now reproaches and espionage had no end. The domestic scenes became still more difficult to endure. Lindorm's haughty spirit could no longer be controlled, and destructive hurricanes took the place of former breezes. The Baron's old weakness would occasionally return, and he therefore made frequent visits to the neighboring cities, partly for the purpose of regaining his health, and partly for quietness. He left his wife alone in her paradise for weeks, nay, for months. He was always accompanied by his son and tutor, for he never separated from them.

The Baron's only happy moments were those which he spent



with Gustavus and his friends in Rosendal. He was always a welcome guest there. George, Alida, and the old couple, vied with each other in showing him every attention which friendship could afford, that they might console and heal the deep wounds of his heart. Their endeavors were repaid by a melancholy smile; he was grateful for their kindness, and would say with an expressive look, as he saw his loved son bearing little Georgiana in his arms: "Perhaps the time may come, when by these two little ones, happy spirits will reside at Engelvik also." George and Alida smilingly assented, and the old people thought it might not be impossible. But the unconscious children enjoyed the present moments, without thinking of the future. They went from pleasure to pleasure, little divining that the time would come when they would find in this place, thorns which would wound them deeper than those of their favorite rose-bush. Happy time, when tears are only caused by the frightful stories of the nursery.

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## CHAPTER IV.

O, hate not the cold north,  
It has granted me the brightest boons  
Which poor earth can bestow—  
Love, and a ——— grave.

TEGNER.

THE 17th of November approached for the seventh time after Captain de Werdenberg's marriage. The fall had been unusually stormy. The newspapers were filled with accounts of disasters at sea. But the names of Werdenberg and his brig had not yet appeared. The uneasiness of those at home increased as each mail arrived, and brought no letter. Two months had elapsed since they had received a letter informing them that the Captain had sailed for London, and the pain of Alida and her parents was too great to be expressed in words. They dared not disclose to each other the gloomy thoughts which oppressed their souls. As if by mutual agreement, they



did not mention the subject which caused them so much trouble. They passed each other pale and silently, and as the seventeenth of November gradually approached, they became more gloomy and sad. Their troubles were increased by the illness of the Baron, who, even though he left the bed occasionally, was not benefitted by so doing, for he was imbued with the deepest melancholy. Thus the unfortunate family had not the consolation of communing with a friend who understood the cause of their grief. The days dragged over so slowly, that they appeared like years. The dreary nights, with varied tears, prayers and sadness, seemed an eternity.

At length the sun of the fatal day, which was to decide for life or death, arose. Alida decorated the hall as usual, for the annual celebration of the return of her husband, as well as of his birth-day. Mild and as patient as a being of a higher sphere, she arranged everything, smiling like a consoling angel, who whispers hope to the despairing, as the old couple shook their heads mournfully. But the day advanced gradually, and the pressure which had borne upon her heart, seemed as though it would break the fetters of her mind.

"Why does papa stay?" inquired little Georgiana. The mother patted the little one's head with trembling hands. "Be still," she entreated, in deep agony. "Twilight has not yet come." The old man and his wife sat sadly and silently in their chairs, with their hands clasped before them, and the shadows grew longer and longer. Evening tarried not. The wind wailed mournfully through the silent room. The windows rattled, and the waves broke sullenly against the dock. And Werdenberg came not.

"Ugh! how bad it is out to night, mamma," whispered Georgiana, as she leaned her little head upon her mother's lap—she was sitting upon a stool near the window, by the side of Alida—the mother sighed deeply, and all was still, deathly still, throughout the apartment. A fine manly step was heard in the hall. "O, mamma, papa's come!" exclaimed Georgiana.

The door opened and a tall figure enveloped in a cloak appeared upon the threshold. Alida sprang to her feet, "George, my dear George," she said, and stretched forth her arms.

"Not he," said a voice which with all its kindness was that of a stranger. The cloak dropped from the shoulders of the unknown, and Alida stood for a moment staring vacantly towards



the belated guest, who probably brought the message of death. Her strength, however, soon failed her. She sank to the floor at his feet. "Speak, say one word," she entreated and extended her clasped hands towards him. "Does he live? If not have compassion, and thrust the dagger which is to pierce my heart—is he no more?"

"He has gone to his eternal home," said the unknown, in a sonorous voice, and he stooped down to lift Alida, who had swooned when she heard the fatal news, she there reposed like a broken rose, unable to experience the bitter pain which had entered her heart.

But we shall not dwell longer upon the grief of this family, words would desecrate it. We will leave the sad ones to the healing hand of time, for such wounds bleed too violently to be healed at once. Let them bleed on.

The stranger, whom the reader will recognize as the man we left battling the wave of the bay, with the fisherman, had been able to fulfil a promise that he had given to his friend at the hour of death. The fisherman and himself had safely reached Rosendal. The name of Ferdinand Hermer, for that was the stranger's name, was pronounced by all with respect and admiration. He received blessings from the poor and esteem from the wealthy. The noblest heart which ever beat for the sufferings of others, had its home in his bosom. Wealthy and independent, and free from business restraint, he gave way in his younger years to a roving disposition—he visited many countries, each one causing him to long for the other. He was learned in many sciences, in fact he was a highly cultivated man. A warm admirer of the fine arts; a friend of literature to which he had made several anonymous contributions. He was now about thirty years of age, and had become weary of travelling. Perfectly sated, he now longed for his native land, and returned to it, that he might find a home. He took passage from London to Sweden in the brig commanded by Captain Werdenberg. The two young men soon became attached to each other, and the longer they remained together the stronger became their friendship. During their journey they interchanged confidence with each other, each giving an account of his life and adventures. Werdenberg described with glowing colors to his new friend his domestic happiness. First of all he spoke of his dear Alida. It was decided that Hermer, whose time was at his own



disposal, was to accompany Werdenberg home, and spend the holidays with him. But the happy dreams of George were as frail as water. A heavy storm commenced on a night during the latter part of October. It continued for three days, and the brig was at length cast, a shapeless wreck upon the northern coast. Captain Werdenberg, with eight of his crew perished in the waves, after fruitless endeavors to save the vessel. A short time before the terrible moment arrived, George besought Hermer, in case he should escape, to convey to Alida his parting farewell, and if possible not to allow the seventeenth of November to pass without seeing her. Although he despaired of escaping, still Hermer solemnly promised that he would be a true friend and protector to Alida, a father to Georgiana, and a son to the old couple, should it happen that he visited them without his friend.

"Yet," added he, turning his eyes towards the gloomy clouds, "let us still hope. All is not yet lost."

"We must then hope for a miracle," replied George. "But hope will not last us long. The Lord's will be done. All that man could do, has been done. The brig is lost. Our lives are in the hands of God." As he uttered these words the vessel struck heavily upon the breakers. Amid the confusion, the crashing of the vessel, the screams of drowning men, and the fearful howling of the wind, the two friends separated. They saw each other no more. The next morning the crew of a pilot boat rescued Hermer, and a few of the men, who had been preserved, from a rock which protruded from the water. They were half frozen. Anxiety and despair had filled their hearts and weakened their strength. Hermer gradually recovered, and before he had entirely regained his strength he hastened on his journey towards Rosendal to fulfill the promise he had given his friend. The crew of the pilot boat had not been able to save much of the cargo of the brig. Hermer's loss had been small, for he had been careful to arrange his affairs in such a manner that he was fully secured from any loss which might occur during the voyage. Unfortunately, however, Captain Werdenberg had not been so careful. The profits of his summer's voyage, had been invested in the cargo of the brig, and this was irrecoverably lost. Thus the unfortunate inmates of Rosendal lost not only the joy of their life, but all with which to assist in their support.



We have seen how Hermer arrived. As soon as the mourning ones were able to listen to his story he repeated to them, with warm sympathy, George's last farewell. He wept with them, and strove to console them, not by words, but by actions. They became more attached to him each day, as the rich treasures of his heart opened themselves to view. They could not help loving him, and by the charm of his conversation, united with the consolation of religion, their souls gave way gradually to other impressions than to those of grief. Hermer's refined conversation, his delicacy, his unselfishness, and his noble bearing caused them to admire him, and dissolved somewhat the heavy grief, by partially filling the place of the one who had gone from them. They could not be entirely unhappy, while he was with them, and they sighed at the thought, that he was also to leave them. But the noble Hermer saw what he was to them, and remained.

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## CHAPTER V.

He who said, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," also said, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

FRANZEN.

SPRING again clothed itself in festal guise. All seemed invigorated with new life. Lindorm alone was gloomy and reserved. He seemed to have parted forever from spring and joy. Confined to his bed of sickness during the entire winter, he arose for the first time in the spring, and took slight exercise by walking to and fro in the deserted hall. He resembled a ghost of a past century who had returned to earth, that he might look once more upon the wealth, to acquire which he had made the most terrible sacrifices; and then leave it for ever. He would often laugh loudly as he passed the mirror and beheld his form reflected back with too much faithfulness. His brain was clouded with dark fancies, containing faithful pictures of his former happiness and present misery, which he had bought with the only thing he could call his own—his liberty. The heaven which he had destroyed by his own pride and peevish



ness now stood before his mind in all its original beauty, and the poisonous serpents of memory coiled around his aching heart, and drank its blood. The unfortunate man remembered in his deep sorrow how often the sneering smile of an acquaintance had aroused the demon of pride which slumbered within his haughty soul, and how his young wife had been obliged to suffer by his rashness, as well as for the evils it occasioned. How meekly, how patiently, with what boundless kindness had she suffered, "And now she is gone, and you are the cause," unceasingly resounded a voice within his soul.

With long strides he walked the hall. He beat the air wildly with his arms, and fixed his eyes with a terrible expression upon all who dared look upon him during these black hours. Afterwards, when the storm had subsided and he had resumed a blunted composure, he would mutter: "Torsten! Torsten! Your icy and sarcastic letters, made me worse than I really was. If you had not written them, matters would not have gone so far. But it was weak in me to seek in them an excuse for my actions, cursed weak, cursed vanity. Muddy, impious source from which no stream can issue, unless it moves in the same circuit that the eternal sameness has laid down for it. I believe that Torsten would rather have died than to marry a girl beneath him in rank. But now we are upon a level. We are both in the same stream. We have both sacrificed our liberties and our hearts for the paltry advantages which rank and wealth procure. But this was no sacrifice for him. His heart was ever closed to the noblest and purest of sentiments. So much the better for him, although he has lost the greatest happiness of life, still he has been free from many pains, which would have stung him to the heart."

The person of whom Lindorm spoke was a younger brother. The two brothers and Gustavus were the only remaining descendant of the ancient family, de Lindorm. Baron Torsten de Lindorm, chief-master of the royal hounds, who resided in Northland, had a heart entirely void of refinement. In fact his character was distinguished by cruel firmness.

But as this person will play no unimportant part in our story, the reader shall be made acquainted with him hereafter, we shall now speak only of his elder brother.

As we have already mentioned, the latter became still more melancholy, and it was only when Gustavus placed his curly



head upon the troubled breast of his father, saying in his childish voice, "Dear papa, look at me kindly; speak, you are so good," that the evil demon was driven away, and the picture of the only woman he ever loved, quieted his conscience. He would weep like a child, and become peaceful; but, unfortunately, only for a short season.

The Baron discovered, that under these circumstances, his house was an inappropriate place to educate his son. He rightly feared the disadvantage which would occur to him by being placed between a gloomy and melancholy father, and a whimsical step-mother. He therefore resolved to separate from him, although it might cause him much grief. As he placed complete confidence in Mr. Werner, his son's tutor, he determined that this gentleman should accompany Gustavus to the Upsala University, where he was to continue his studies. Gustavus was now nearly thirteen years of age, and promised much. He was a beautiful boy, and as courageous as a lion. When the wildest horse was to be rode, or the mad waves of the bay to be combatted, Gustavus was always first. The generous and brave youth was beloved by all in the neighborhood, for he was continually on the watch, like a guardian angel, between his fiery step-mother and the poor servants.

The Baron's proposition to send him to the University, was easier spoken of than carried into effect. He was first obliged to speak with his wife concerning it, and in as delicate a manner as possible; for the success of the proposition, from certain circumstances, mostly depended upon her. The Baron chose, for this unpleasant task, an afternoon when Gustavus, accompanied by Mr. Werner, had gone to Rosendal. He reclined upon a sofa, supporting his burning head upon his thin hand. The Baroness was turning over the leaves of a magazine of fashions.

"Dear Sophia," began the Baron, hesitatingly, "it is certainly not good for Gustavus to remain at home so long. The boy must go out into the world when he is young, that he may become acquainted with it. I should be pleased if you think the same as I do."

"You are quite too polite," said the Baroness, with a sneering smile, "to consult me concerning the boy. I shall therefore plainly say that I join in your opinion."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," replied the Baron. "I do not.



think that the expense will be very great. Werner is a prudent man, moral, and well educated. He will set no bad examples for Gustavus."

"I cannot speak upon that subject," said his wife, blushing like a peona. "You know best, whether your son has sufficient means to defray his expenses, and that of his tutor, when they have left my house."

A look of rage shot from the eyes of the Baron. This produced a visible effect upon his wife; but they both remained silent.

"You will find," said the Baroness, turning pale, "that I have made great sacrifices for your son during the past six years. I was not aware that so much was expected of me, and ——"

"Silence," interrupted her husband. "You well know that when I asked for your hand, that you were willing to make every sacrifice to escape dying an old maid. I feigned no love. I told you that my pecuniary affairs were in a bad state, and you were well aware that I gave you my name in exchange for your property; but the precaution you took at the time we were married prevents me from using it as I please. I do not wish to offend you, by reminding you of this for the first time in six years. But I do it merely to explain to you, that it is ordained that man and wife should be one, so it is ordained that their wishes should be the same. I therefore do not believe it is necessary that I should enter into more minute explanation. I expect that you will conduct yourself as a mother towards the child, whom you once sacredly vowed to cherish and protect.— Be a mother to him to the greatest extent of the word. Let us make an annual appropriation for Gustavus, from the time he enters the academy until he is of age, which arrangement shall remain in force whether I live or die."

"From my property?"

"Yes, you well know I have none."

The Baroness arose and left the room without speaking. Entering her bed-chamber, she considered the proposition of her husband upon all sides, whether it would be advantageous or otherwise. It was her brightest desire to rid herself of Gustavus, as well as his tutor, Mr. Werner, for neither of them ever had shown her any particular attention. Gustavus had always interfered in the execution of her despotic whims. He had the



boldness always to act as a mediator between her and the servants. He was unbearable, and nothing could be more desirable than to send him away. But the other side of the question was much darker. To bind herself to support the youngster for so many years. O, no, that was too much. If her husband should die, which was a strong probability, the Baroness thought she could appear to a much greater advantage in the world, as the rich Baroness de Lindorm, than as the former old maid de O ———, and what conquests might she not yet make? But should she dare oppose the wishes of her husband. That was a knot which she could not untie, she well knew if she refused him, he would be excited to the utmost. Although he appeared calm now, still when under the influence of anger, he was terrible, and the Baroness then feared him as a child does a monster. She therefore determined to make a virtue of necessity and succumb to his wishes.

With a heroic effort, she drew some paper from her bureau, and placing a chair before the table, with much hesitation, she sat down, pen in hand. At length she succeeded in overcoming the indecision which existed in her every finger, nay, in the point of her pen, and wrote down an agreement to pay to her dear step-son, Gustavus, the sum of ———, from the date of the agreement to his twenty-first birth day. After she had signed and sealed the important document, she went to the mirror and practiced the most pleasing expressions which her wrinkled countenance was capable of assuming, and then returned to her husband. She approached him with an air which she intended to be impressive, and said with a deep sigh,

“God well knows, my dear Lindorm, that it was always my desire to render you and your son happy; but I have long felt that it was not in my power to do so. It was hard to be reminded by you, to day, of something which proved that your indifference towards me has endured many years. But,” said she, with upturned eyes, “It is the wife’s duty to be resigned, I will not reproach you. Judge not lest ye also be judged.”

At the conclusion of this peroration which had been strengthened by tears and expressive gestures, she pointed to the paper, and said: “Insert the amount yourself.”

The Baron who was no close observer of human nature, was astonished and moved by the kindness of his wife.

“My dear wife,” said he, using towards her for the first time,



those kindly tones which had so long slumbered within his heart. "Have you done this for me freely, and involuntarily, at a time when I least deserved it? Pardon me, pardon me, that I have so long misunderstood you. But I will strive to atone for it as much as possible, and everything that my poor heart can afford, shall be yours." Before the Baroness had time to answer these words, which really moved her by their pleasing tenor, Gustavus and Mr. Werner entered the room, and she retired to her apartment to conceal those feelings which were so novel to her.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Alas! I only live; my fevered mind  
Slowly forsakes its resting place.

FRANZEN.

THE Baron arose and conducted Gustavus to his wife. He kissed her hand, and Gustavus did the same. "Thank your mother, my child," said he in a melancholy tone. "She has afforded protection to you, she has set your father's mind at peace, and added joy to his last days." Gustavus was surprised at these words—he did not understand their meaning.

"You are to travel," added the Baron, "to see the world. Did you never desire to visit other places besides Engelvik and Rosendal?"

"Oh! I understand!" exclaimed Gustavus, his eyes glistening with joy. "Mr. Werner and I shall now go to Upsala. Thanks, thanks, dear mother, that you have granted my dearest wish. But tell me, father, why did you not let me go yourself? I do not like to thank any one else.

"Be not ungrateful, my son," replied the Baron, with a look of slight reproach. "I am not wealthy, and could not defray the expenses of your journey, and your future life. Your mother is rich, and she gives it to you only because she loves you, and requires nothing but your love and gratitude."

"How strange," said Gustavus, shaking his head distrustfully. "How long have you been so good, mother?"



At this question the Baroness blushed and turned away in vexation. The Baron replied, "Your mother has always been good, my son; but it was not until this evening that she displayed her good heart. I hope that it will be your highest endeavor, my boy, to become worthy of the love of your parents, and to fulfil their hopes. By doing so you will amply reward their cares."

"I will do so," replied Gustavus, warmly, taking both their hands in his own, and pressing them to his lips, "Since you have been so good to me, Mother Sophia, and father thinks so much of you, I shall always love you as much as though you were my own true mother. But promise to be good and kind to father when I am gone, for I shall return as an honest and honorable man, and God protect you, Mother Sophia, if you do not keep your promise. Do not think I am a child any more." His eyes glistened and his cheeks glowed. "O, I feel," he continued, "that I could hate you so much if you should deceive me. Place your hand upon my head, and bless me; and say that you will ever love him and nurse him."

"I promise you," stammered the Baroness, with deep emotion, "confide in my word, it shall be sacred," and she placed her hand, and that of Lindorm, which she clasped in her own, upon the head of the enthusiastic boy.

The evening was spent in conversation concerning the journey which they had mutually agreed should soon take place. The Baron consulted Werner, concerning the most suitable method for Gustavus' education. The worthy tutor was much astonished at what had occurred, but as he was not sufficiently experienced to give advice on such an important subject, the Baron determined to speak concerning it with Hermer, who occasionally visited Engelvik in company with the Werdenberg family.

On the evening before Gustavus' departure, Alida and little Georgiana, accompanied by Mr. Hermer visited their friends at Engelvik. The pure Alida was grateful to Providence, when she perceived the unusual quiet and friendly relations which now existed between the Baron and his wife. The Baroness de Lindorm, was dispositioned as well for a good as a bad woman; and contained sentiments within herself which had been foreign to her because she never had occasion to develope them, for the frozen ground in which they originated had never been warmed by the genial rays of the sun, which would have awakened them



from their slumbers. Her repulsive conduct in her early youth had been treated with like repulsion, and therefore she knew no other atmosphere.

But from this hour, which was an epoch in her existence, she felt that there was a beautiful but unknown sentiment within her, that brought harmony amid the elements, which until now had been inimically separated, she became more patient and by every exertion strove to render her husband less melancholly. But she was not allowed to succeed in this endeavor. As the Baron and Baroness conversed concerning the proposed journey, Gustavus and Georgiana walked through the garden.

"Why don't you run around as you used to?" said Georgiana, looking at her usually gay companion in surprise.

"I do not wish to play any more," said Gustavus, seriously, "but you do not understand such matters, Georgiana, come, let me lift you up. All right, now pick a blossom from the apple-tree. Poor Georgie, who will get apples for you this fall when I am away? And then I am not to come back for many, many long years. Won't you miss me, Georgie." "O, yes, very much Gusty, I will give you my big doll, and you will give me your little boat. But don't grieve, Gusty, Mr. Herr er promised to pick some of the finest apples for me this fall, yes, he promised me."

"He may have promised you, but you mustn't be too sure of it, for I have seen it often, very often, when he picks flowers for you and your mother, that he always chooses the best for her; and then she will say "thank you, dear Hermer, you are so kind," and he answers, "O, Alida, if I was but able to remove every thorn from your path they should never wound you more." And then he will look at her in a very queer manner, and your mamma will blush as red as a rose, and say in a low voice: "I know it, and feel their sting much less when your friendly hand removes them!" and he kisses her hand, and she cries, "come let us go into the house it is becoming cold." And for these reasons I do not think you will have the nicest apples. But wait till I get to be a great man, a head taller than every body else, then I will come back and ——"

"Baron Gustavus and little miss, will you be kind enough to come to tea," cried a servant, interrupting the familiar chat of the children, and once more, probably for the last time, Gustavus and Georgiana ran a race to see which could arrive at the



steps first, and when little Georgiana, fatigued, sat to rest herself upon the step, Gustavus lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the house, placing her at Alida's feet. Before the guests from Rosendal returned, Hermer and Gustavus took a walk through a retired portion of the garden, where Hermer gave the youth much wholesome advice and many friendly warnings. The boy listened attentively to the words which fell from Hermer's eloquent lips. He gratefully pressed the hand of his friend and said,

"That was my intention before, but you have strengthened it. Whatever may happen me in the world which I long to enter so much, I shall not be obliged to blush before you, when we again meet." At length evening arrived. "Remember my last words," said the Baron as Gustavus tearfully clung to his neck, "always have God before your eyes, and his words in your heart. Be not rash. Consider all your actions, for even the smallest are of importance. Never be a slave to the opinion of the masses, but do whatever your heart tells you is right. A man should act according to his own judgment, and not follow others. A woman on the other hand, must succumb to public opinion. If you once resolve, perform. Do good for its own sake, not for the sake of appearance, and then you will always be at peace with yourself. And to you, Mr. Werner, I confide the most precious treasure I own. Perform your duties as you have done before, and you may rely upon my influence in procuring for you the rectorship of Effenbo, when old Spiller, the present incumbent, shall have been gathered to his fathers."

"My generous benefactor," replied Werner, gratefully pressing the hand which the Baron extended to him, "I love Gustavus as a brother. I shall account for my treatment of him at the day of judgment, before the seat of God."

"And should I die, my further instructions shall be prepared for you. I will write to my brother, in Northland, in a few days, and although he is somewhat eccentric, I doubt not but that he will do everything in his power for my son. And now, Gustavus, my beloved child, farewell."

Lindorm lifted Gustavus into the coach. His eyes were fixed once more upon the loved face, and one more kiss was imprinted upon the lips of the dear son.

"God bless you, my child. Remember thy God." He then



beckoned to the coachman to drive on, and in a few moments the coach, with its much loved burden, disappeared.

Exhausted, Lindorm returned to his apartment and sank upon his couch, murmuring, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace." But it was a long battle before death finally conquered. For several years he existed, but it was existence only, his mind was dull. Zealously the Baroness endeavored to cheer her dying husband, and she was rewarded by a sickly smile or a feeble look of gratitude. Every week she received a friendly letter from Gustavus, every word of which was replete with gratitude, and gave her heart consolation. Poor Sophia had experienced but one happy evening during her whole life.

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## CHAPTER VII.

An oath, a terrible oath binds me.

TEGNER.

TWELVE years had flown by since the incidents we have described transpired. It was on a beautiful evening during the latter part of July, that a dusty coach stopped before the entrance of the lonesome churchyard at Effenbo. It contained two young men. The one, apparently the eldest, was a man of exceeding beauty. His noble countenance could have served as a model for the highest artistic conception of manly beauty. But a shade of melancholy had somewhat tinged the features of the stranger, and looked forth from his dark blue eye. He was clad in deep mourning, which rendered the paleness of his countenance still more striking, and his raven locks surrounded a head, the proud bearing of which would excite the utmost admiration. The soft yet expressive glance of his eye was such that it would interest even an entire stranger.

His companion was a youth with light colored hair. His eyes sparkled with gay humor, and his beauty indicated a man who occupied a position between a spoiled child and a ball-room hero, who thinks that his actions and words are charming, and must be applauded. He regarded everything around him with a certain nonchalance, at the same time playing with



the down upon his upper lip, which he was pleased to call a moustache, while he softly whistled a fashionable waltz.

"Give me the spy-glass," said he to his friend, who was holding one to his eye. "Immediately, immediately, Arthur," replied the other, secretly wiping away a tear that had started to his eye. "Only let me indulge for a few moments in the pain and happiness of looking at the home of my childhood." After a few moments he handed the spy-glass to his companion, and descended from the carriage. "Remain here, dear Arthur, I shall go yonder," said he, and pointed towards a small hill in the cemetery, "or it would be better still if you should go on in advance, I will follow shortly. Pardon me, you know I do not like to have witnesses of my grief, and you are so kind ——"

"As you choose, brother, we agreed not to interfere with each other," replied the gay youth, holding the glass to his eye.

"Now, upon my honor, it is indeed divine here. A fairy castle upon one side, and an old dilapidated owl's nest on the other. A capital spot for a romance, I swear, it lacks nothing but a hero, and I will fill his place myself. Drive on coachman. *Au revoir*, Gustavus," and the coach rolled on.

And Gustavus Lindorm, for it was he, took the path which conducted to the cemetery. For twelve years he had not visited his home. The spring of childhood, the fleeting dreams of youth, had passed. The man stood here, with quiet self-control and perfectly initiated in the calculations of the world and the mysteries of grief. He was well aware that life requires seriousness and activity. He was convinced that the deceptions of life had no further control over his mind, and that the bright rosy hopes, that had once floated around him like friendly spirits, were dissolved into misty clouds, which could no longer be penetrated by the glittering rays of false delusion. These sentiments seemed to have taken root too early, as he was now but twenty-five years of age. But there are certain events which transpire without heeding time. It is always sad experience, however, to know that the fruit has ripened too early, and that the mid-day's sun of life has scorched the blossoms of the spring of our existence.

"Who will tell the son where his father rests," said Gustavus in a low tone, as he slowly walked through the grave-yard. All was silent, save that now and then the breeze would shake the iron crosses, which would answer back with a mournful and



solemn creak. Gustavus approached a marble slab that was decorated with a few withered wreaths, indicating that the grave was still cared for. He bowed down and read the name of his father, and the date of his death. It was eight years old. Beneath it were the simple words, "He has found rest."

"Peace be with you, my dear father," said Gustavus, and pressed his burning cheek upon the cold marble. "It is well with you, when shall your son find rest?"

He remained on his knees before the slab for a long season. When he arose a shade of deepest melancholy lingered upon his noble features. He passed to the other side of the monument and read the name, and date of the death of the Baroness. It had occurred only nine months before. "Poor Sophia," sighed Gustavus, "life bore no roses for you. You kept your promise faithfully, I know; therefore your memory shall be more precious than all the wealth you have left me. Peace to your ashes."

He waved his hand towards the marble and turned his steps in another direction. Beneath a drooping willow tree, the favorite spot of his boyhood, was the old mossy bench on which he had so often rested. Upon finding it still there, a smile played over his lips. Here he had often sat with Georgiana by his side. Here he had told her many wild stories which had originated in his own imagination, and how attentively had she listened to them with her little hands clasped over her bosom, her glistening eyes proving that she understood the bold flight of the narrator and entered into its spirit. And then she would reward him at the close of every adventure by presenting her rosy cheek for a kiss. His memory lingered with the fair child for several moments, but gradually his thoughts placed themselves upon the one whom he was soon to see in blooming maidenhood.

"I wonder," sighed he, "if she still remembers the friend of her childhood." As he stood there wrapped in deep thoughts he heard a rustle in the green branches above him. He turned his eyes upwards, and beheld the laughing eyes of an urchin peering down upon him from the top of the tree. The boy had captured a starling, which he held triumphantly in his hand.

"What are you doing up there, boy?" said the young Baron, with a frown. "This tree is mine, who has allowed you to trouble my starling?"

"I don't see why it should be your starling," replied the boy.



"I think the grave-yard belongs to everybody, and you cannot forbid me from taking a starling."

"Yet I shall do so," replied Gustavus, in a soft voice, but so decidedly that the boy looked down surprised from his throne, and was uncertain whether to allow the starling to fly back to its nest, or to retain it. At length he said, "I shall not obey you, for you have no right to order me."

"But you shall not have it, mischievous boy," said the young Baron, hastily climbing into the branches of the tree. With one hand he held the boy, and with the other he took the starling from his hand. He kissed it, and then set it at liberty. He afterwards took his new acquaintance to the ground, and said kindly, but firmly: "Did I not tell you that the tree and the starling were mine; and you must learn, my little friend, to respect the property of others. When I was a child, I planted this tree myself. I made this bench. Here was my playground. Do you now know why I desired to protect the little beings who sought protection here?"

"Are you Baron Gustavus, then?" said the boy, looking into the Baron's face, with a frank smile.

"That is my name, but how did you learn it?"

"O, I have often heard Georgiana say that this tree and this bench belonged to you. Don't you see that the grass has been neatly trimmed. I did it."

"Did you do it, my good boy? I thank you for it. But tell me now, what is your name, and how old are you?"

"My name is Willie Hermer, and I am eleven years old."

"Hermer!" exclaimed Gustavus, pressing the boy to his heart. "You are Georgiana's brother, then?"

"Of course; I love her very much. But as these starlings belong to you, I must beg your pardon. I did not disturb them for my own sake. I only wanted one to give to Georgiana to-morrow, as a birth-day present."

"Was that the case, Willie? Then come to me to-morrow, and I will give you a beautiful tame goldfinch for that purpose; and give the respects of Gustavus Lindorm to your parents and sister, my boy. I will visit my old friends to-morrow afternoon, with a stranger, who is my companion."

"Thank you, thank you. I will come early." Little Willie politely tipped his cap, and springing over the stone wall, hurried across the fields.



"O, the golden days of youth!" sighed Gustavus, looking kindly after the happy boy. But the dark veil again covered his eyes. He seated himself upon the bench, and thoughtfully supported his head upon his hand. "Alida's son, Georgiana's brother," he muttered. "It was more than a mere supposition, then, when I thought that Georgiana would still remember me. But alas! alas! an evil spirit has destroyed, with its malignant breath, the sweetest flower of the paradise of my life. Will those which still remain, be able to satisfy the longings of my heart? Yes and no, just as the temptation presents itself. But at all events, I hope that I shall never forget my duties, or blush for myself, if my thoughts should accidentally linger with ——. But what is all this? What strange ideas are these!" He arose quickly, and endeavored to drive away his gloomy thoughts. "Are there not many beautiful and precious things upon earth besides love? and is it not very foolish to mourn about the loss of that which I have never known, and which, by the help of God, I shall never know, at least as long as ——. Pshaw! I will think of it no longer." And with rash steps, he entered the familiar path towards Engelvik.

We will defer mentioning what occurred to our hero during his absence, except that during the first years of his studies, everything passed as usual with a student. He studied, and visited the professors; attended the lectures, and indulged in the various pranks of student life. He gained many friends; he loaned money; learned to smoke, play cards, and fence. In short, at the age of seventeen, he was a student in the full, if not the best meaning of the word. There was one trait, however, which distinguished him from his companions, and that was his inclination towards melancholy. But as he perceived that he became by it the object of ridicule, he battled with his infirmity as much as possible. He might have succeeded, perhaps, in uprooting it altogether, had not particular circumstances occurred to strengthen it. These circumstances produced an impression, which had an effect upon his whole life. What they were, we will describe in the succeeding chapters.



## CHAPTER VIII.

It was a face, which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

BULWER.

DURING his short walk, Gustavus' features were visibly changed. It could distinctly be seen, that the sentiments which moved him, were of a varied character. They were of mingled pain, melancholy and pride, as he approached the home of his father. "Are these the same places which I once knew so well?" and he looked around him in surprise. The beautiful landscape, glowing with the last rays of the setting sun, was the same; but was this dilapidated mansion, with falling balcony and broken windows, the once luxurious residence he knew when a boy, and what had become of the little red house on the opposite shore? Not a trace of it remained; and in surprise his eye rested upon the magnificent building which stood on its former site. The present edifice was a large and splendid mansion, presenting a singular architectural appearance. It was placed in the centre of a grass plot, which was surrounded by a neatly trimmed birchen hedge. The front of the house was ornamented with a balcony, provided with a balustrade. This balcony must have commanded a fine view of Engelvik, and the surrounding scenery; and Gustavus thought he discerned upon it, the form of a female, who was leaning over the balustrade, and looking towards Engelvik. She held a veil in her hand, which she waved in the air.

"Why did Arthur take the glass with him?" muttered he in vexation. "I should like to have taken a nearer view of that house. It may be Georgiana; but who can she be beckoning to? But what is it at all to me? I must hurry, and take possession of my owl's nest, as Arthur styles it."

Gustavus had hardly entered the gate, when a young, well-dressed man of gentlemanly appearance greeted him with a respectful bow, and inquired, "Have I the honor of seeing my master, Baron Lindorm?"



"I am Lindorm, sir; and as the other title, Baron, belongs to me, I suppose I must wear it. But how am I your master?"

"One year before the death of the late Baroness, I was appointed steward of Engelvik. My name is Waldenberg, and I now have the honor to welcome the Baron to his old home."

"Thank you, Mr. Waldenberg," said Gustavus, extending his hand to his steward. "I am glad that my step-mother thought fit to create such an office, for, to speak the truth, I am but little acquainted with such matters, and I am more rejoiced than all, that she has made such a good selection."

"I cannot vouch for that," replied the other, with a blush. "The present condition of the mansion seems to indicate to the contrary. But the Baroness directed that after her death, the mansion should be left untouched until her successor should take possession. My occupation relates to the farm, and when the Baron has refreshed himself after his journey, I will give him an account of my operations."

"I doubt not but everything is right, Mr. Waldenberg. I assure you I thought as I spoke. I approve of the directions of the Baroness, for the improvements I intend to make will afford me occupation. But tell me, where is my guest? He is a relative of mine, and is a second lieutenant in the navy. As he is young and wealthy, besides being an only son, he chooses his residence to suit his pleasure. He will be my guest for some time."

"He has gone down to the dining-room," replied the steward, "where, for want of better company, he is conversing with the housekeeper, Miss Wings."

"Just his way," said Gustavus, vexed at his friend's want of taste. "I dislike such things; but I hope Miss Wings is not young."

"O, you need not fear for that," replied the steward smiling. "Miss Wings celebrated her fiftieth birthday long ago, and although she is an honest woman, nature has provided her with beak and claws with which she well knows how to defend herself."

"I am glad to hear it; she is just the housekeeper for a bachelor like me. But how is it with the rest of the servants?"

"There are three female servants; an old hostler, three laborers, and a boy," enumerated the steward.

"That is right; now tell me something of my friends at



Rosendal. I have been told that Captain Werdenberg's widow has married Mr. Werner, a very respectable, and, they say, very wealthy man. This cannot be doubted when one looks at the improvements he has made yonder." At these words he extended his hand towards Rosendal.

"All this happened," said Waldenberg, "before I arrived at this place; but I have been informed that after a widowhood of one year, and after the death of her husband's father and mother, she accepted the hand of one of the noblest of men. He is distinguished here as a pattern for a husband, and is, withal, a noble and generous man, and possessed with moving eloquence. He is idolized at home, and he deserves to be. He is a tender and attentive husband, a kind and careful father. In one word, he is a true man."

"Indeed," interrupted Gustavus, with a smile, "it appears to me as though you should wear the prize for eloquence yourself, Mr. Waldenberg. Although I believe all you say, still I should like to hear the testimony of other persons more interested, for instance, Georgiana, the daughter of Captain Werdenberg. She was a promising bud when I last saw her, many years ago. I suppose she is now a beautiful flower."

"The young lady, yes, she——" Mr. Waldenberg coughed, and then added, in a changed voice, "Miss Werdenberg is considered the flower of the valley."

"Has she no particular admirers?" inquired Lindorm, and his eye reposed upon the balcony of the house on the opposite side of the bay.

"I do not know," replied the steward, and a glow overspread his countenance, "but it seems that no one can boast of particular favor in her eyes, although it is one of the articles of our creed, that no man can see Miss Werdenberg without loving her. The whole circuit court lies at anchor at Rosendal, at least as long as it continues."

"Not for the same reason, I hope?" said Lindorm smiling at the mournful expression of the young man.

"Yes, upon my honor, from the Chief Justice down to the humble clerk."

"And yet you say no one finds favor with her? But this is interesting; let us sit down and converse longer. Arthur will not miss me as long as the supper lasts."

"But it is cool and the night air is unhealthy," remarked



Waldenberg, who did not seem to be inclined to continue a subject which was evidently painful to him.

"O, never mind, heat, cold, storm and rain, are the same to me," interrupted Gustavus; "I love the evening shadows, but I am not so selfish that I would discommode any one on my account. Perhaps you do not share my tastes, or cannot. Is your health too poor to bear such changes?"

"I once loved to roam around in the darkness of night; and even now the starry sky can entice me from my bed. But my health is indeed very poor. I have but a few years to live on this beautiful earth which I love so much, and I must enjoy them economically if I do not wish to shorten my pilgrimage."

"If that is the case, my good Mr. Waldenberg," replied Gustavus, warmly, "we will hurry home. I am sorry to see on your pale cheeks those hectic flowers, which are mournful harbingers. Have you taken advice concerning your health?"

"Yes, several years ago. Through the advice of an eminent physician, I discontinued my studies, and entered a career where exercise in the open air would assist me in combating the evil. My father, an honest and respectable clergyman, who, however, was blessed with a numerous family, destined me for the ministry. I did not share in his opinion as I had a warm inclination towards the medical profession. He did not wish to change my desire, but could not render me much assistance. I was, therefore, obliged to work all the harder, that I might not deprive him of his necessary means. During the day I taught the modern languages, and at night I devoted myself to the science I loved. After spending two years in this manner, my powers were totally exhausted. I was placed upon a sick bed, where I remained for six months; and, when I at length arose I wished to return to my old occupation; but my diseased lungs would not allow me to do so. My physician advised me, if I wished to prolong my life, to change my business, and employ myself in the open air. My father, mother, and friends entreated me to take this advice, and I was at length persuaded to relinquish my hopes to be a medical man. I returned home, and after a short time received, through the aid of Mr. Hermer, the situation I now hold. I cannot complain of much pain, but my lungs are so much impaired that I can never hope for a permanent recovery."

"My dear Mr. Waldenberg," said Gustavus, warmly press-



ing the hand of his companion, "I am exceedingly sorry that you were obliged to choose a profession so totally at variance with your refined tastes; but allow me to assure you that everything shall be done to reconcile you to the necessity. I am really glad to find in you a refined man, whose company will be dear to me, for Arthur's gay humor does not always correspond with my disposition. But look! here he comes."

"Where have you been so long, Gustavus?" said Arthur, "I really thought you were going to philosophize the whole night among the graves. Thank God I have become acquainted in the house, and having had an excellent supper, was making my mind up to have an adventure."

"An adventure!" said Gustavus, smiling, "but allow me to introduce you to Mr. Waldenberg. Mr. Waldenberg, Lieutenant S——, we shall be companions. But what were you about to remark?"

"I cannot recollect," said Arthur, jocosely, "that my host ever put such a question to his guest before. With your permission I shall not answer."

They now stepped into the arched doorway of the hall, where the servants, with Miss Wings at their head, were solemnly awaiting the approach of their master. The old housekeeper courtesied deeply, and welcomed the Baron with many words and gestures. "Everything is not in order here, as it should be for your reception, sir; but as you did not inform us of your coming, you must be satisfied with all that the house is able to offer you."

"All right, my dear Miss Wings," said Lindorm, tapping the old lady with familiar condescension upon the shoulder, "I am perfectly satisfied, so give me what you have, for I am very hungry, and will certainly praise your cooking even if it is plain."

"O, that was well spoken, sir, please enter the dining-room. Make room, children," she said, complacently to the other servants. "His Lordship will speak with you to-morrow, and then, after I have had a night for reflection, I hope to convince his worship that the late Baroness never liked to have plain cooks."

The gentlemen passed through a neatly furnished room, and were introduced into the dining-room, where Miss Wings, casting aside all dignity, performed the duties of a hostess. She per-



ceived with particular pleasure that the Baron made considerable inroads upon the meat pies and green peas.

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## CHAPTER IX.

She was as light as an Oread,  
And her step was buoyant and gay.

TEGNER.

WE will now visit the opposite side of the bay, and observe what is there transpiring. With the permission of the reader we will ascend to the balcony of the before-mentioned house, where the form which attracted the interest of our hero is still remaining. The dim twilight prevents us from completely satisfying our curiosity. But it is not difficult to discover that it is the light form of a female. She sometimes leans over the balustrade supporting her head upon her hand, and with the other waves a white veil towards the opposite side of the bay. At a short distance we hear the sound of the splash of oars, which gradually approaches, until a boat is seen nearing the wharf. It is secured to the dock in the utmost haste, and our little friend, whom we became acquainted with in the church-yard, hastens to the house; runs quickly up the stairs, and does not stop until he has reached the balcony.

"Georgie, Georgie," he exclaimed, "how good you were to wave the veil, I knew who it was in a minute. O, I know something, I have heard something, I have seen something. But if you wish to know it, I shall not tell you until you have promised to do something I shall ask you."

"Well, what is your wish, Willie? Let me hear, whether I can consent," replied a voice, the sweetness of which would necessarily soothe the most impetuous heart.

"You must know, Georgie, that I shall ask a great deal, but I have something very important to tell you. Then promise me, for I know you will keep your word, that you will never consent to marry that old Chief Justice, Holk, who wants you. I can't



bear the man, for he already acts as though he was my elder brother. "Here Willie, my child," he will say, "what are you going to do with yourself? Be industrious, and honest and sometime you may travel with me on the circuit. Won't that be pleasant?" and many other such questions, and I don't like them. Well, Georgie, you are laughing. I see he will never marry you."

"Right, Willie, you are a good physiognomist. He shall never be my husband, for your father has already my consent to send him out of the house. I have promised, now for the news, Willie."

"Not yet, Georgie, you must also promise me not to marry that little fop, Blohm, who whispers every minute, "Ah! my gracious lady, how charming, how delicious it is here at Rosendal. A day spent with you, here, is worth more than ——"

"Silence, Willie, you are really becoming saucy," interrupted his sister. "But I will promise you that, although I like the polite, yet shallow conversation of the notary, I shall never wed him. But now for the news—you really worry me with your conditions."

"Be patient, but tell me shall I give you a short report or all the evidence?"

"Neither too long, nor too short. Only commence."

"Well, you must know when I left school this afternoon, I went down to the grave-yard to see whether the grass bench was still in order. You know you told me to take care of it. While I was standing there I heard a coach rumbling along on the road. I thought they were strangers who were going to the parsonage, but they stopped before the gate of the grave-yard. As I wanted to see who they were I climbed up in the tree, and saw a fine carriage just like the one belonging to Parson Werner. You must remember his carriage, Georgie, don't you?"

"O, yes, but I do not care much for the carriage. Who was in it."

"I would not have been able to tell you," replied Willie, "had not something happened."

"Well, what was it? You should not be so long, Willie, in telling a story."

"O, if I am not allowed to speak as I please, I won't say anything," said Willie, half angry.

"Never mind, Willie; you saw a carriage, and in it was ——"



"I didn't say there was anybody in," said Willie, "but before I climbed the tree one of the gentlemen had left the carriage, the other one, a nicely dressed young gentleman, he must have been an officer, leaned out of the carriage, and looked around through a spy-glass. The one who stood in the road spoke something to the other, and the one in the carriage sat back in his seat, and the coachman drove on towards Engelvik. The stranger came into the grave-yard a little while afterwards; but Georgie you may believe it, he looked just as I imagine the Roman heroes looked, and I will now read their history with much more interest, for I know how they used to look. Don't you like the old Roman heroes, Georgie?"

"Yes, certainly, dear Willie, but what you are telling me interests me more. Tell me all."

"Wait a minute—I must think."

"He was tall, of course," said Georgiana.

"Of course, dear sister, and he walked so proudly that I never saw one like him before. There was something majestic about him."

"Good, Willie, now we come to his bearing, how was that?"

"O, that was so ———, what kind of word is it when papa wishes to speak of something that makes an impression upon one?"

"Imposing, you mean."

"Just so—his bearing was imposing; but wait, I remember another word, dis—dis—distingué. Yes, you may believe me, I don't use my bad French for the sake of fun. O, that is excellent, imposing and very distingué."

"Well, let us leave this; the beginning is good. Was he handsome?"

"O, yes, he had a well-shaped face, a high forehead, dark blue eyes, that were full of tears when he entered the grave-yard. He had long black eye-lashes, a Roman nose, and a mouth almost as beautiful as yours, Georgie. His teeth were as white as those of notary Blohm, and hands so white that I can hardly comprehend how a man could have such white hands. But the most beautiful of all was the black hair which curled over his shoulders."

"Ah! Willie, you surprise me with your glowing description. God only knows where such a little boy as you could learn such fine words."



"Little boy as I am," said little Willie, erecting himself proudly, "don't you think I can see and hear the same as other people?—O," he added, roguishly, "I know a great many other things besides."

"But where did the stranger go?"

"Now, you see, my dear sister, after he had prayed upon a grave which was probably dear to him, he sat down upon the little bench. He seemed to suffer. His cheeks were so pale that I will stake my life that he has some heavy grief in his heart. But just think, while I was up in the tree, a branch cracked. He looked up and saw me, and what happened you shall hear to-morrow. I hear papa coming."

"Good, kind Willie, only tell me who it was."

"To-morrow, Georgie, to-morrow. You know that I can keep my word also, so there is no use of teasing me."

"Yes, Willie, but it is very impolite of you. Can't you come to my room after supper?"

"Yes, I can do so Georgie, if you can help me in my translating, but you will not catch me speaking more of the stranger to night, for I also shall become a man, and a man must keep his word. And know, Georgie, that a man is something altogether different from a woman."

"Silence, you little prattler. Come, let us go down."

"Why do you stay up there in the night air so long, children?" inquired a manly voice from below. "Willie, my boy, you have not yet visited us."

"We will be down in a minute, papa. I wished to speak with Georgie."

The brother and sister descended to the parlor, where they met their father. Here sat a middle-aged lady, clothed in a plain dress. She had a neat white cap upon her head, and a large bundle of keys was attached to her apron strings. Mrs. Hermer could yet be considered a beautiful woman. Although many snows had fallen since we saw her, as Alida de H——, fettered the love of young Werdenberg, still they had fallen lightly. She had conquered her grief, and although she had not forgotten her first husband, the memory of her brief happiness with him had been crowded into the background. Her family and its cares filled the space between the past and the present. Alida was a happy wife and mother. She had a large and convenient house to rule, and was perfectly satisfied with her fate.



"Is tea ready, wife?" inquired Hermer; "I am anxious to look at the newspaper which Willie has brought along with him."

"Immediately, dear husband, I am only waiting for Georgiana. Ah! here she is. What are you doing, girl? Father is waiting. You must not go out so late in the evening, you will take cold. Come, Alec, say grace."

At this command a little boy six years of age, advanced to the table and commenced as he was bidden.

"That is right. Georgie, now fasten on brother's napkin. Reach me the plate of sausages, Willie. Husband, will you take one."

"Yes, my dear; but how is this, the plates are nearly cold. Willie, my child, go and call Stina."

From the little sketch we have just made, the reader will see that Alida had become a serious and good housekeeper.

"I shall have my whist party to-morrow evening," said Hermer, joyfully. "It is a pleasant game, and I like to play with Justice Holk. We have fine times while the circuit court lasts. Don't you think so, wife? You never think of the trouble of the party, and sometimes you even consent to play a game yourself."

"O, dear Hermer, I only play from politeness, when you are so obstinate, or when the young gentlemen entreat so much that one cannot refuse. But I will tell you in advance, that I shall not play with you to-morrow, for I have received a new romance by Cooper, and it shall entertain me as long as it lasts."

"Apropos of reading, where are the papers, Willie?"

The blood rushed to poor Willie's face. He now remembered for the first time, the bundle he had placed in his pocket, and had probably lost, when he climbed the tree in the cemetery. He did not know how to answer, as he did not wish to reveal his secret, which he desired to save until the next day, that the surprise might be more perfect. Hermer thought he had not heard him, and therefore said in a louder tone, "Did you not procure the papers of Parson Werner, Willie?"

"Yes, I did get them. He told me to take good care of them."

"Well, what have you done with them, I have not seen them?"

"I know it;" replied Willie, "I lost them."



"How is it possible that a big boy like you should lose anything entrusted to him?" said the father, with a reproachful look, "you cause me much trouble by your carelessness."

"But father I have an excuse for it. I have had an adventure which I will soon tell you, and you will pardon me. I can find the newspapers to-morrow, at all events."

"We shall see," said his father. "Come with me to my room."

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## CHAPTER X.

Most holy father, open, open to little Peter.

OLD SONG.

Who would not have courted folly for such an angel?

LINDBERG.

It was early in the morning. Dewy pearls glittered upon the grass, in the first rays of the sun, when Miss Wings, accompanied by a kitchen girl, went into the poultry yard with murderous intentions upon the chickens. She expected a battle, for these timid creatures would not allow themselves to be touched by Miss Wings of their own accord, notwithstanding the honor which awaited them, of figuring in state upon the dinner-table.

"I hear some one knocking at the door, Liza. Go and see who it is."

"It is I, Miss Wings. Open quick; I have waited half an hour."

"Who is I?" said the housekeeper, morosely. "I cannot tell by the knock, who anybody is."

"O, dear Miss Wings, I thought you knew me by my voice. I am Willie. Let me in, I wish to speak with the Baron."

"Well this is nice, to come so early, and disturb his Lordship in his morning nap." She withdrew the bolt. "Good morning, my dear Willie. What are you doing here so early?"

"Good morning, Miss Wings. I come as I told you to see the Baron I met last evening upon the road, and he told me to come here early."

"Yes early, you little fool. Do you think he meant between



four and five o'clock in the morning? Eight o'clock, my child, is the time when one should visit people. But come to my room in the meantime, my boy, and you shall have a cup of coffee and a cake while you are waiting."

"I have coffee and cakes at home," replied Willie, angrily. "You need not think I rowed clear over the bay for their sake. The Baron knows what I want, and he will not refuse to receive me, if you will only wake him."

"Wake him!" exclaimed Miss Wings, clasping her hands in surprise, "how silly you are, Willie! But I must tell you, Willie, that it is very foolish for you to think of such a thing; much more, than that I should carry it out. Who ever heard of such a thing? To wake up the Baron just because you have come. Why he went to bed only at nine o'clock last night, and was much fatigued by his journey."

"Whether I come or not," replied the boy, somewhat offended, "I think it is all the same. And it is indeed very hard to be invited by the host himself, and still not be allowed to see him. I have to be home again at seven o'clock. Good Miss Wings," he continued, half weeping, "you plague me; to day is Georgie's birth-day, and I was to celebrate it with a little festival in the garden. To do so the better, the Baron has promised something to me, which I want very much. I come here for this reason, and you cannot wish me to go home without seeing him. You know how much I think of Georgia, and you are not cruel. I see by your eyes that you are going to wake the Baron."

"My dear boy," replied the old lady, softened by Willie's words, "I will do all I can. But to go right in and wake him, is impossible. I will step so loud in the hall that he cannot sleep, and then he will probably ring for coffee."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Miss Wings, for that thought. Go right in and make as much noise as you can."

Willie was left alone but a few moments, when Waldenberg, enveloped in a morning-gown, entered from the hall into the court-yard, where Willie was waiting. "Good morning, my little Willie. You are up early," said Mr. Waldenberg. "I thought I heard your voice, and knowing your business, hurried out to help you in your conversation with Miss Wings."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Waldenberg. Perhaps the Baron has given you the goldfinch?"

"No, the bird-cage is in his own room; but he told me to



let him know when you came. Wait a little while, or rather come into the parlor with me, and we shall soon go to his room."

Waldenberg preceded the boy into the parlor, and at the moment they entered, the sound of a bell proved that Miss Wings' stratagem had been successful.

The steward went to the Baron's bed-room, returning shortly afterwards with an invitation for the waiting guest to accompany him thither.

"Welcome, my little bird-catcher," said the Baron, extending his hand.

Willie approached, and made his best bow. He pressed the hand extended to him, and said, slightly confused, "Pardon me for disturbing you so early; but as you gave me permission to do so, I hope you will excuse me."

"All right, my dear Willie, and, as I before said, you are really welcome. But, as I suppose you are in a hurry, you may take the bird and cage immediately; it is there on the table, near the window."

"O, how beautiful it is! How it will please my dear Georgie, who loves birds so much. And that cage, how pretty it is! It glitters like gold. O, you little birdy, you, you shall be my favorite. I must take you along right away. Will the Baron permit me to go home immediately?"

"Certainly, dear Willie, if you do not wish to remain and take breakfast with me; but have you no word from your parents to me?"

The boy, who had already reached the door, turned round quickly, and a blush suffused his features. "O, that I should have forgotten that,—mother and father, for Georgie has not yet been allowed to know it, were rejoiced that you had returned, and they told me to say, that it would be considered a high honor if you would dine at Rosendal to-day. And you, too, Mr. Waldenberg. I have almost forgotten everything. I hope you will come."

"Thank you, Willie, we will make our visit this afternoon; I shall walk over to the parsonage this morning, and shall not be back in time to dine at Rosendal."

"That is too bad," said Willie, in vexation. "Why should you remain at Effenbo? I wish you would come, for the circuit court commenced yesterday, and we have visits every



Saturday evening from Justice Holk, and the other gentlemen, and I don't think we shall feel so much at ease, as though you come this noon. O, please do so, dear sir, I think so much of you, that I do not wish to go back without your consent."

"Well, as you are so frank, and as your parents are so anxious to see me, I will come. Give my compliments to them, my boy."

"You will be heartily welcome," exclaimed Willie, and full of joy, he left the room ; but he was stopped on the staircase by Waldenberg. "Wait a moment, said the steward, "I wish to speak to you."

"I am in a hurry."

"O, I don't think your business is so very pressing. Wait but a moment ; I will return immediately." Waldenberg went to his apartment, and soon returned with a vase filled with the loveliest flowers. Waldenberg was a skillful botanist, and his favorite occupation was in cultivating hot-house plants. Flowers were his life, and those he now brought, were the finest he had ever transplanted from the sunny climate of the south.

"Look, Willie, give these flowers to your sister, with the bird ; I think she is fond of flowers."

"Very fond of them, and I am sure she will decorate her hair with these flowers to-day. I wish to tell you in confidence, that Georgie will not marry either Holk or Blohm. I know she does not like those gentlemen ; that is why I tell it to you."

Waldenberg turned his face to conceal his confusion. "Miserable weakness," he muttered to himself ; "Why should I be so foolish as to send flowers to her ? Have I so little control over my sentiments that a child should discover them !" Willie broke the silence, which he could not understand. "Mr. Waldenberg, shall I say that the flowers come from you, or that I asked you for them ? Why do you look so gloomy ? A moment ago you looked happy."

"You shall not learn falsehoods from me, my good boy," replied the steward, with an effort to regain his composure. "If you think that your sister will not refuse the gift from so insignificant a person as Mr. Waldenberg, then give it to her as a token of my esteem."

"And admiration, as Mr. Blohm says,—shall I not say that also ?" inquired Willie, roguishly.



"By no means," replied the steward earnestly, "say no more than I have told you."

"As you like, Mr. Waldenberg. I will think it over on the road. Good morning; but I hope that you will come to Rosendal to dinner also."

"Not to-day, Willie; I do not feel very well. Good-bye."

After the gentlemen at Engelvik had breakfasted upon viands which would have honored the late Baroness herself, two horses were ordered to be saddled. The Baron came forth attired in a fashionable riding dress. "I hope," he said to Miss Wings, who courtesied deeply as she bade him good morning, "that Parson Werner, my former tutor, is well. We are going to see him this morning."

"He is, thank God, in good health; and as to his comfort, I will speak right out. It is not right that he should have such a parsonage as Effenbo, which deserves to be changed into a mad house."

"You are severe in your conclusions," said the Baron, with a passing smile. "The parson is not yet married, is he?"

"That is his own fault. He will have to live and die a bachelor. Your worship might have heard that he was betrothed immediately after his arrival here. That was a good many years ago; but the lady was too fine for him. She was woven as if of air, and I always said that she was not educated to become a good housekeeper. I think that the Lord was of the same opinion, for nothing was accomplished. She took cold during a journey to R——, where she was going to a ball. She never returned, because she died. But I must say it was a great pity for the poor parson. He mourned so deeply for her, more than I ever knew a husband to do for his wife; and from that hour he never wished to hear anything about marriage. Her grace the late Baroness frequently talked with him about it, and wished him to marry some one else. But there was no use. 'It is well as it is,' he would answer. 'If I could not keep my Charlotte, no one else shall find room in my heart. My domestic affairs can be managed by my housekeeper.' But here I am keeping your worship waiting. A fine ride to you."

Lindorm smiled pleasantly, and tapping Miss Wings upon her shoulder, sprang upon his horse, and rode towards Effenbo, accompanied by Lieutenant Arthur.

"It looks like a fairy residence, over yonder," said Arthur,



pointing towards Rosendal with his riding whip. "It has the finest location I ever saw in the North ; and I was informed by our housekeeper, among other interesting matters, that it contained a priceless treasure. Miss de Werdenberg must be exceedingly beautiful, and I am impatiently awaiting for the dinner hour, that I may salute her."

A slight cloud shadowed Gustavus' brow, and his fine eyebrows contracted as if drawn together by a magnetic influence.

"I hope, my dear Arthur," said he seriously, "that you will not, in that house, allow yourself the liberties, I may say the frivolities which you so often indulge in, when you converse with young ladies. I hope you will take my advice, whether Miss Werdenberg is beautiful or not. I must say that if you do not heed this counsel I shall feel highly offended."

"What sermon are you preaching?" said Arthur, in surprise, "I really do not know where you saw me infringe upon good breeding, and I think," he continued, giving an expression of haughtiness to his voice, "that I have lived in the fashionable world long enough to know what is required of me ; neither must you think, Gustavus, although my father, in his esteem for you, entreated you to take me as a companion for a time, that he designed to place me under your guidance."

"To speak truly," replied Gustavus with a smile, "I think that this was his intention in some respects. His words at parting justify this opinion. But let that be as it may, I must tell you my opinion as a friend and a brother. In my opinion you lack a tact in comprehending certain individuals rightly ; your conversation is generally light and, without flattery, exceedingly agreeable. But you do not suit it to circumstances, which is necessary to change the light frivolity of youth into the polished demeanor of a refined gentleman. But you are yet young. After you have had a few years of experience, the bold self-confidence will vanish, and you will become as excellent a man as you are now a brave boy."

Arthur did not deem it advisable to answer, and the gentlemen silently proceeded on their way.

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## CHAPTER XI.

And quickly passed the glow of spring,  
My summer came and fled,  
The winter's snows will soon be here  
To number me as dead.

SILFVERSTOLPE.

THE prettily located parsonage at Effenbo consisted of a neatly yellow painted mansion, surrounded by high maples. The garden gate was painted red, and near by stood a dog's kennel of the same color. As a whole the parsonage looked very pleasant and rural. To complete the picture, a boy in a striped gray coat, and black leathern apron, was swinging to and fro upon the gate. A large dog rushed forth from the kennel and commenced barking vigorously. The boy, meanwhile, crying, "get out, get out," at the top of his lungs. "Open the gate, boy," said the Baron, but the boy did not seem to be inclined. He was too busy with his antagonist, the dog.

"What in all the world is that noise about?" screamed a shrill voice from the hall of the mansion. A tall, lank woman, with harsh features, issued from the door, holding a batter-spoon in one hand and a pinch of snuff in the other.

"Klas Isak, you lout, what are ye doing there with the dog? O, there are strangers coming, and you do not open the gate! I will teach you manners, you young villain," and the powerful spoon, yet dripping with batter, gave Klas Isak a lively remembrance of his want of politeness.

"Mother, mother, you will burn my eyes out! Let me be; I will open the gate," he exclaimed, dodging about to escape the blows. But the punishment did not cease, until the boy's coat was no longer recognizable, and, propelled by a hearty kick, Klas Isak took refuge in the kennel, where the dog, at the first sound of the dreaded voice, had already crept.

"O, how one is obliged to battle with that naughty boy," exclaimed the old lady, puffing for breath, as she placed the pinch of snuff to her begrimed nose. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," she continued, opening the gate, and admitting



Gustavus and Arthur. Arthur laughed loudly, and the lady sternly eyed him. She turned to Gustavus, with the question, "Whom have we the honor of receiving? I am the widow Harsh, housekeeper and hostess of the parsonage."

The gentlemen dismounted, and gave their names. "Indeed! you are Baron Lindorm, who has inherited Engelvik. Your servant, sir; you are exceedingly welcome. The Parson is at home, but not quite prepared to see visitors. Will the gentlemen please enter the drawing-room, while I go and fix him up a little."

"My dear Mrs. Harsh," said the Baron, "there is not the slightest use for that. Conduct me to him immediately; we have lived on equal footing for many years, and all compliments are out of place between us."

"That may be so," said Mrs. Harsh, in a tone which did not contradict her name in the least, "but I think I know for myself what is respectable; at least my late husband, Mr. Harsh, was perfectly convinced of it. He never made even a step without first consulting me, and, as housekeeper, I think it is my duty to take the same care of my master."

"This is carrying things a little too far," said Lindorm impatiently. "Where is the Pastor's room?"

"There is the parlor," said Mrs. Harsh, with undisturbed obstinacy. "Please be seated. In the mean time I will go and perform my duty."

She left the room, closing the door on the gentlemen, who were much surprised at their singular reception.

"How can Werner bear to have such a disgusting creature near him?" said Lindorm. "What do you say, Arthur, is not our friend Miss Wings a perfect angel compared with this fury?"

"Yes, compared with her. But Mrs. Harsh is not so bad after all. Nothing is better than travelling to give a man a knowledge of remarkable things, and upon my honor, Mrs. Harsh shall figure at length in the journal which I promised my friends at home I would keep during my travels. So shall her little son, the amiable Klas Isak, and his horrible dog."

Lindorm was about answering, when hasty footsteps approached the door. It opened, and Parson Werner rushed into the room in the most singular costume. He wore a worsted jacket, and his feet were encased in slippers of the same material. That he wore woolen drawers without his



pantaloon, was convincing proof that half his toilet had been forgotten. But there was a still more curious addition to his costume ;—it was a blue chequered apron, which was suspended from his neck, and swung carelessly over his shoulders, like a short cloak. This singular article of wearing apparel was strewn with locks of clipped hair. His whole appearance was like that of Don Rinaldo Coliberados. At the heels of the Parson, Mrs. Harsh appeared, flourishing a huge pair of shears in her hand.

“Bless me, what a shame ! Just as I was cutting his hair, he rushed off like lightning. Do you think, Mr. Werner, that this is an attire to show before strangers ?”

As she thus spoke, Gustavus and Werner were locked in each other’s embrace. Mr. Werner, aroused by the shrill voice of his housekeeper, cast a look over his person, and became aware of his ludicrous appearance. Somewhat confused, he walked towards the door, excusing himself for his forgetfulness. “But it is just this, gentlemen,” said he, “as my housekeeper was busy in brushing and clipping my hair, she told me that Baron Lindorm, and another gentleman, were awaiting me in the parlor. I could no longer allow Mrs. Harsh to control my time and head. I escaped from my attendant, and in my joy forgot that politeness had its demands also. With your permission, gentlemen, I will go and finish my toilet.”

Werner bowed and left the room, followed by Mrs. Harsh, who now received permission to finish her labors. In a short time the Parson returned, dressed neatly and modestly. His cravat was pearly white, and it was plainly visible that Mrs. Harsh was initiated in all the mysteries of washing and clear-starching. But no one would have imagined that the present yellow-visaged, stooping Werner, was the same enthusiastic young man who left the Baron’s house twelve years before. Then all was life and poetry before him ; but now, the cold prose of grief had touched him, and withered the flowers of his life. To this must be added his unceasing night-watching, for Werner now worshipped Minerva, since the Graces had proved unkind. He did not exactly avoid society ; but he *loved* no other society than that of his books and manuscripts. But the family at Rosendal was an exception to this taste. He was on the most confidential footing with Mr. Hermer, and all the members of his family. He had taken the education of



Willie under his own control; but for this purpose only devoted certain days of the week. The rest of his time, which was not occupied by his official duties, he spent in his favorite studies, natural history and philosophy, on which subjects he had written several pamphlets. He was now engaged upon a large work on natural philosophy, and for this reason neglected his usual care of his house. But Mrs. Harsh controlled the affairs in a brief manner. She arose every morning at four o'clock, at which hour the Parson was still sleeping, as he never retired until very late. As soon as Mrs. Harsh aroused from her slumbers, the servants were awakened, and the business of the day commenced, for she was too much a mistress of her art, to allow her orders to be neglected. She made it a general rule, that during the morning no noise should be made in the house, for she understood the value of her place, and determined, by rendering her master comfortable, to make herself indispensable. She always entered the Parson's room, with his coffee, at eight o'clock.

"Good morning, Mrs. Harsh," he would say, "is it already time to arise? Place the cup upon the table; I feel sleepy, I will not arise quite yet."

"O, no, your reverence must get up immediately. The people are coming from Quistby at nine o'clock to have their child baptised. The deacon will be here at ten o'clock, who wants to have a meeting of the vestry to discuss about the building of a new house for the old sexton."

"Anything else?" the Parson would gasp, as the old lady ceased.

"Of course the bridal party will arrive at twelve o'clock. See here are your slippers, and there is your morning gown. I filled your pipe for you last night. I will go out and send Klas Isak in with a light, and will return soon myself."

Mrs. Harsh would leave the room, and the obedient Parson would spring from the bed, slip on the morning gown, and in one hand take his pipe, holding the coffee cup with the other, enjoying their mutual company until Mrs. Harsh would return, bringing his cassock, his ministerial cap, and his snow-white handkerchief.

"It is only five minutes to nine," she would exclaim. "Come now, hurry and dress yourself, that is a good man." And then the faithful servant would assist her master in dressing, conclud-



ing the operation by nicely adjusting his snow white band. She would then give him the prayer-book and open the door of the reception room, where the wailing voice of the infant from its silk pillow announced its arrival, and evinced its desire to be liberated from its bondage. After Werner had concluded his official duties, he would refresh himself by a walk in the garden, after which dinner would be announced. Dinner was followed regularly by a pipe, a cup of coffee, and a short nap. After the daily business had been concluded, Werner gave himself up to enjoyment which to him consisted in solitude and study. He would enter his library, which adjoined his sleeping apartment, and after closing the door, he considered himself separated from the world. With but few exceptions, every day was spent in the same manner, and the arrival of the Baron was a joyful exception. But even this happy morning was not free from the calls of his official duties, and their time for mutual conversation was brief. Of what they conversed is unknown, for they were alone. While Arthur examined the valuable paintings which ornamented the walls of the hall, Werner and Gustavus were closeted in the library. Upon parting, they both seemed filled with emotion, and the conversation was languid and short between Gustavus and Arthur during their return home. But the dinner hour is fast approaching, and we will therefore allow the honest Werner, his housekeeper, and the parsonage to continue on in their usual routine, until we again visit them.

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## CHAPTER XII.

First as Jove's eagle upon high  
 She proudly glanced around,  
 Then as the lovely modest dove,  
 Her brilliant eyes were quenched.

TEGNER.

BARON LINDORM'S sloop touched the wharf at Rosendal. The Baron was clothed in black, as he was then mourning for the death of his uncle, the Baron Torsten de Lindorm. He



had died but recently at Hamringen, one of his estates, near Ujusenelf, in Northland.—What contradiction is this? the reader will exclaim. Have we not been promised to be made acquainted with Baron Torsten? We do not deny this; but dear reader, one can become acquainted with an individual even after his death; and the chief master of the royal hounds shall not be forgotten.

Now that we have made our explanation, we will return to the gentlemen who were disembarking from the sloop. Arthur paraded in his new navy uniform, which fitted him admirably. But a close observer of the two gentlemen would have thought that he appeared like a gaudy parrot beside a stately eagle.

Hermer received Gustavus with open arms, experiencing a thrill of pleasure as he viewed the noble form of his guest. After a hasty interchange of welcome and congratulations, their host conducted his friends into a spacious and splendid reception room. The floor was covered with rich Turkish carpeting. Sofas and ottomans, with blue velvet cushions, were placed around the sides of the apartment. The windows were closely curtained with pink silk, through which the rays of the sun stole, blending softly with the prismatic colors of the crystal vases, from which beautiful flowers emitted soft perfumes. Marble busts and many other works of art combined with the whole, added to the effect. Here in the midst of this earthly paradise stood the most beautiful flower of the valley, Georgiana Wendenberg. She was attired in a flowing gauze robe, displaying her perfect form to the greatest advantage. As she thus stood, she presented the strongest picture of a perfectly beautiful woman. She was of medium stature; but so well proportioned that she would be the realization of an artist's wildest dreams. No being had ever been more endowed by nature. Many may have been equally beautiful; but that nameless charm—that bewitching power which was irresistible, the influence of which was felt by all, but which none could explain, belonged exclusively to her. She was of fair complexion, a skin woven of roses and lilies, and there welled forth from her clear expressive eye an enthusiasm, which was, nevertheless, mingled with childish loveliness. Her smile was enchanting, and the nod of her golden-locked head enrapturing. Thus she stood as our friends entered the apartment. She quickly approached the friend of her girlhood, and extended her hand. The Baron



touched it slightly, and said in a tone more polite than cordial, as a faint blush tinged his cheek, "It is a great pleasure for me to meet once more the fair companion of my boyish days. But with the innocent days of childhood, also departs its accompaniment, the golden time of liberty. But allow me, Miss Werdenberg, to present to you my friend, Lieutenant S——."

Nothing was more entirely unexpected to Georgiana than the Baron's measured politeness, nay coldness, so unlike the frankness of his youth. The beautiful picture which Georgiana had retained since her girlhood, was destroyed in a moment. The dark genius of time had passed, and had borne away on his pinions the last resemblance between the boy of thirteen and the man of twenty-five years, who now only had the bearing of a distinguished stranger. Georgiana was aware that she blushed deeply; whether it was caused by pain or anger, or both, she did not know. She was so much accustomed to meet with admiration from all, that Lindorm's conduct surprised her in a high degree. She scarcely noticed Lieutenant S——. After a confused answer to Gustavus' words, she withdrew, and her state of mind would not have been the least agreeable, had not Hermer had the tact to partially dispel this undescribable something which seemed about to drive the usual comfort from his hearth.

The hostess soon entered, and in his conduct towards her, Lindorm was less ceremonious. But he was very sparing of words, and the expression of melancholy which clouded his brow seemed more apparent this day than it had before appeared. Neither did the Lieutenant evince much of his usual sprightliness. He was partially dissatisfied by the Baron's expressions that forenoon, and he partially experienced that it was not proper, at least at the present time, to introduce those themes, which had so often produced applause. He therefore silently enjoyed the pleasure of looking at the beautiful Georgiana. During dinner, the conversation was solely upon politics, for Hermer had observed that Lindorm avoided touching upon any subject relating to his private life. Although Hermer could not explain this, he was, nevertheless, too much a man of the world to express his sentiments, and the conversation was continued with as much spirit as could be infused into such a threadbare subject. After dinner, they adjourned to the garden,



where coffee was served by Georgiana, and pipes and tobacco passed to the gentlemen by Willie.

"Will you smoke, Baron Lindorm?" inquired Hermer.

"No, I thank you; I never smoke."

"Will you, Lieutenant?"

"I never smoke in the presence of ladies."

"Well, then, take the pipes away, my boy. I hope our party will soon be increased by a few more friends, whom I am expecting, Chief Justice Holk and suite. The Court House is situated on the other side of the bay, and we are often treated with their company."

Arthur said a few words about the pleasures of acquaintance-ship, after which silence again reigned.

The Baron's eyes rested upon Georgiana's charming form, and followed her every motion. She placed the coffee cups upon the salver, and filled them with the delicious beverage which foamed in the silver urn. She removed the urn from the salver and with a gesture invited the guests to partake of the coffee. But Lindorm was so abstracted that he did not understand her. He remained immovably upon his seat. Arthur, on the contrary, arose quickly, and approaching the salver, received his cup with a polite bow, and pleasant smile. During this time Georgiana stood confused, with downcast eyes. At length, Hermer broke the silence. "Georgiana," said he with emphasis, "have you no one here to offer coffee to the Baron. Where has Willie gone?"

"He went after my embroidery; but if I may be allowed ——" here she looked with a soft reproachful expression towards Gustavus. "Will Baron Lindorm accept ——?" she placed the cup upon a small server. It was not until now that he understood her. Excusing himself, he advanced towards the salver—she had not yet replaced the cup, and he received it from her hand. As their hands came in contact, their eyes met, and what Georgiana then saw in Gustavus' dark eye, caused her heart to beat with a novel and undefinable sensation.

"You forgot the cream," said she, in lovely confusion, as the Baron unthinkingly returned to his seat.

"I am, indeed, very absent-minded to-day," said he with a forced smile. "I did not intend to be neglectful. He approached her again, but there was a certain stiffness in his demeanor as he helped himself to the cream. He drank the coffee, stand-



ing, and then with a polite bow turned to Hermer and proposed a walk around the farm.

"With pleasure," answered his host, although convinced that the Baron would view the farming arrangements with perfect indifference. "Will Lieutenant S—— join us?"

"No, I thank you. I must confess," said Arthur, with a laugh, "that I am no friend of such walks."

The two gentlemen departed, accompanied by Willie, and as Arthur was no longer under the influence of Lindorm's dark eyes, he became pleasing and entertaining. He spoke of a winter he had spent in the capital, enlarging upon the subject, until the city, under his persuasive powers, became a paradise. But as this theme seemed to produce but a slight effect upon his listeners, he commenced speaking of his father's estates, and his relatives at home. From that he gradually advanced to a subject which interested the ladies more; and that was, his relationship to the queen, and to Baron Gustavus.

"Have you long travelled together?" inquired Mrs. Hermer, with pardonable curiosity.

"O, yes, for a long time. Lindorm was at Stockholm, when I came out in the world, and besides that we have made a journey into foreign countries;" and, as Arthur perceived that they listened to him with much interest, he continued. "When my father, who placed unlimited confidence in Gustavus, heard that he was about making a journey to Italy for the purpose of cultivating his talent for painting, of which he was passionately fond, and to indulge in which he had given up the sciences, my father determined to allow me to have a peep at the world at the same time. He, therefore, wrote to my uncle, Baron Torsten de Lindorm, with whom Gustavus then resided, and requested him to complete the arrangements with his nephew, Gustavus. We soon received an answer, informing us, to our great joy, that the proposition was accepted. We met at N——, from whence we made our first excursion into Germany. After travelling through Germany, we visited Italy, spending the most of our time in Rome and its vicinity. We there enjoyed the beautiful climate of that divine country. A new life—a new sun seemed to have arisen for us, and in raptures we admired the monuments of by-gone grandeur."

Arthur was silent. "When did you return?" inquired Georgiana.



"During the latter part of April, we again stood upon the wharf at N——, after an absence of little more than a year. I went directly to L——, to assume the position in the navy which my father had procured for me, during my absence. Lindorm returned to Hamringen, where he was suddenly called by a letter that was awaiting him at N——. Duty, as well as gratitude and desire, hastened his journey, and he arrived there a few days before the death of the Chief Master of the royal hounds."

"How the young Baron has changed since his childhood," remarked Mrs. Hermer; "can it be natural, or does secret grief gnaw at the core of his young life?"

"I have always found him," replied Arthur, "very serious; in fact, haughty, which appeared strange in one so young. Yet I am sure that no man has a warmer heart, or is more willing to make greater sacrifices for others, than Gustavus Lindorm. The generosity and self-denial of his heart border upon extravagance. I have often had occasion to remark this, and admire it, without his knowledge. But he possesses the gift of concealing these qualities before strangers, which accounts for his frequently appearing cold, when his sentiments are the warmest. This is not done knowingly, for it is his nature to be reserved. He loves his own company, and in truth I have never been able fully to understand him. I must confess, however, that I never knew him to be more gloomy than after his return from Northland, after his last visit. About three weeks after his return he visited my father's estate—a passing call merely. I had just arrived home from L——, and as Gustavus' mournful mood had its influence upon my father, he persuaded me to accompany him on his journey hither, to cheer him a little. But I doubt that I have been successful in my mission. Yesterday, and even this morning, he appeared quite gay; but since we made a visit this forenoon at Parson Werner's, he has become more excited and melancholy than usual."

As Mrs. Hermer was about asking a new question, Willie hastened into the garden, announcing that Justice Holk and other visitors had arrived.



## CHAPTER XIII

Temptation from Eve, in Eden's bright bowers,  
Should pardon poor Adam for his sinful fall.

KULLBERG.

IMMEDIATELY afterwards steps were heard approaching, and in a few moments four persons advanced. The first, Chief Justice Holk, was a bulky man. His outward appearance evinced joviality and natural dignity combined, which should have commanded respect; for added to them was an enormous protruding paunch. He was followed by Notary Blohm, a young man of good family. He was dressed according to the strictest rule of fashion. A quizzing-glass suspended from his neck by a gilt chain dangling carelessly as he walked, completed his attire. His particular charms, consisted in a fair complexion, white teeth, and a slender waist. To this might be added a rich abundance of brown ringlets, glistening in oily effulgence, which fact had long convinced Blohm that he was a perfect Adonis, and able to turn the heads of at least a score of damsels.

As the Chief Justice saluted the ladies with dignified grace, the notary made a deep bow, after which he gave his exclusive attention to Georgiana. But occasionally his eye would rest upon Arthur's graceful form with an expression of examination, and as he did so, a slight contraction of his light eyebrows was visible. We will not speak of the two other gentlemen, Secretaries A—— and B——, as they were merely appendages.

“Where is our host?” inquired the Chief Justice.

“Here, my friend; welcome,” said Hermer, who now appeared with Lindorm. The conversation now became general and lively in a high degree. The Baron was more sociable than at first, and when Hermer proposed a whist party, he consented with much apparent pleasure.

Georgiana could not conceal from herself that she was vexed that Lindorm had not preferred remaining in the garden with her. “He is not gallant in the least,” thought she; “but why he is so cold, polite, and singular, I should like to know. He certainly has some deep grief. I should much like to know



what it is, for can one look at his pale features, without having such a desire?"

She sighed involuntarily. At this moment she was interrupted by Blohm's voice:

"Who is so happy as to occupy your thoughts, my lady? He must be a happy man."

"I do not think that he could have been very happy," replied Georgiana, "for my thoughts were fanciful; but excuse my curiosity, Mr. Blohm. Allow me to ask what ornament you have in your hand?"

"It is no ornament," replied the notary. "It is merely a feeble expression of my desire for your happiness. I knew that to-day was your birth-day, and I was so happy as to find, under the influence of inspiration, these modest verses."

"Indeed," exclaimed Georgiana; "let us hear what your poetic inspiration has produced. I hope you will not refuse to read aloud the production of your genius."

"If it is your command, I am your obedient servant."

Blohm here assumed a dignified bearing, and taking an important position, unfolded a paper, and commenced reading with much self-complacency—

"Fair as Freia's golden locks,"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Georgiana, laughingly, "but allow me to say that those words are stolen property."

"Merely an imitation," replied Blohm with a blush, and, skipping the first verse, he commenced the second.

"Hebe, you, the goddess of youth,"

"No, no," exclaimed Georgiana, "do stop with all that about goddesses. If your poem is not fitted to a modest daughter of Eve, I have already heard enough," and she gestured with her hand impatiently.

"Have patience only a few moments, my gentle lady. We shall soon return to earth," said Blohm, with a half sour smile, and then concluded his poem without further interruption. It contained from beginning to end a perfect chaos of terms of admiration and praise, which he had borrowed from all parts of the world. When he had concluded, he knelt upon one knee, and, with a deep sigh, presented the paper which contained



these neat verses to Georgiana. She received them as condescendingly as though she had been a queen granting a boon to a subject. "I thank you, Mr. Blohm ; arise," said she, graciously extending her hand, which he grasped with more eagerness than would become a subject to his sovereign, and pressed it reverently to his lips.

"O, charming! For such a reward," thought Arthur—"for such a reward I should be willing to kneel forever. But it seems, that in spite of her innocent appearance, she is accustomed to homage and receives it as a matter of course."

In the mean time Mr. Blohm had assumed a more dignified position, and one could plainly see that he was elevated to the joys of heaven. "O, my gentle lady," said he, "will you allow me to be so bold as to ask for another reward?"

"Your modesty is too insatiable, Mr. Blohm," said Georgiana, laughing, "but allow us to hear what your petition is?"

"Yes, fairest of the fair, my modesty is so bold as to crave the beautiful wreath you wear to day. A single flower from it, which vies with the gold of your ringlets, would render me the happiest of mortals."

"That is too much. You need not think, Mr. Blohm, that I will destroy my beautiful wreath, to satisfy one of your whims. No, I shall not grant your request; and more than that, I received these flowers from Mr. Waldenberg to-day; he raised them himself, and I thought that I would show how much I esteemed the giver by wearing them to-day."

The Notary turned purple. He played with his quizzing-glass, and said, with a certain negligence, "You take a joke too seriously. I assure you, Miss Werdenberg, that it is far from my intention to strive with the Steward Waldenberg."

Mrs. Hermer, who did not like love quarrels, and foresaw what was coming, proposed entering the house, as the gnats were troublesome. She suggested music as the entertainment, and all agreed to it joyfully, for a change of the topic was desirable.

As Lindorm was engaged at the whist table, he heard some one preluding upon the harp, in the adjoining room, with much taste. Who could it be but Georgiana? This presumption became a certainty, as the beautiful and musical voice of the girl harmonized with the tones of the harp in a sweet song. To hear such a voice, to see the fair songstress in all her beauty,



was his ardent wish, and to remain at the whist table, where all the players were fretful and impatient, was a hardship to a feeling heart, which can only be described by a sympathizing one. Lindorm experienced this the strongest, when Mr. Blohm appeared at the door. The defeat he had experienced in the garden enabled him, for the first time, to appear totally indifferent to Georgiana's moving voice and masterly execution. He placed himself behind the Chief Justice's chair, with an expression as though he had never before seen anything more interesting than a game of whist, and followed the game with the closest attention.

Lindorm, who determined to take advantage of this suitable occasion, politely asked the Notary, whether he did not take pleasure in playing cards.

"I do not like to play alone," replied he, sitting down, "but find double pleasure in it when engaged in the society of good companions."

Blohm felt obliged to accept the flattering proposition of the Baron, and as his skill far exceeded that of Lindorm, the other gentlemen willingly assented to the exchange.

Lindorm hastened to the threshold of the door, which Blohm had left half open. Here he stood, and gazed, as if spell-bound, upon the songstress, whose little white hand swept over the strings of the harp, drawing tones from them which resounded in his heart like the harmony of spirits whispering hopes of a better world.

"Will the Baron take a place near us?" inquired Mrs. Hermer, with an inviting gesture towards the sofa upon which Georgiana was sitting. Lindorm bowed silently, and seated himself in a remote corner of the sofa. Our heroine continued her beautiful performance, and at the conclusion, pressed her glowing cheeks against the harp.

"Do you not know the other verse, Georgiana?" said Mrs. Hermer, who did not seem pleased at the early conclusion of the song.

"No, mother; I cannot readily recall it, and, besides ——"

"And, besides, it is your usual custom to break off in the middle of every beautiful song," replied her mother, somewhat vexed.

"I believe," said Gustavus, and his glance fell with an eloquent expression upon Georgiana, "I believe that Miss Geor-



giana is right. All that is beautiful, all that is magnificent, all which excites our sensibilities, should be passed over rapidly, when one's usual vivacity is depressed. The sorrowful, yet lovely sentiments which Miss de Waldenberg has so accurately and tastefully portrayed in that verse, would awaken the embers that have long lain dormant in the darkness of the soul. Well, then, as they but rarely feel these impressions, and so readily cast them aside, the embers cannot be fanned into flames, and thus destroy and annihilate all the nourishment they might have once possessed." As Lindorm concluded, his eyes fell with an uneasy expression towards the floor. He was paler than usual, and visibly agitated.

Mrs. Hermer was nearly stupified with amazement at Lindorm's singular conduct. That such things should be connected with harmless playing and singing, she could not understand; she had never heard anything like it; she felt, she knew not why, that she had raised these flying thoughts; however, something must be said, thought she, to break the seemingly endless silence, which she fervently wished might come to an end. "Now play something lively, my child," said she, somewhat confused, "otherwise we shall all become quite out of humor." At the command of her mother, Georgiana touched the strings again, and as she bowed down over them, to tune the harp, Lindorm saw a tear drop upon her hand. He felt within his heart that it had undoubtedly been pressed out by his uncalled-for remark. In his breast reigned a volcano. To the less acute observer, his outward appearance was calm, almost cold; but his blood boiled within his heart, as if to press upon this point every vital power, that it might burst the fetters which bound it. In Lindorm's noble mind was seated that dark and indistinct sentiment, melancholy, which, although clothed in a thousand varied forms, nevertheless contained the germ which invariably brings forth redoubled pains, imaginary and real. It may appear strange, nay, almost ridiculous, that such should be the case, with one whose heart had never been possessed of warmer sentiments. But it would be fruitless to deny that there are individuals who have one of these sentiments, and also give room to the other. But with such individuals they are twins, and children of weakness and strength.

Lindorm reproached himself for the selfish and ungenerous motives which had caused him to display his vexation to Geor-



giana, that another should be allowed to listen to her plaintive and beautiful airs, which he thought should have been reserved for himself. What particular right had he to them? Not the least; and yet it appeared to him that she had not acted justly, and he experienced both joy and grief at the thought, that she must have thought the same, and had therefore ceased singing. But was there a perfectly clear sentiment perceptible within his beating heart? No, there was a chaotic mixture of emotions there, which produced a horrible discord within him, racked his soul, and deprived it of its balance.

The silence which ensued after the well-meaning endeavor of the hostess to restore harmony, was still more oppressive than before. Mrs. Hermer felt this, and therefore went to the kitchen to superintend the arrangements for supper. She shook her head mournfully. "All is not right," said she, as she tasted the hash. "I wish Mr. Hermer had seen it."

"Why so?" inquired the cook, somewhat confused; "everything is arranged as my lady has always had it."

"The hash is good," said Mrs. Hermer. "I was thinking of something else;" and she went into the pantry to decorate the pies and cakes which were to be placed upon the table.

In the mean time, Georgiana had placed the harp aside, and engaged herself in sewing.

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., and the two secretaries, all concurred in the opinion that they had never supposed that such a tedious evening could have been spent at Rosendal. They therefore condescended to accompany Willie to his room, and engage in his youthful games. And Arthur, poor Arthur, who from pure tediousness, had yawned for an hour over Willie's Euclid, now cast it aside perfectly exhausted, and went into the next room, in search of better amusement at the whist-table. Lindorm and Georgiana were left alone. She continued to sew, and he occupied himself in picking at the leaves of a rose which he had plucked from the flower-stand.

"I suppose that Mr. Lindorm found Engelvik very much altered?" inquired Georgiana, that she might say something at least, as it was evident the Baron was not anxious to begin the conversation himself.

He started as though awakening from a dream. "What is your desire?" said he, much confused. Georgiana repeated the inquiry.



"Yes, I find it much altered. It is a perfect ruin, and deserves more than ever to bear its original name."

"What was its original name?" inquired Miss de Werdenberg; "I do not remember ever hearing it called by any other name."

"Do you not remember that it was called, in olden times, Trollvik? \* If you have no objection I will relate the tradition concerning it."

"I am grateful to you," replied Georgiana, with a smile, hoping that this would break the restraint which existed between herself and her former playmate.

But Lindorm commenced with an expression of countenance which entirely forbade such hopes.

"More than a century has elapsed, so tradition says, since a dark and savage knight, by name Yller, conquered the castle which stood where yonder dilapidated mansion now stands. He was barbarous and bloodthirsty, and in consequence of the wearisome siege he had undertaken, longed to see the blood of his enemies. He had made a solemn oath to overcome them, and at length offered them false conditions of peace. The inhabitants of the castle suffering from famine, murmured among themselves, and, losing courage, at length accepted the conditions. But no sooner had Yller entered the castle, than he disregarded the promise of mercy, which he had sworn by his knightly honor to fulfil, and allowed his soldiery to murder all the inmates. He lived here a few years in riot and revel; but at length his restless spirit drove him out a second time, to seek new adventures. During his long wanderings he crossed over the mountains into Norway, where he became acquainted with a beautiful maiden, whose love none had yet been able to win. But Yller's outward appearance was beautiful and haughty, and he well knew, when so disposed, how to conceal his wild and barbarous disposition, and by these means he determined to win the innocent heart of Blanche. He went to her father's house, and demanded that he might be allowed to take her home as his bride. Her father, however, better divined the knight's intention, and positively refused. He would not have his tender lily destroyed by force. Then Yller became furious, and took a solemn oath that he would have possession of Blanche, at any price. Her father, therefore, confined her in

\* Witches' Bay.



a dungeon, retaining the key himself. But through force and stratagem united, Yller overthrew all obstacles, and secretly released Blanche from her imprisonment. Young and inexperienced, she allowed the serpent to twine around her unguarded heart. She confided in his false vows, and believed that his protestations were the offspring of pure and holy love. Of her own free accord, she accompanied him to the dark, blood-stained castle, which he called his home. But here vengeful fate awaited them. After dismounting from their horses, they proceeded to the chapel; Yller had already sent a message to the chaplain to meet them there. He was waiting for them. They knelt before the altar, and when the chaplain was about commencing the marriage ceremony, the rusty hinges of the chapel door creaked, and a tall female figure, enveloped in flowing garments, and her face concealed behind a dark veil, solemnly glided over the floor. She approached the astonished bridal couple, and striking the prayer-book from the hand of the chaplain, said, as she cast a piercing glance upon the knight, 'Miserable wretch, here stands your lawful wife, whom you caused to be imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon. Here she now stands at liberty to avenge her honor upon you, who dare swear a new oath of fidelity at this place.' The perjured man shrank back, and the deceived Blanche fell fainting at the feet of the new comer. 'Weep not,' said the other, 'I have kindled a marriage beacon which shall serve us all.' She had secretly thrown a firebrand into the powder-magazine of the castle, and as she concluded, a terrific explosion ensued. The castle tottered and fell, burying beneath its ruins the perjured man, the injured wife, the deceived victim, and the chaplain. Tradition says that witches took up their abode in the old castle from that hour."

During the whole recital, Georgiana had fixed her eyes upon Lindorm's expressive features, which evinced the deepest pain, but that pain which exists in the depths of the soul and sealed by faith and honor. She was filled with an inexplicable tremor. It appeared as though she was under the influence of some unknown evil power, for it was indeed no pleasant sensation which filled her heart with such novel forebodings. Neither of them spoke for a few moments, yet the thrilling tones of his voice still lingered in Georgiana's ear. The brilliancy of his eye was dimmed. He stared vacantly, uncon-



scious that he had a companion. There was something horrible in his silence, and both felt relieved when supper was announced. Lindorm and Arthur departed immediately after supper.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### WALDENBERG'S LETTER TO MILLER.

"POOR friend, I suffer for you. I shed tears with you. How much I desire to come to you, and hold your feverish head to my heart, which, although far from you, still beats for you. How could you fear that I should reproach you? Never shall you hear reproaches from me. Although I have long striven to acquire that composure which is suitable for a firm and manly mind, still I have discovered that the accomplishment of those endeavors is saved for those who have arrived at a mature age. The time will come when we shall also find that after the storms have been sufficiently battled, they gradually lose their power. This is but natural, for oaks five hundred years of age, and the sapling but one year old, are both oaks, yet the hurricane which scarcely affects the former, causes the latter to tremble violently. But when they have become strengthened by the lapse of years, the hurricane which once threatened to uproot them, now only disturbs their branches and leaves.

"But you will think of all this; and Miller, I know that nothing can console you. Your position is, indeed, horrible; it is strange and unnatural; but you may believe me, when I say that Lindorm is not much better situated. I do not know which of you have to bear the heaviest cross. God forgive the Baron Torsten for the cruelty he displayed even at his last moments. I hope that he has found above a milder judge than he was himself. Lindorm has not the slightest idea that there is one in his immediate neighborhood who has a clue to the cause of his deep melancholy. That secret, however, is sacred with me; there is but one thing that can force me to reveal it; and I daily pray to God, that that shall not occur. It is now



three weeks since the Baron and Lieutenant S—— arrived here. Lieutenant S——, you know, is a relation of the Lindorms. He is a sprightly, careless youth, who would fain drive away the weary hours by cheerfulness, did not the gloomy appearance of the Baron place a restraint upon him, the influence of which he cannot escape. I must confess that I never saw a man who had the power of attaching another to him so strongly as Lindorm, and yet there is nothing cordial or prepossessing in his manner. No ; his charms are contained in his eye, in his smile, which now and then darts through the dark clouds like the rays of the sun. In short, he is one of the few examples which have outlived the days of chivalry. By this I mean his generosity, his self-denial, and the great courage he evinces by bearing his heavy burden without faltering. As to chivalrous gallantry, it does not seem to have touched him, or else it has been driven away from him by the storms which he has been obliged to pass through. He is happy when at home with his books, or in the solitude of the forests, and in the wild excitement of the chase he delights.

“Gustavus and the Lieutenant generally take a walk in the morning between three and four o’clock ; and after they have returned and taken some refreshment, the Lieutenant goes to Rosendal. He is a welcome guest at Hermer’s house, the most hospitable we have in the country ; and it appears to me that he renders himself more amiable there every day. Perhaps Georgiana may exert upon him the same influence that she does upon others. I am almost certain that this is the case. It is hard indeed, Miller, that, while all others approach her, nay, even laugh and joke with her, I dare scarcely look upon her. O, Miller, I would not have suffered for these two long years for nothing, if it should once become my happy fate to be lulled to my last sleep by the heavenly sound of her sweet voice. Is that craving too much ? Life is beautiful as long as she belongs to no other man ; but when she becomes another’s, then life is a gloomy grave for me. Thank God, that my passion, although great, has never overstepped the bounds of reason. I mean that I was never sufficiently vain to deceive myself with the hope that my sentiments should ever be reciprocated, or that I have ever entertained the mad hope that she could ever become mine. Still I am certain that, when I hear that she is no longer free, death will be my portion. My good friend, I know that in spite of your own



sufferings, which greatly surpass mine, you are thinking with pain, of my troubled spirit, restless nights, and mental and bodily anguish. But do not be disturbed concerning me; I am now more composed. When one looks attentively at passing events, passion gradually decreases; and I am sure that will be the case with me. Let me assure you that I have enjoyed at least one happy moment in this life. The day following her birth-day—at which time I had been bold enough to present her with a bouquet—I accompanied the Lieutenant to Rosendal. O, how weak are men! I had determined never to seek for an opportunity to see her; still I went there. The Baron did not accompany us, as he seldom visits Rosendal. When we entered the hall, I noticed a faded bouquet hanging upon the harp; it was composed of my flowers, Miller. You must know how I felt. In a moment everything around me became a chaos. I was hardly able to breathe, and I know not what I said. She took pity upon me, and smiled only as an angel can smile, as she said, ‘Dear Mr. Waldenberg, I thank you for your beautiful present yesterday; and if you had come here, as we hoped you would, you would have seen that this wreath was the only ornament I wore.’

“Miller, how could one bear so much happiness? Not that I thought for a moment that I could trace an expression in her countenance favorable to my suit. I understood very well that if such had been the case, she would not have been able to thank me so frankly. But to be honored so much by her, and receive such a testimonial of her friendship, and to know that my sufferings pained her also—that was too much happiness for me. I did wish to be alone with her, that I could have been able to tell her only once how purely, how disinterestedly I loved her, and would continue to do so without asking her to give me any other boon than she had already. But it could not be so, and I am now glad that my desire was not granted, for in what manner would it have benefited me to clothe in words the passion which she must read in my every action.

“When we were about taking our leave, it happened that Georgiana and myself were left alone together for a few moments. I took the wreath from the harp, and inquired, I know not why, ‘Will you permit me to take this home with me?’ She hesitated, apparently uncertain how I would receive a consent to do so. ‘Fear nothing, Miss de Werdenberg,’ said I devoutly,



‘this wreath will be a relic to me, which will protect me from every fantastic whim, as it will serve to remind me of the hour when you evinced such noble generosity to me. The remembrance of this, and the knowledge that you gave to me all you could—your friendship and good will—will accompany me to that country where the better portion of our being has its abode. You will not deny me.’ I placed the wreath in my bosom. She understood me. ‘Keep it, Mr. Waldenberg, as a token of my esteem and friendship. You were right when you said that it was not in my power to give you more.’ ‘God bless you,’ I answered, much moved, and then hastened to the wharf, where I was soon joined by Arthur.

“The Baron thinks of making a journey next month. For whom it is intended we can both divine; but whither it will tend we do not know. This journey may affect him for life, and, Miller, will it not be for the best, after all? God preserve you, dear friend, and watch over you during this trial. We can rely only on Him, when beset by such troubles. Do not allow your courage to fail you; it appears to me, as though there might yet be some consolation for you.

‘Your oath may yet dissolve, and not be broken.’

And remember that the darker our path on earth is, so much brighter is our course in heaven. This reminds me of a passage in the scriptures, the truth of which is evident: ‘He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him.’

“The seed is our sacrifice, and the sheaves our harvest. Enough—write me by return mail. I am very anxious to hear how you are situated. God grant that you are in a happier frame of mind than when you wrote your last letter.—The Baron will be gone several months. Where will he go? He will have no companions. Farewell my friend, and endeavor to endure the burden of life.

“Thine,

WALDENBERG.”

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#### MILLER TO WALDENBERG.

“‘Endeavor to endure the burden of life;’ these words are almost the only ones of your letter that I was able to under-



stand. Yes, it is an easy task to sit down in one's own room, and regale a poor mortal, whose only burden is his own life, with poetry and scriptural passages; but my powers will soon be exhausted, if I cannot reason myself into the logical belief that an oath, given under such circumstances, is not binding. Briefly, if I do become a complete scoundrel and perjurer, then I must put a ball through my head, and thus finish the tragedy at once. But I shall wait a short time longer. I must see, yes, I must see what is really due me. Foolish man, you seem to think that I shall sit here forever, only praying for patience—here in this mass of wood and stone which people have honored by calling a city—here, where I suffer more than the pains of death, daily. No, I shall go out into the wide world, and search in every land, and if for nought, and you hear no more of me, you will know that a friendly gulf, or wave, has ridden the weary traveller of his burden—his life. Waldenberg, if such should prove the case, I charge you to fulfil my last desire, and take my last farewell to my old father. Ask him not to curse his unhappy son for his folly. Give him the letters you have received from me, and he will find that I am not a villain, but merely a man. But now, now all is different; now my senses are confused by a weight of anguish. I shall not spare anything to reach the object which my passion longs for, and I shall reach it even though it seals my fate. It will be of no use for you to write me, as I cannot tell you where to direct your letters. I have summoned all my eloquence to move the old superintendent of Hamringen. As soon as I receive his reply, I shall start, let it be as it may. But he was always my friend, and why should he refuse to me the consolation of seeing the post-mark—that is all I care for. God bless you, Waldenberg, for your friendship. O! that I had been born with your piety and contentment, which finds happiness in a wreath of faded flowers. You are to be envied.

MILLER.

“P. S.—You speak much concerning Lindorm, which I think you might have omitted. Is that the way to cool my boiling blood? You intended to compare our mutual sufferings; by doing so you increased my madness. Does not he triumph in all the glories of generosity, sacrifice, self-denial, and satisfied pride? What is my lot? Self-reproach, contempt of myself and others. A serpent which will gnaw at my heart until it is destroyed by



death. No more comparisons, Waldenberg, they would be unjust. M."

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## CHAPTER XV.

Can the heart beat with joy,  
When the eyes are bathed in tears?

ATTERBOM.

WE will now turn our eyes away from the gloomy and mysterious subjects contained in the letters which we have laid before our readers, and as the course of events rolls on with its accustomed precision, we will turn an inquiring look upon our heroine, the fair rose of the valley. With her tender and susceptible heart, she united a firmness which even a man might have envied. Her judgment was acute for one of her age. Her tastes were refined, but, not too much so. She was unassuming and pure-hearted in the highest degree. But the control which she possessed over herself, bestowed a self-command which seemed derived as much from nature, as the fact that her opinion was much consulted upon subjects concerning which women are generally considered to know nothing. It was, therefore, quite natural that Georgiana did not find among her numerous acquaintances one whom she could entirely love. Her heart demanded a little too much, for which reason none of her suitors could stand a trial before her secret tribunal.

The only person for whom she felt the slightest interest, was Waldenberg. His peculiar traits of character attracted her. She would not have been a woman had she been indifferent to his mild, disinterested love. But he was not able to awaken a similar feeling within her heart, for he was entirely different from her in word, deed and action. She could esteem him as a friend, and be interested in his mournful condition, for the hectic spot, upon his otherwise pale features, betokened that the grave would soon be his bride. Georgiana had determined that the only man she should call husband, must be able to command her, and this



she was sure that Waldenberg had not the intellect to do. The man of her choice must feel that although she was able to follow in his bold flights, he had raised her to him, and not that she had descended to him. She must be able to respect him, and more, he must possess rare qualities of goodness. It would have been hard indeed, for Georgiana to make up her mind, had not her heart persuaded her, before she had time to examine thoroughly the subject it had chosen.

It was reserved for Gustavus Lindorm to awaken these sentiments within her heart. The description which Willie had given of his interview with him in the church-yard, had interested her much. And this interest was not diminished when she heard the following day that it was Gustavus, the friend of her youth, the recollection of whom, still dimly existed in her memory.

Weeks had elapsed since Lindorm had last visited Rosendal. It was now the latter part of August, and he had called upon them only three times, and each visit evinced the same gloomy, taciturn disposition. He avoided, rather than sought Georgiana's society. In spite of this he became still more dear to her. But his strange silence in regard to the time he spent at his uncle's house, his uncle's death, and all relating thereto, clothed his former life in mystery; and mystery and crime, thought Georgiana, are often closely allied.

"O, Gustavus," she often sighed; "is it possible that you are different from what you appear? Impossible, for your eyes speak nothing but purity. But why does he avoid me? He looks at me in a manner which contradicts the cold words his lips utter."

Georgiana thus thought, as she was making preparations for a morning walk in the park. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud exclamation, and suddenly Lindorm sprang towards her, and struck to the earth an adder which was in the act of springing upon her. Georgiana was not one of those hysterical individuals who scream out at the slightest appearance of danger. Still the service which Lindorm had rendered her, was not without value, and besides it was he who had performed it. She recovered her self-possession in a moment, for if Georgiana had one weakness, it was that which prompted her to conceal it.

"I am obliged to you, Baron Lindorm," said she, politely;



"but why is it that I meet you here. You were not at the house when I was there."

"My sloop was lying on this side of the island," replied Lindorm, slightly embarrassed at the thought that he might betray the fact, that he made daily visits to this portion of the park, instead of visiting its owner. "The old fisherman who lives close by, frequently regales me by relating some of his adventures, as he mends his nets. I listen to him with pleasure, and when I leave him I cannot resist the desire to visit the spots so familiar to me as the scenes of my boyish sports."

"And with such good company," said Georgiana, pointing towards a book and a flute which were lying upon the sward, "you certainly need no other companion. This is all very well; but it is not fair that you should conceal your talents from your friends."

She took the flute from the ground and examined it. Upon a gold plate inserted in the flute she saw the words, "From Constance." Lindorm blushed deeply, and Georgiana became pale. She did not question him, however; and after a moment's silence, the Baron said, "Music, in my opinion, is merely a companion for solitude. It is only when we completely belong to ourselves, that we rightly understand this divine gift."

A pause ensued. Georgiana busied herself in smoothing the fringe of her parasol, and Gustavus traced figures in the sand with his cane."

"I intended," said he, at length, "to take a walk through the dear old park towards the new mansion, where I have become quite a stranger."

"Even if you have become a stranger to the house, its inmates should not be strangers," said Georgiana, somewhat offended at his remark.

"They are not. Far from it," he replied, warmly. "Do you not believe me, Miss de Werdenberg?"

"And yet you are a stranger at Rosendal; and if you were not estranged from former friends, you would not be so formal with them."

Georgiana repented these words as soon as they were uttered. It was the first time that she was conscious that she had spoken to Lindorm as she should not. What would he think of her? But it was now too late to retract. She trembled when she heard Lindorm reply bitterly, "O, do not speak so; I cannot,



I dare not be otherwise. I am not estranged from you ; but I cannot meet you as I would ; there is a horrible shadow which separates the present from the past. But why should I not hope that time will gradually weaken it," he added forcibly, restraining himself, "when years have placed their healing balsam upon my heart?"

Georgiana was confounded ; it was evident that he was exerting the most powerful self-restraint to force back the strong passions which boiled within his heart. His eyes were fixed upon her with the utmost love ; and pressing her hand to his heart, he whispered in a low tone : "Does it not storm there, Georgiana?" but recovering himself, he released her hand. "Pardon me, pardon me. I frighten you. I frequently have these dark hours, and then am not able to restrain myself. But we will drop the subject ; and as I am too much excited to accompany you home, we must now separate. Tell me that you have forgiven me for this breach of politeness, and believe me, I am unable to conquer my melancholy humor."

"Why should I accuse you, Gustavus, of the want of politeness ? But I grieve that your soul is so full of gloom. I cannot comprehend your sorrow ; but I pray you to fly to that spot where there is nothing to separate the wounded heart from the balm. There you will find that consolation which we poor children of earth cannot afford to each other." And with a sweetly consoling smile she extended her hand for a parting farewell.

"No consolation," said Gustavus, gloomily, "but courage and submission. Farewell, Georgiana." He left her. Georgiana gazed after him. "O, Gustavus," sighed she, and a flood of tears relieved her oppressed heart, "I cannot divine what dark secret envelops you. He blushed, and looked confused, when he perceived I observed the simple words, *From Constance*. Why did he blush ? I can think of one cause only ; but whatever it may be," whispered she, her eyes brightening, "I am now sure that his heart is mine, and that is enough for me. I do not wish to know this horrible secret : for if he was an impostor, and I should know it, how could I bear it ? No, it cannot be," and she lifted her beautiful eyes towards heaven, and prayed fervently : "Father, allow him to be pure and sinless, and I will ask no more, for I am already more happy than he."



## CHAPTER XVI.

Farewell, paternal home, farewell;  
In love and hope will I return,  
Again forever to remain  
With thee. Now I must not delay—  
Onward! Envelope me, O night!

TEGNER.

Two weeks had elapsed since the incident described in the last chapter had occurred. It was night, and the inmates of Engelvik had retired to rest. Lindorm alone was awake, pacing his room restlessly. The sound of his footsteps awakened Waldenberg from his light slumber. Both of these beings were influenced by the same sentiments, for Lindorm's heart, hitherto untouched, had experienced a sensation of love for Georgiana. Gustavus Lindorm did not suffer from imaginary sorrows—his grief had too firm a foundation.

"Father, O father," he whispered, as he leaned out of the open window and gazed upwards towards the starry heavens, "your spirit is floating around me. You left me as an heritage this restless, longing soul. How could I think that it would soothe it to sacrifice my honor, my name, my whole life, to save that of another? How could I believe that the summit of honor and self-sacrifice could grant me peace? O, it requires more to satisfy my heart. It was a weakness, an unpardonable weakness, that I could not resist his prayers. But should I again live through that terrible hour——" Lindorm wiped the drops of sweat from his brow. "Could I do otherwise? No, I am sure I could not; even at this hour I would have given up to him. My soul shudders at the remembrance of that decisive moment; but my oath is sacred. O, I love Georgiana. I would give my life, could I but tell her so. Nay, should I be obliged to sacrifice ten lives, I would give them all to hear the same confession from her own lips. But why these vain desires? No knight of Malta was more strictly bound by his vows than I am, and did I not make my vows voluntarily? Do I not love the one, to save whom I bear this pain? And yet, dear Georgiana, I must forcibly close my heart against your



image, or the tempter who whispers into my ear, 'By one firm act, you can enter that heaven for which you long,' will drive me mad. Avaunt! Satan, I shall never barter my honor for my worldly happiness."

He violently closed the window, and paced the room with rapid strides. He was fearfully excited. "Georgiana," he muttered, finally, as fatigued, he cast himself upon the sofa, "Georgiana, may God preserve you from possessing the same sentiments that fill my soul. May the innocent world in which you have hitherto lived, remain uncorrupted. O Lord, grant me the power to be icy cold, when I take leave of her to-morrow. May her eyes not fall upon me with that mournful expression which they yesterday displayed. And still, I do not think she yet even dreams of love; but I shudder at the thought which involuntarily presents itself to me, that I shall give her the knowledge of it. Perhaps I have already done so, for God only knows what I said during that unfortunate interview in the park. No, my love must be placed far from here, where duty calls it."

Lindorm cast himself upon the bed, and at length slept. The morning was far advanced, when Lieutenant Arthur entered Lindorm's room.

"Why don't you arise? I was alarmed at your long sleep, Gustavus. I was here this morning, before I went out hunting, and now I have returned with my spoils, and you still sleep. Why don't you come down stairs? Miss Wings, honest woman, is nearly sick with anxiety. She thinks it not impossible that you have quietly taken your departure from earth, and she is so much alarmed, that she dare not enter and convince herself of the truth of the case."

"Is there anything strange that a man who was not able to sleep at night, should do so in the morning?" inquired Lindorm peevishly. "But how is Waldenberg? He received a letter last night that moved him much. It appears to me that such emotion might produce a detrimental influence upon his health. It appears as though he was growing worse every day, poor fellow. It would pain me much to lose him, for I admire his qualities much."

"He is a brave boy," said Arthur; "it is a great pity he is so sentimental; but when one is looking into eternity, and his heart is filled with an earthly love, it is quite natural to be sen-



timental. Consumption is, at any rate, a slow disease ; he will live long enough to be doubly tormented yet."

" Ah, how sagacious you are," said Lindorm ; " how did you discover that he has an earthly love ? I never noticed it."

" I am sure of it," replied Arthur. " Although I want tact to read human nature, as you graciously informed me, the other day, still I have made great progress in the art ; and I have also discovered that Waldenberg's entire life is nothing but a continual battle with this passion. Georgiana favors him above all of his rivals."

" What do you say ?" inquired Lindorm, hastily springing from the bed. " Does he love Georgiana ?"

" And who else should he ?" interrupted Arthur, coolly, " is it strange that he should love her ? Has he not known her two years, and how could he do otherwise ? I have only known her six weeks, and would be willing to commit any extravagance could I but receive one smile, like the one she gave Waldenberg, when she thanked him for the flowers."

" I do not doubt that," replied Lindorm, tartly, " and what you say of Waldenberg may be perfectly true. But what do you mean by her favoring him ?"

" May I be preserved," said Arthur, " from plunging into a tedious argument. I will therefore tell you briefly. I call it favorable when a young lady smiles upon a young man, and tells him, as naively as possible, that she accepts his adoration with pleasure."

" How can you say that ?" exclaimed Lindorm, hotly. " Can you tell me, seriously, that Georgiana is pleased with his homage ?"

" Are you mad, Gustavus ? What is all this to you ? I do not mean to pledge my honor upon the truth of my words, for everything depends upon what you understand by homage."

" What I understand by it ? What a silly question. Who can tell what one means by his homage ? But, without further controversy, tell me briefly, has she used the words as you expressed them."

" If not by words, at least by actions. Judge for yourself. She thanked Waldenberg with the most friendly expressions, for the flowers he sent her as a birth-day present. He further received the pleasure of knowing that she had twined them into a wreath for preservation. And more, and that I am sure



of, she told him that she had worn it in her hair, as a token of her esteem for the donor. Connect this with the fact, that the wreath was not upon the harp, where she had placed it, when Hermer and I entered the room, and that Waldenberg seemed exceedingly happy when I met him at the dock, where he had preceded me; if all this cannot be interpreted as I understand it, I must confess that I am at fault."

"Yes, you are," replied Lindorm, satisfied at the result. "I do not understand such things much, yet I am sure that love does not generally display itself so publicly."

"And who said that she displayed love? For one, I did not say so. But still, she favors him, perhaps, from friendship or esteem, never mind which. But I am sure that no other one has received so many marks of consideration as Waldenberg. Where do you think the wreath went to?"

"I do not know. Either she concealed it, or he took it without her knowledge; but the latter idea does not compare with Waldenberg's usual modesty. I shall, therefore, allow the subject to drop, and will assure you, Arthur, I do not grudge him what he has gained, be it with or without her consent. This love is a beaming star, which will shine brightly upon him during his short pilgrimage upon this earth. Upon my soul, Arthur, I do not envy him. Waldenberg is a noble-hearted man, and unable to abuse or misconstrue Georgiana's sentiments towards him."

Arthur was much surprised at the feeling evinced by Lindorm. However he said nothing, which was an unusual circumstance with him. A low sigh was his only answer. The silence was at length broken by Lindorm. "We must prepare ourselves for a journey. I shall start to-morrow morning. I shall take neither carriage, servant, nor any other incumbrance with me."

"Nor any company?" inquired Arthur, with a forced smile.

"This is not a pleasure trip, therefore I would rather go alone. But if you think you could enjoy yourself here, my dear Arthur, I entreat you to make Engelvik your home until I return, or as long as you can find amusement here."

"I thank you, my friend, and I might, even had you not tendered this invitation, made use of your hospitality for a short time longer. But I must speak seriously with you at all events. You know that although I am flighty and perhaps careless in my actions, still I never knowingly commit a deed which would tarnish my honor, which, thank God, is as pure and unsullied as



my sword blade, that is, by-the-bye, yet innocent of service. But jesting aside, will you allow me to ask you as a man of honor, and I hope you will answer me in the same manner, would I encroach upon your rights, or wound your feelings, should I endeavor to gain Georgiana's favor during your absence? And in case I succeed, may I ask her hand without feeling in my heart that I had betrayed friendship and hospitality?"

Lindorm became pale, but answered with much cordiality: It pleases me to hear you advance sentiments, which would have honored the most gallant and truthful knight. It was noble in you, Arthur, and I now see that you conceal beneath your gay follies, a vigorous and magnanimous soul, and I shall ever esteem you, Arthur, as one whose friendship I shall ever seek to preserve. I wish that the circumstances which prevent me from freely returning your confidence did not exist. But I will declare frankly that whatever my sentiments may be, I shall never claim Miss de Werdenberg's hand, still less her love. You are, therefore, perfectly at liberty to act as you choose in the matter; but now, my good Arthur, let us drop the subject forever."

The Lieutenant took Lindorm's proffered hand with an expression more of vexation than of pleasure, and then silently left the room.

That evening they made a brief visit at Rosendal. Hermer and his wife were, as usual, very cordial, and regretted much the long separation from their neighbors, which was before them. Georgiana was silent, and Arthur ill-humored. Lindorm was more than usually composed and meditative. He conversed at length with Hermer, concerning the improvements to be made at Engelvik, asked his advice, and requested him to assist Waldenberg by his greater experience, during his absence. He then approached Georgiana, and seating himself by the side of her work table, admired her embroidering, and inquired of her whether she was fond of reading, what authors she most admired, and offered her the use of his library, which he had confided to Lieutenant S——. It had lately been enriched by the best works of native and foreign authors. In short, he was as amiable and pleasant as though he had always been under the influence of the bright sunshine of social life. Georgiana was delighted by his easy and entertaining conversation, and regret-



ted deeply that he was on the eve of departure, especially as he evinced that a favorable change had taken place in his affairs. She could not know that it was all forced, for she, of course, was not aware of the conversation which had occurred that forenoon between Lindorm and Arthur. But in spite of the pleasure she experienced in his society, she nevertheless felt within her soul an undefined sentiment of uneasiness, caused by the certainty that with Lindorm's gloom, that interesting emotion which had distinguished his every word and deed, had also vanished. Those moving looks, which had penetrated into her heart, had changed into an easy, polite expression, which, although it became him well, did not possess their usual power. The more Georgiana looked at him, and listened to him, the more pleasant and amiable he appeared, and yet there was something painful in the thought that their sentiments towards each other were never more strange than they were at the present time, when they seemed to be closer than before. She almost wished that he was as he had been, although she reproached herself the next moment for such an unjust desire.

In the mean time the afternoon advanced, and the time for departure arrived. They made brief adieux. Lindorm evinced neither by look nor gesture to Georgiana the true state of his heart, and did not even hint when he might return. Silently, Georgiana repaired to her favorite spot in the park. She sank to the ground, and pressed her hand over the treacherous point where the wound rankled. Alas,

"The sad heart bleeds with sympathy  
When the tortured mind laments."

During this night quietness reigned within the bed-room of our hero. He either slept soundly satisfied at the course he had forced himself to pursue, or else he remained quiet, that he might arise early. Suffice it to say, that this night his restless footsteps did not disturb Waldenberg. At four o'clock the next morning the whole house was aroused. The Baron's mind was excited. But he said nothing, merely pressing Arthur's hand with a strange smile, when the Lieutenant was about to question him concerning the conversation they had held the day before. A few moments after five o'clock, he went to the carriage accompanied by Arthur, Waldenberg, and Miss Wings. "Farewell,



my friends," said he, springing into the carriage, and waving his hand he disappeared from their view.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

"You are riding," writeth Seneca, "at a dog's trot with your arguments but with galloping examples."—STENHAMMAR.

THE day following Lindorm's departure was Saturday. The court session had not been closed until late the preceding day, and the gentlemen, therefore, had not had leisure to visit Rosendal. Accordingly, they went thither early in the morning, that their last day of pleasure with their friends might be as long as possible. Chief Justice Holk and Mr. Hermer were seated in a private room, closeted undoubtedly to discuss some important subject. They both held pipes between their lips, and were, as it were, floating in clouds of tobacco smoke. A bottle of Madeira, and wine glasses were placed upon a table, at a convenient distance, which during the conversation were frequently called into requisition.

"I can hardly express the sorrow I feel at this disagreeable event," said Mr. Hermer, in a tone which unmistakably was an attempt to gain confidence, and to make the draught he was about offering his guest less bitter. The Chief Justice took a long whiff at his pipe, and knitting his brows, prepared himself to answer; but Mr. Hermer, not wishing to hear him yet, continued: "My friend certainly sees what a delicate matter this is to me. If she was my own daughter, it would be altogether otherwise. But as it is I can only give you my advice, and even this will not serve you, for she has determined to follow no other path than the one she has laid down for herself. In truth, brother, I am very sorry, but I cannot help you. Georgiana has the liberty of making her own selection."

"I cannot say," replied the Chief Justice, "that I am so very much pained, but it chagrins me. A man of my age and my experience will not hang himself because he has received the mitten ;



but there is something insulting in such a decided refusal. If she had only taken time to deliberate upon my proposal, it would be but showing me proper respect. But to answer with a short decided no. Oh, that is too much."

"But permit me to make a remark. I think you are a little wrong in this opinion. Is not a simple no, better than a few days delay, which is only a pretext?"

"That is no doubt very acute," replied the Chief Justice, "for a looker on; but I must object, as a performer, slightly to this view of the case. Miss Werdenberg, no doubt, is pleased with the attentions she receives from every side. Why should I alone be put off in such an abrupt manner, when on the contrary the crowd of young butterfly admirers are received with smiles? I have always been offended when I have observed these striplings, fawning around her, ready to present the ring, that symbol of eternity, for sentiments which were born in the morning and blown away at night."

"My friend now means Lieutenant S——," said Mr. Hermer, "but he has not offered such a symbol to Georgiana, and concerning her different behavior towards you, I will explain how I view the matter. Gallantry, in its highest meaning, is a circle in which the performers always meet, from whatever point they may start. Marriage is a triangle, of which the husband, wife, and child form the angles. The triangle has sharp corners, compared with the circle, and when a young girl is the subject, one can easily see which one will prove preponderant. But to speak without metaphor, it is my opinion that Georgiana, who truly is a good girl, loves to be courted by young gentlemen; and I see nothing wrong in that; but she is too noble to play with the peace of a respectable man, who demands from her his future happiness. As it is not in her power to do that which he asks of her, she concludes to do that which she considers right, and will compare with the esteem she feels for the one who bestows this confidence upon her."

"The deuce take such esteem!" exclaimed the Chief Justice, somewhat excited, as with one draught he swallowed a glass of wine. He soon recovered, however, and with a laugh said: "I cannot see how I could have been so passionate. Passion never improves such a matter. In cases of this kind one should never have a substitute, and I don't know what evil spirit whispered into my ear, to make you my proxy. I will now go and take



a little walk to cool myself a little. I shall be much obliged to you, brother Hermer, if you will procure a private conversation for me, with your daughter, in about an hour."

"I shall do so with the utmost pleasure, and heartily wish you all success. We shall meet here again this afternoon."

The gentlemen separated. Georgiana was sitting alone in the verandah. With a soul like her's, pain, trouble and uneasiness, were subordinate to the thought in what manner she could conceal these varied emotions. She felt deeply that Lindorm's whole conduct was mysterious, and this caused her much reflection. Doubts and fears contended with the hope that he would prove entirely innocent. She closed all these sentiments, however, within her own heart, and none, except Mr. Hermer, observed the slightest change in her conduct. He plainly perceived that her vivacity was forced and unnatural.

She was waiting in the verandah for the Chief Justice, who soon made his appearance. It is strange what a change a walk will produce in a person's state of mind, under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Holk's thoughts during his walk had been as follows:

"I might have left that alone. Forty-five and eighteen, do not exactly agree. What a bad mathematician I was. The only question now, is, how I can get my blood back again into its uniform healthy course, for all emotions of mind are very injurious to one's appetite. Let me see. Can't I find a number which will be better to place alongside of forty-five, say twenty-five, for instance? I don't think that Miss de B——, would be a very bad match, at least in that respect. Although a little one-sided, she is intelligent, and tasteful, but a little too sentimental. But after all, twenty-five is still too young. Miss Kronschiöe—but she is a vixen, and an awful gossip. O, she won't do at all. A woman that has passed thirty summers, is more suitable for the place I have to afford her. I should prefer a widow, for I do not wish to burn my fingers again with one unexperienced in matrimony. She must be withal a woman of intelligence, refinement and gentleness, without the slightest tinge of stubbornness. She must also be able to look after the kitchen—not merely to look after the kitchen; but be able to do something there, and finally, she must be able to perform the duties of the table gracefully and politely. Let me see, how long is it since I called on widow Marshausen. It must have been three



weeks before the session commenced. But as soon as I return I will call upon her. Strange that it never before entered my head to fall in love with her. She possesses all the qualities I ask, and I should not wonder if she had more besides. It is true that she reads a good deal, but then she is no blue-stocking, which class of females I greatly abominate. I desire women to read a little, but that little to be well selected. I am no pedant who supposes that the literature of ladies consists of almanacs, books of fashion, and cook-books. But I should not like to have my wife a second Madame de Stael, knowing everything except that she is a woman. But what is the use of this preaching in the vacant air? It would be better to wait until I have a wife, or at least, am betrothed. In the mean time, I feel much relieved. It is a good thing to think the matter over. That idea concerning widow Marshausen, is not so very bad. I must think it over when I return home. But now Miss Werdenberg's turn comes, and I shall at least have the pleasure of showing to her that a man who has sat upon the bench eleven years, can listen to his own sentence with stoical indifference."

"My father informed me," said Georgiana, inferring from Mr. Holk's silence that he expected her to commence the conversation, "that the Chief Justice desired to honor me with a secret interview."

"Yes, I was bold enough to ask for one, my dear young lady. I desire to receive from your own lips the confirmation of the denial which you have given through your father. It would be ridiculous for a man of my years to move heaven and earth to advance his suit with the one he admires. My character and property are familiar to all in the country. The first, I should suppose would have been a guarantee of my desire to protect and gladden the heart of such a beautiful being as you are. The second will justify you in the belief that every thing necessary for your comfort and happiness would be at your command."

"I have not doubted this in the least, Mr. Holk," replied Georgiana, mildly. "No woman could be entirely unhappy with one of your noble disposition. But the insatiable heart requires something more. I am still so young that the sympathy which should unite two souls, would be missed between us. Without it duty has no flowers; but only fetters. I entertain much re-



spect for you ; but love you I cannot, and what I have once said I shall never retract."

"Well thought, and well said ; I admire such firmness in one so young," replied the Chief Justice, kissing Georgiana's hand, with as much composure as though the conversation had been upon the most indifferent topic in the world, "and aside from that, I must confess that your reasoning has convinced me, and I shall always be proud to be ranked among your friends." He bowed and left the balcony.

Georgiana was not prepared for this easy victory over the convictions of Mr. Holk ; but she was rejoiced at it, and Mr. Holk was much elevated in her esteem. Relieved from the unpleasant sensations which she had experienced since she had expressed to her father her refusal to Mr. Holk's suit, her thoughts turned upon Engelvik and its master, who, forsooth, had also become master of her own heart. She sighed as she thought how carefully he had avoided to speak of his return. Perhaps she should never see him again. The current of her thought was suddenly and not pleasantly interrupted by the sound of the voice of Notary Blohm, who was approaching her.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Who does not adore her,  
And not bow before her ?  
Charmed by her artlessness,  
All hearts she binds,  
And homage finds  
By her sweet guilelessness. D. D.

"Ан ! Miss Georgiana, are you here ? I have sought for you everywhere, that I might have the invaluable pleasure of conversing with you a few moments, privately. Oh ! how much I thank Juno, that she led me to seek for you in the higher regions ; but where else should you be sought ?"

"Well, what has happened ?" said Georgiana, determined to appear as usual. "Has the chase been successful ? I under-



stood you went out with Willie to shoot ducks. You have your rifle; where is your booty?"

"My booty?" said Blohm, pathetically, "why so coldly? I did not go, for I intended to aim at something higher than wild ducks."

"If that is the case," said Georgiana, with unusual coldness, "I do not see what brings Mr. Blohm up here. I am sure you could have found a better place for such objects."

"Why so cold, my dear lady? Why not allow me to make an endeavor, at least? You know, and have long known, that my heart is consuming with the flame you have kindled within it. And now that I am obliged to leave you and this beautiful island, Rosendal, for so long a time, I must tell you how much I adore you, and that I cannot live without you."

"In that case," interrupted Georgiana, who perceived that seriousness would prove here entirely useless, "in that case, you had better fall right down and die, for no other hope is left you."

Georgiana well knew upon what slight foundation his airy castle was based.

"My God!" exclaimed the Notary, "how can such a cruel soul reside within such an angelic form? How can it be possible for you to sign my death-warrant as heartlessly as though the death of a fly merely was at stake? Perhaps you may think that I exaggerate when I speak of my love; but it is not so. It is something far more exalted than I thought such sentiments could be. Deception is a stranger to me. My position in life—to speak on a material subject, which is necessarily connected with existence, although it disgusts my etherial sentiments—for what can be more unrefined than to think of food and love at the same time—but never mind, I will endeavor to conquer this disinclination for the moment. I say that my position in life is not the most independent at present, but still I have frequently sat upon the bench, and there is no doubt but that in a few years I shall receive a lucrative office, and if you now give me the slightest hope, I think I can then successfully compete with every rival."

"I wish you all joy, Mr. Blohm, of your future prospects; but, believe me, when I assure you, frankly, that I cannot share them now, or at any future time. I confess I like to prattle with you occasionally; but to share with you happiness and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, is entirely a different matter."



"Is that your firm, unchangeable resolution?" said Blohm, his cheeks glowing with offended pride.

"Yes, ~~he~~ convinced I shall never change my mind."

"Very well," said Blohm, "since you are so proud and heartless, you shall see the consequence of your custom of crushing hearts as you would gnats. Do you see this trusty rifle? It is loaded with ball. Observe now what a hopeless lover can do."

He approached the railing of the balcony and leaned his back against it. He then drew back the hammer of the rifle, and seemed determined to re-enact the tragedy of Goethe's Werther. Georgiana however, was not alarmed. She was convinced that he intended only to frighten her. But as she was uncertain whether the gun was loaded or not, and feared that through his carelessness an accident might happen, she concluded to close the scene at once. In feigned horror she carefully took the dangerous weapon from his hand. "O, wait a moment, Mr. Blohm," said she, with a concealed smile. "Come this way towards the centre of the balcony, and now since you are so fond of tragedies, let us have one, which from its extraordinary qualities will transmit our names to future generations. What do you think? Don't you think it would add to the effect if I should discharge the rifle?"

"By Jove, that would be charming," exclaimed Blohm; "will you really bestow this evidence of your high devotion upon me?"

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Georgiana, pretending to finger the trigger, which Blohm had not yet touched. "How far shall I be from you when I fire?"

"Ten paces," replied Blohm, placing himself in a position of ridiculous bravado in the centre of the balcony. Georgiana measured ten paces. "Now, we are ready," said she, "will you give the word, or shall I?"

"You will oblige me by taking that responsibility yourself," replied Blohm. "I am ready."

"Good, Mr. Blohm, you shall not be obliged to wait long. Farewell, dear life; farewell, beautiful earth; farewell, unfortunate love—origin of all my sufferings; farewell, gay comrades; farewell, chessmen, and whist parties; farewell, dear billiard-tables, and you, life's charmer—foaming champaign, I shall never again behold thee. One, two, three. Now you must go, Mr. Blohm."

She looked indeed like an Amazon, and played her part so



well that the Notary broke forth into loud laughter, and with that paroxysm, the larger part of his burning love evaporated, as in smoke.

"You are too charming, indeed, my lady," said he, enraptured. "It would certainly be no pain to die by your hands; but life is so divinely sweet, that not even this high price can prevail with me to lose it."

Mr. Blohm's delicate ears detected the sound of concealed laughter; and turning, he saw the Chief Justice and Mr. Hermer standing in the position of listeners upon the staircase. The Notary bit his lips in his vexation, and turned away; and even Georgiana, who was leaning upon the rifle, felt rather uneasy.

"Upon my honor," said the Chief Justice, "you have performed a finer tragedy, Mr. Blohm, than I ever saw before; and you, my young lady, have a native talent for the board. Excuse my frankness."

"Yes, my dear girl," said Mr. Hermer, patting her golden locks, "our friend, Mr. Holk, is right. You have performed right well."

"It is very pleasant for me to know that the gentlemen are of that opinion," replied Georgiana, in her usual merry tone. "Notary Blohm and I determined to see how we should succeed in this performance. We have often talked of having a private theatrical representation, as there are so many young folks around here; and the Notary has been kind enough to write a little piece for the first performance, and I could not refuse his request to try a part in it."

Blohm endeavored to enter into this spirit, and in good humor they all went to dress for dinner. But etiquette so repulsive in itself, carries many other evils in its train. If the company had not separated, the good humor would have probably continued throughout the whole day. But now, as each had an opportunity of thinking over the events of the forenoon in solitude, the mirth vanished entirely; and dinner was no sooner concluded, than the gentlemen took hats and gloves, and departed.

Their sloop was met in the centre of the bay by that of Lieutenant S——.

"Your servant, Lieutenant S——," said the Chief Justice, gayly, no longer feeling the influence of the presence of the one who had rejected him.



"Your obedient servant, Mr. Holk; so soon back from Rosendal? I had hoped to have the pleasure of your company there this evening."

"That would have been exceedingly pleasant, my dear sir; but we were compelled to leave early, as we start in the morning. Aside from that, my colleague, the Notary, is not very well."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear that," said Arthur, with a smile which belied his words. "It is very warm to-day."

"You had better say cold," exclaimed Mr. Holk, with a laugh.

Blohm suffered much. He wrapped his cloak close around him, and turned towards the bow of the boat.

"It will be a great misfortune for us, that we lose the company of the gentlemen. Lindorm has left us, and our good Waldenberg is so unwell that he cannot engage in the pleasures I love so much."

"If that is the case," interrupted Mr. Holk, hurriedly, "I think that you might make a tour with us home. By Jove, that won't be so bad. We can boast of a very pleasant neighborhood. Among the first of my neighbors I place Mrs. Marshausen. She has a very pretty and neat house. One feels so well there, that he wishes evening would never come. Will you promise to accompany us?"

"Agreed," said Arthur, proffering his hand. "How soon will you leave?"

"To-morrow forenoon, at ten o'clock."

"I shall be ready; and am greatly obliged for your proposal."

"You shall be cordially welcome at Bjerke, as our good companion, Lieutenant S——. I will detain you no longer. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holk. A rapid recovery, Mr. Blohm," said the Lieutenant, and the boats separated.

"That was not a bad offer," thought Arthur, "for nothing is more desirable to me at present, than change of residence. That will give me time to deliberate, for I shall never cease wondering at Lindorm's reply: 'Whatever my sentiments may be, I shall never claim Miss de Werdenberg's hand, still less her love. You are therefore perfectly at liberty to act as you choose in the matter.' It is certainly right that I should construe his words literally; and I should be willing to make every sacrifice



if I could only take the dear girl home as my bride. I already anticipate the approving smile of my good old father, as I bring him home such a daughter-in-law. But, with all his eccentricities, I love Gustavus more than he is aware of, nay, more than I once supposed one could love a friend; and it is an impossibility for me to cause him such a bitter grief, as I probably would, should I succeed in gaining her favor. No; it requires a closer examination, before I shall advance. Far from me be every thought to inquire into her inward sentiments, until I have again met Gustavus, and had another conversation with him upon this subject."

In this good intention Arthur ascended to the dock; and was cordially welcomed at Rosendal, as a worthy substitute for the legal gentlemen who had departed. Although Georgiana lost a third proposal this day, by Arthur's fine sentiments of honor, she did not appear as though that loss would have grieved her, if she had been aware of it, and they never experienced greater pleasure in each other's society, than they did during that lovely evening. Arthur had brought a book with him, from which he read aloud, and after discussing its merits, Georgiana performed upon the harp. At parting, Georgiana sighed. "I hope you will come again to-morrow evening, Lieutenant S——," and she smiled so sweetly upon him, that Arthur almost wavered in his good intentions. "I believe not;" he stammered, evincing unusual confusion.

"Why not?" she inquired in surprise.

"I must renounce the pleasure of your society for some time, as the Chief Justice has had the politeness to invite me to visit Bjerke."

"We do not thank him much for that," said Mr. Hermer; and Georgiana assured him, with unfeigned sincerity, "We shall miss you very much, Lieutenant S——, as all our friends have also left us."

"O, my lady, if I could hope that you missed me for only one moment, then ——" Here Arthur suddenly ceased; the vow he had just made came to his mind, and he remained silent—

"And in one deep sigh from his heart,  
The half-uttered sentence dissolved"

"Farewell, farewell! I shall soon return." Arthur hastened to his sloop, and was soon on his way towards Engelvik.



## CHAPTER XIX.

"Her fair cheeks were as blooming and gay,  
As the fresh tint of morning's first ray."

TEGNER.

"WE have now arrived at the spot," said Chief Justice Holk, to his companion, Lieutenant S——. "Do you see yonder white building between the trees?" They were riding towards the Widow Marshausen's, the day after their arrival at Bjerke. "Don't you see it now?" repeated Mr. Holk.

"No."

"Look more to the left, Lieutenant S——, and you will certainly see it."

"Ah, yes, I now see it. It is a stately mansion."

"Well, that is Balderslund, where lives the amiable Mrs. Marshausen. A neat place, indeed, don't you think so? It is not a Rosendal, certainly; but still it is a very pleasant place. The owner is a widow of some wealth; a very charming woman, you can see that for yourself. She has a younger sister residing with her, Louisa Montén, a very sweet girl, but quite a child yet. She is only sixteen, and very bashful; but she will soon get over that, for a girl cannot be long in the company of Mrs. Marshausen, without profiting by it."

"Excellent," said Arthur, "I already see those ladies before me." The carriage was drawn up before a large circular staircase. The gentlemen descended, and knocked at the door. A young lady admitted them, and they were conducted into the receiving room. The servant assured them that her mistress would immediately have the honor of seeing them. The room into which they had been conducted, was neither spacious nor magnificent, yet it was tastefully arranged. The furniture, although not costly, still was modern and fashionable, displaying that the owners were persons of refinement. The only precious article which could claim excellence, was a piano, upon which were lying several new pieces of music. Several pieces of embroidery were to be seen upon a small work-table, near the window, and, upon a bureau, were standing several gilt-edged books, well bound, and tastefully arranged.



"What description of books are those?" asked Lieutenant Arthur, who was standing near the little library.

"Look at them if you please, Lieutenant, for I confess that I am really anxious to know what they are. In the mean time I will find out what they are doing in the corridor, and will then give you a hint."

Arthur opened the first book nearest him. It was entitled "Power's Pictures of Life."

"Good," said Mr. Holk, "now for the next one."

"The Earth and its Inhabitants; by Zimmerman."

"Good again; what comes next?"

"Voyages; translated by Ordmann."

"Good, very good; no romances?"

"I do not know. 'Franzein and Leopold.'"

"Ah! I know very well," replied the Chief Justice, highly pleased, "that she is too intelligent to read romances; but there are some other books. What are they?"

Arthur examined the books. "Manual for Ladies; by Angelina."

"O! what an excellent woman!" exclaimed the Chief Justice, in ecstasy. "She is a perfect pearl, and also an exceedingly skilful housekeeper. I hope that they will invite us to dinner. Then you might be convinced that her talents are exceedingly rare. A man might esteem himself happy if he found it so with all ladies."

"But silence,—hist!—they are coming." He quickly shut the book and replaced the others. The gentlemen took their hats, which they had placed upon the table. The door was opened, and the mistress of the house entered the room.

"Welcome; excuse me for keeping you so long," said Mrs. Marshausen, with a pleasant expression, "but to speak the truth, I have been engaged in domestic affairs, and therefore was not prepared to receive you sooner."

The Chief Justice presented the Lieutenant to Mrs. Marshausen. The gentlemen then laid their hats aside, and silence reigned for several moments. We will take advantage of the occasion, to examine the personal appearance of Mrs. Marshausen. She was of middle stature and well formed, more fleshy than thin. Her countenance was pleasing, and although not beautiful, still her face evinced grace and dignity. Goodness of heart was to be seen in her large blue eyes, and a spirit of liveli-



ness beamed in her every feature and movement. In one word she was, as Mr. Holk would say, a very charming woman. Her dress was tasteful and a happy medium between the pomp of the city and the rural simplicity of the country.

"Welcome back from the court, Mr. Holk. I need not tell you that we have missed our good neighbor, for although you do not very often honor Balderslund with your presence, still it is pleasant for me to know that you can be expected here."

"I thank you much, Madame Marshausen, and allow me to assure you that, in the future, I shall be more neighborly, and visit you oftener," replied Mr. Holk.

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Only keep your promise, Mr. Holk. Has Lieutenant S——, been in this section of the country long?"

"Six happy weeks I spent on the beautiful shores of the Baltic. Partly at Engelvik, and part of the time at Rosendal; but now I have commenced making longer excursions."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of one whom Arthur afterwards counted among the principal treasures of Balderslund. The door was quickly opened, and a young lady of delicate appearance, glided into the room so lightly that she almost resembled a being of another world. She stopped suddenly as soon as she observed the two strange gentlemen, and as the purple glow of her cheeks became heightened, she courtesied and cast her eyes modestly towards the floor.

"This is my sister," said Mrs. Marshausen. "Come here Louisa. Mr. Holk is your good friend. I know that to be true, and Lieutenant S—— is *his* friend."

Louisa uplifted her beautiful dark eyes. In her looks was an expression of innocence and naivete. She was of dark complexion; but not of the oriental cast. Her lips were red as cherries, and as a slight smile played over them, her teeth glistened through in pearly whiteness.

The young lady had come from the garden, and had not perceived the gentlemen's carriage, neither had she met any one who could have told her of their arrival. She found herself in her simple every-day dress, and felt confused as she stood so entirely unexpected in the presence of the two gentlemen, one of whom was an entire stranger to her. Upon her head



she wore a little straw hat, and she carried upon her arm a small willow basket, in which she had taken their supper to the workmen in the garden. She quickly untied the strings of her bonnet and placed it upon the piano, with a peculiar air of negligence and grace. She then placed the basket under a table, and hastening to the sofa, whispered sufficiently loud that Arthur, who stood near, could overhear her, to her sister: "O! you cruel Bertha! Why did you not tell me of this? Just see how I look!"

"You look very well, Louisa," replied her sister, who appeared to treat her young sister as a child. "Now take your doll," Arthur thought she would add, but instead of doing so, she said, "take your sewing and sit down beside me. Did any adders or locusts frighten you on the way home?"

"No, O! no. Nothing frightened me," replied Louisa, piqued, and left the room to seek for her needle-work.

In the mean time the Chief Justice, after walking a short time to and fro in the room, stopped at the before-mentioned writing table, and having looked at the books for a short time, said to his hostess, "I call that a select library. It consists of the most useful books."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Marshausen, indifferently. "Those books, undoubtedly, perfectly answer their purpose, and are particularly adapted for the primary education of a young lady. I selected them from the library of my late husband, for my sister Louisa. I always believed it detrimental to allow young girls to read novels before they have arrived at the years of discretion."

The Chief Justice experienced a sense of uneasiness, when he discovered that he had been deceived in his former expectations. "You like to read romances yourself?" The question was put as earnest as if the subject was one of the utmost importance.

"I like to read romances very much," replied Mrs. Marshausen. "If you will examine that little table in the corner yonder, you will find my choice books."

Mr. Holk hastened to the table, and commenced examining the books, which he fervently wished had never been written, and which he could have destroyed with as much eagerness as a hunter would slay a ravenous wolf. Silently he searched through one book after the other. The celebrated La Fontaine, Spiers, Kossebue, and Miller, followed in succession. The



reader must remember that the above incidents transpired during the year 1818. The Chief Justice sighed deeply as he opened each volume. It was a sad discovery, just now, as his intentions were fully ripened.

"But," muttered he, forgetting time and place, "how many ladies have the bad habit of reading novels, still they are good housekeepers, and excellent cooks. I will not be so strict, if she only chooses the best ones. Thirty agrees so extremely well with forty-five."

"What are your commands?" inquired Mrs. Marshausen, thinking that Mr. Holk had said something which she had not understood.

"Nothing, my dear Mrs. Marshausen. I was only a little absent-minded. The tedious journey bothers my poor head."

Fortunately the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the lunch tray, which is always welcome on such occasions. The lady of the house filled the cups, and everything proceeded with order and decorum. The conversation became more general, and Louisa proved more talkative. Lieutenant S—— performed several pieces upon the piano, after which he was rendered completely happy, by performing a duett with Louisa. Thus the afternoon passed happily and pleasantly. The gentlemen were invited to remain until after supper, and the Chief Justice, satisfied and reconciled to everything, even to the reading of romances, assented to their departure. The gentlemen went to their carriage. The ladies made their adieux, as they lighted their guests down the staircase.

"Adieu, dear Mrs. Marshausen; hasten into the house, do, you might catch cold. The night air is cool." The carriage disappeared, leaving Balderslund, with all its goddesses, behind.

"Now," said the Chief Justice, after he had comfortably settled down in his seat, "what do you think of our hostess? Did you ever eat such a juicy turkey? I do not know how much I would give if my housekeeper could roast game as Mrs. Marshausen does. The lobster salad was delicious, and the thin beer, which I like much, was excellent. But I have not given you time to answer my first question. The fact is, I have the failing of desiring to have my food good and well cooked."

"O, the mistress of the house was an excellent and pleasant lady, and her supper was splendid. Still, I must confess that



there was a certain something in her demeanor, which I did not at all admire."

"And what could that be?" inquired the astonished Mr. Holk.

"I mean her conduct towards her sister. She was friendly and good to her; but she treated her as if she was a child twelve years old."

"Well, Louisa is to be considered only as a large child," replied the Chief Justice; "I doubt not but that it is a good plan, and I fully approve of it, to prevent girls from knowing that they are young ladies too soon. The desire to please and converse, comes early enough at any rate, and girls are the most pleasing when they display their unaffected, childish innocence. Louisa is a very good girl. She has not yet been forced into the nutshell of fashionable mannerisms. She will be placed there early enough; but a careful education has spared her thus far, and what she does do, she performs well, or not at all. It is a good custom of Mrs. Marshausen to have a musical performance after dinner."

"Yes, she plays like an angel," said Arthur. "Then she was lively, and she sings too, as her sister told me, extremely well. But in spite of all my entreaties, she refused to gratify us with a song. I still see her, as she shook her little head, as she answered my request, 'Not all at once; O, no, we must keep something for the next time. You will come to Balderslund again, at any rate.' But I cannot do justice to her tone and gestures; you should have heard her yourself," continued Arthur, when he observed the indifference of Mr. Holk, who did not deem it worth his while to answer. "From her lips the words sounded so sincere, lovely, and innocent. I think you would have found it so also, if you had honored her with your attention; but all this occurred while you were standing at the window, conversing with Mrs. Marshausen."

"It is singular that we have no moonlight to-night," interrupted Mr. Holk. "The road is becoming quite dark as we enter the forest. Be careful, Lars, as you drive over the ruts. Indeed, did Lieutenant S—— find Louisa Montén so charming? But what is she in comparison to Georgiana de Werdenberg?"

"Why should I compare her with Miss de Werdenberg?" said Arthur. "I will not do so by any means. Georgiana is a



perfectly developed rose, a cultivated lady, who knows her place, and understands how to fill it with dignity. Louisa is a very promising rosebud, which will become equal to the blooming flower, if she is rightly educated. Three years work a great change at this season. I presume that Miss de Werdenberg is nearly nineteen years of age."

"Yes, three years do much," said the Chief Justice, more to himself than to his companion. "I am anxious to know whether I shall have some promising buds around me after that time has passed."

After the guests had departed, Mrs. Marshausen said to Louisa, as the latter, according to her usual custom, was preparing to read Sturm's Meditations, "My dear Louisa, do not read now, I do not feel very well this evening. Go to your room and take the book with you."

"But I cannot leave you, dear Bertha," replied Louisa. "You are always ill after you have eaten lobster salad. You know that it does not agree with you, still you always eat it. You must not do so any more."

"You are right, my dear. I shall be more careful in future. You need not remain with me, however, to-night, for I shall soon be well again. Good night."

Louisa left the room, and Mrs. Marshausen seated herself upon the sofa, and leaning her head upon her hand, meditated upon the events of the evening. Mr. Holk had given several unmistakable hints, which were worthy of deep consideration. Mrs. Marshausen's position was favorable. She had experienced the essential difference between courtship and marriage, and therefore it was a somewhat doubtful venture for her. She thus contrasted the accommodation of the lover, and the firm: "I will, I shall have it so, my dear," or, "do you hear, my dear? I will not have it so," of the husband. Therefore, her consideration of the subject was very critical, the more so, as Mrs. Marshausen knew that she now had, and would have her own way. A most delicate consideration for a married woman. Nevertheless, she at length concluded, after she had thought the matter over pro and con, to leave the result to time, as is usually done in such cases.



## CHAPTER XX.

O'er yonder pool with fearful light  
The ignus fatuus glimmering shines.  
No verdure there, no flowers bright  
The timid dew-drop quivering fades—  
The dreary wind with raging might;  
Holds harsh discord with muttering shades.

KULBERG.

IN the year 1818, there stood in the midst of a dark forest pass of a mountain, situated in one of the most uninhabited portions of Sweden, a deserted and dilapidated dwelling of an old serjeant. The house was afterwards removed to another site, and a confused mass of stone and lime, beside two door posts, which protruded forth from the rubbish, are the only surviving evidences of an event which at one time struck terror to the hearts of the few inhabitants who once resided there. There is now no regular main road leading there, and at the date of our story, the road was so difficult to traverse, that only a few persons, who chanced to travel, either on horseback or on foot, were able to overcome its roughness. Here and there, a few miserable carts could be seen, the owners of which, at the risk of their necks and legs, endeavored to keep their balance as they slowly rolled through the mire, and over the huge stones. The dwelling was a low time-stained building, which rested on no other foundation than mother earth itself. A small wooden staircase led up to the door in front, which was protected by a projecting roof. At the head of the stairs were placed two clean oaken benches. From thence the hall could be entered. It contained three doors, beside the one which opened into the area. The one in the centre led into a room which was generally kept closed, as it was set apart as the place for entertaining the few visitors who sometimes partook of the friendly hospitality of Serjeant Kramer. A second door opened into the kitchen, and the third one, directly opposite the last, led into the entry of a dark sitting-room, in which the old Serjeant lived with his elderly wife.

This room presented a tidy, but at the same time, an inconvenient appearance. Against the bare wooden walls, which were



disfigured by moss starting from between the joints, luxurious articles, sometimes called newspapers, were hanging here and there. Intermingled with these ornaments were suspended a few grotesque specimens of painting, which had been purchased from travelling rag-pickers. The principal ornament was an old looking-glass, the frame of which was decorated by gaudy peacock's feathers. The furniture consisted of a few roughly-hewn stools; two painted trunks, numbered and lettered; a bedstead, and a great sliding dining-table. Serjeant Kramer sat upon one side of the table, playing "patience upon a monument," over a pack of cards, which appeared to have been in use since the year 1770. His wife, a matron about sixty years of age, with a plain cap upon her head, and wearing a plaited frock, was seated upon the other side of the table, shelling sugar peas, and at the same time making frequent use of a snuff-box.

"Kramer, my old man," said she, "I should think you would get tired of your wearisome and lasting study. It would be just as well if you would help me shell my peas, instead of playing with those cards. It is almost night and I should have been through before."

"Immediately, wife, I only want to see how it will come out this time. This is the most important game of all, for it is the third one. O, if it would come out right, I should feel very glad, because I believe that cards can foretell what is to come. But see—no, it is not coming out right. It is too bad! it is impossible!" He shoved the pack of cards from him with a deep sigh.

"What is too bad? Tell me?"

"O, I thought to myself whether the poor young woman in the other room would ever smile again in this world, that is, from joy, but it is not to be, and it almost breaks my heart, when I sometimes see the poor little creature, looking as miserable as though she had but one prayer, which is, Lord allow me to die."

"Poor creature, it would be better, perhaps, if she should die," replied Mrs. Kramer; "for when a person as wealthy and noble as she must have formerly been, is compelled to live in deep solitude, with scarcely an interruption to the uniformity of her existence, it must be very bitter to her."

"O, that is not the cause of her grief," said her husband. "It is evident that her sorrow has a deeper root. Her being here



is undoubtedly the result of a greater misfortune, which would be equally bitter, was she the inmate of a golden palace, instead of abiding beneath this humble roof."

"Yes, yes, husband; that is not so very improbable. You must know that I always thought that she had not made her peace with her conscience. For it is certain that everything is not all right, and I am very sorry that I could not get the silent Miss Hadda to tell me something about her. But no matter how cunning I am, she is always on her guard; still, I hope to be able to find out something yet."

"But," said Kramer, gravely, "I think that the time is nearly arrived, when the gentleman who brought her here, promised solemnly to return. Give me the almanac—I will see. I remember that I marked down the date." The old man carefully adjusted his spectacles, and slowly turned the leaves of the almanac.

"It was in May, don't you remember?" said Mrs. Kramer, that she might assist her husband in finding the date.

"Yes, yes, in May. I now remember it very well. Let me see, it must be here. The twelfth, a command from the Captain to appear at ——. No, that's not it—the fourteenth; the old cow had a calf. Now I remember," said the old Serjeant, interrupting himself. "It was the calf we were going to bring up, because she was such a fine one. She is large and lively now, I hope."

"O, the calf has been dead a long time," replied Mrs. Kramer. "You know that the young lady there must have fresh meat; and as calves and sheep do not grow upon the trees, we must take them where we can find them."

"O, well, say no more about it. Let us see where the seventeenth is—an unlucky day that was. The old he goat broke one of his fore-legs, ahem—ahem—I really think he was bewitched. But now, look, here it is—the twenty-ninth day of May, a solitary gentleman arrived here."

"No, husband," interrupted his wife, quickly; "we are both dreaming. It was in June, when he arrived the second time. Then he was accompanied with a lady. Look in June; turn the leaves." Her husband obeyed. "Right, on the eighteenth of June the whole three of them arrived; and he was to return during the latter part of August, or the first part of September."



To-day is the first day of September, and we may expect his coming every moment."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mrs. Kramer, "we may expect him if we choose; but supposing he should not come, or that as it possibly may be, a certain event should occur before he arrives, and that she should die—then we would be in a sad position, surely. To have a tender baby and a corpse in the house, without knowing what to do with either of them."

"Well, my dear, it seems very evident to me, that we must bury one of them, and support the other."

"You talk just as you think, husband," said his wife, uneasily. "I think you should know that it requires more than to say, I will do so and so. Did you think of the face the pastor will cut when you go to him with the request to bury the woman and baptize the child? O, that would be rich! The pastor might very simply ask you what sort of people are those, Mr. Kramer? I never heard that your family had increased. I should like to know how you would answer him."

"I never thought of that before," replied the Serjeant, somewhat confused; "but I should tell him just how the thing was, that is, that in the first place, a young gentleman came here alone, and said that he wished me to furnish board and room for a young lady, of noble birth, who in consequence of certain family difficulties, found it expedient to separate herself for a few months from the world, and that he found no more convenient place for that purpose than my house. Further, I would tell him, that we are poor, and that the small recompense the young gentleman promised me, would be of great service to us, and it would be of no trouble to us to accept his offer. And I would also tell him that the young gentleman advanced us a sufficient sum to purchase all necessary articles for the lady's comfort, at the same time telling me to keep the strictest secrecy, and then left us. I would then tell him that after a short time, he returned, bringing with him two ladies instead of one, and that he then left us again, with the assurance that he would return in two months."

"Good, good husband, what do you think that his reverence would say to all that? He will say exactly this: Are you not entirely right in your mind, that you mix up with such things? I will speak plainly, it will be a hard case for you, and you might be placed in a difficult position by having a dead body and an



unbaptized child in your house, whom nobody knows. Very fine, indeed ; and I must declare to you that I can neither baptize nor bury, until I know who and what they are. And you, Mr. Kramer, will be subjected to an explanation, and perhaps be forced to undergo a criminal examination."

"O, that is too bad !" exclaimed Serjeant Kramer, terrified by the acuteness of his wife. "O, I hope everything will turn out for the best ; and dear Rebecca, it may, after all. It is not fully determined that everything should turn out exactly as you have said. The woman is not dead, and we have not yet heard anything of a child. And then, perhaps the gentleman may return this evening. He requested me with the utmost earnestness when he left us, not to be troubled in the least, and assured me that he would take care of everything. I will take the cards again, merely for amusement, and see how they will turn out."

"Yes, let them console you ; and I hope that they will bring forth good which will not fail to come. Now I must go to the kitchen." Mrs. Kramer left the room, taking the peas with her. Near the fire-place in the kitchen, stood a woman, watching a small kettle of water which was boiling over the fire. An experienced observer could have easily detected in the appearance of this woman, that she belonged to that class of inestimable beings, who stand intermediate between the mistress of the house and the chamber-maid, and are treated as companions as much as they are considered servants. In short, she was a very useful and indispensable person in various occupations, as occasion required.

"Is it tea-time yet ?" inquired Mrs. Kramer, looking sideways at Miss Hedda. "The cream shall be prepared immediately. How is the young lady, this evening ?"

"As usual," replied Hedda.

"But, my dear Miss Hedda," began Mrs. Kramer again, anxious to obtain some information, "I think that the time is nearly at hand, when it will be proper for you to look around a little to find where a cradle can be procured."

"A cradle ?" exclaimed Hedda, somewhat startled. "We need no cradle."

"Ah, I beg your pardon," replied Mrs. Kramer, "if I have offended you. I meant well ; but to speak the real truth, I



must confess, that it is not very pleasant to have such guests in the house."

"Oh, has it come to this?" sighed Hedda, "such guests!—and that you—good God—who would think it? But no matter. Give me the cream, Mrs. Kramer, and console yourself with the knowledge that your troublesome guests are not to remain long with you."

Hedda now arranged the tea-service upon a tray, and then opening the door of the next room, carried the tray into that apartment, where we, reader, will accompany her; and, although we may find no happiness there, we shall see that which will attract our sympathies. The room presented a better and more pleasing aspect than the one we have before described. The walls were neatly white-washed, and the windows were richly curtained. The chairs, although old-fashioned and high-backed, were comfortably cushioned, and nicely covered. At one extremity of the room stood a large bed with white hangings, and near it was placed an elegant sofa, well cushioned. Sewing, embroidery, and other specimens of ladies' handicraft were scattered in various parts of the room. A guitar, as if forsaken, stood in a corner of the room, beside an equally lonely table, upon which were strewn various painting utensils. Two unfinished paintings were standing near by, enveloped in a black-silk veil.

This was the appearance of the room itself. We will now turn our attention to that which is taking place in the room. Upon the sofa reclined a young lady, whose appearance bespoke that she was not more than nineteen years of age. She was clothed in deep mourning. Her hair was black, and fell over her shoulders in disorder. Her cheeks were lily-pale; not a vestige of rose-color was to be detected there. The purple of her lips had vanished, and her large black eyes, which formerly sparkled with life and animation, were now dimmed by tears, which never dried. She rested her head upon her hand, the whiteness of which, and its perfect symmetry, could not be surpassed. Her fingers were encircled by a number of sparkling rings. Her whole appearance, and her position, presented the fac-simile of an extraordinary piece of art, something irresistibly charming and attractive. The only thing to be pitied was, that when the picture was awakened to life, it was nature—and a painful reality; not the creation of an artist's glowing imagination,



which stamped that holy expression of grief and submission upon that alabaster brow. As she there reclined, she appeared outwardly to slumber; but frequent and deep sighs proved that it was only a condition of lethargy, and not a really beneficial slumber.

Hedda approached the sofa lightly. "Tea is ready; shall I pour it out?" No answer followed. She therefore repeated the question somewhat louder. "Shall I fill the cup with tea, and place it upon the table?"

"No, I thank you," responded the young lady, and it could easily be perceived that she uttered the words with difficulty.

"But, my lady, this will not do," replied Hedda, with more boldness. "Nothing for breakfast, nothing for supper, and but a trifle for dinner. Indeed, my lady, this will increase your illness."

A look of dissatisfaction, and a denying movement of the hand, was the only reply; but the persevering Hedda would not be refused. She immediately repeated: "This will not do, my lady is now responsible for more than her own life."

The young lady lifted her head, and cast a look of heart-rending pain upon the faithful Hedda. Hedda felt her blood at this moment running coldly through her veins, as she felt the influence of that look from her beloved mistress. The young lady's entire appearance, every movement, told of a degree of mental suffering, of submission, and of immense bodily torture. None would have been able to look at her, unmoved by painful sympathy. She raised herself up. "Bring me the tea-cup," said she, in a weak voice, "I will drink."

In these three words, "I will drink," there was contained something which evinced a heart-felt emotion of sacred and unspeakable magnitude. She drank the tea, and, to Hedda's great joy, soaked two pieces of bread in it. "But now," whispered she, returning the tea-cup, "Now I must rest," and her head sank back upon the sofa cushions.

"Yes; but now my lady should do something for amusement," said Hedda, who took more liberty now than at other times, from her pure love for her young mistress. "Nothing is so injurious as to meditate too much. Do you not wish to play upon the guitar?"

"No."



"Now, think of your nice pictures here again. They are not yet finished. That would be an amusement which ——"

"Which I do not wish for now," interrupted the young lady. "Leave me in quiet, Hedda."

"I will do so, if my lady commands me; but first allow me to ask you to permit me to bring you a book."

"No, I do not wish to read."

"Some needle work, then? That would be good."

"I beg you, Hedda, not to plague me any more. I cannot do anything."

"But your ladyship can certainly do something, if you will only try. See, I have cut out a pair of little caps, look, how nice they are."

"Bring them here, then," answered the lady, slightly raising herself, "I will look at them." Hedda brought the little caps. The young lady took them in her hands, and examined them with much emotion. She then quickly cast them aside, and broke forth in a flood of tears.

"My God!" sighed Hedda, unconsolably, "that is too bad. Nothing will help her—no plan will succeed."

She now brought a small perfume bottle, and presented it to the weeping lady; but received the same refusal as before. The lady hastily pushed the bottle aside, and a continual choking racked her delicate form. At this moment a noise was heard in the distance, which resembled the rumbling of wheels. Hedda rushed to the window, where she remained full five minutes in anxious expectation.

"My lady," said she, at length, in a tone which evinced deep emotion, although she endeavored to give it firmness, "be comforted as much as possible. The Baron is coming—he will be here in a moment."

"O, what is that you say, Hedda?" The poor lady uttered a long, lamenting moan. "Hasten to him. Salute him, and tell him that I cannot see him yet—not yet. I shall be stronger in an hour."

Hedda hastened to meet the approaching Baron. As soon as the door was closed the young lady fell upon her knees, and pressed her hands tightly over her powerfully beating heart. Raising her eyes towards heaven, her pale lips moved in silent prayer.



## CHAPTER XXI.

The last ray of nature flies sadly away,  
And rests in its flight on the dark swollen waves  
Of a turbulent stream, which sighs in its grief  
To the trembling aspen, which silently sinks  
Its proud head to the earth from its lofty place;  
The pale sycamore now refuses its shade,  
The roses no longer emit sweet perfume,  
And the moon sadly shines upon the white tombs.  
Speak dreadful silence, thou black phantom of night,  
What sorrows are gnawing the trembling soul?

STENHAMMAR.

AN hour elapsed, and steps were to be heard pattering towards the door. "Can the Baron enter, my lady?" said Hedda.

"Yes, he may come," replied her mistress, bowing assentingly. As she now sat erect upon the sofa in her flowing mourning garments, her face deathly pale, and her dark hair falling upon her shoulders, she resembled an angel of death. In a few minutes the door was opened, and—Lindorm's tall and slender form appeared upon the threshold. He was pale and statue-like. She arose to meet him; but sank powerless at his feet.

Lindorm raised her from the floor, with an expression of the deepest compassion, and pressed upon her brow a tender kiss. He conducted her to the sofa and seated himself at her side.

"Dear Constance," said he, in an afflicted tone, as he took her hand within his own. "My heart suffers, yes, suffers unspeakably, to see how changed you are. I reproach myself for not refusing you when you requested me to leave you in peace."

"O, Gustavus," replied she, in a low tone, "why should you remain in this lonely place? Have you not sacrificed enough? My life is but a burden to you, which you are too noble to cast away. But Gustavus, my only friend, my brother, my all, the Lord will have mercy upon us both. This restless heart will soon cease beating; and when it shall become silent for ever, when no prayer, no sighs shall be uttered by these trembling lips, then, Gustavus, all shall be quiet and peaceful within your soul. For you possess the



happy consciousness that you have fulfilled the most severe duty with the utmost resignation—with more than human patience. My last thought in this life will be upon you. My first thought in the other world will also be upon you. O, Gustavus, dearest friend, pray for me, that the dawn of light may soon appear.”

“Good Constance,” replied Lindorm, drying the tears from his eyes, “good Constance, why are all your hopes and fears directed towards the other world? Do you find no sentiment within your heart—no sacred sentiment which speaks to you of the joys of a mother?”

“The joys of a mother!” she repeated, with a broken voice, and shaking her head mournfully. “Why do you speak to me of that which shall never be my portion? That which would form my joy, must soon be taken from me, and placed under the protection of hired hands. O! how horrible—how unnatural! I may bless it but once only, and then—then—what will become of it? O no! Speak not to me of the joys of a mother, Gustavus. God is gracious. He will not allow me to suffer longer. This is my confident hope.”

“What will become of the child, you ask, Constance. Can you doubt but that it shall be as mine own? You shall be separated from it, only for a short time, and then you may again press it to your heart. Can you believe, my beloved sister, that I, to whom your happiness and honor are more dear than life itself, would mingle one more drop of gall in the overflowing cup which is already placed to your lips? No, Constance, that I shall never do. Even if you were not so dear to me, still the child would be mine.”

“O, Gustavus, Gustavus,” exclaimed Constance, as the tears chased each other down her pale cheeks; “how can you believe that I ——. But let us drop the subject for this evening, it is late. You need rest, my Gustavus, and I am weary. To-morrow we will speak again.”

Lindorm arose, and extended his hand to Constance. She pressed it fervently to her beating heart. Silently he left her room, that he might allay the fever which burned within him by wandering through the wild and dismal forest, and to strengthen himself by meditation and prayer for new sacrifices.

The next morning, after Gustavus had arisen from his humble couch which had been prepared in the small garret, he hastened



to meet his host, the old Serjeant, and to that worthy man's great joy, the Baron requested him to accompany him to the parsonage. With what pleasure Mr. Kramer consented to this consoling mission can be well imagined.

As soon as he had donned his venerable and faithful uniform, the Serjeant took his hat and cane from a nail behind the door, and joined his guest in the court-yard, from whence they both proceeded to the parsonage. After they had arrived at their place of destination, Gustavus held a long and confidential conversation in the library, with the parson, who, after the consultation had come to an end, conducted him, with many profound bows and compliments to the sitting-room, where Kramer, in anxious suspense, was awaiting their return, evidently feeling much lighter in heart when he observed that all was right, at least so far that no responsibility would rest upon him. In the mean time, a substantial breakfast was spread, and was welcomed by the guests with appetites sharpened by their long walk. The parson was a pleasing host, and Lindorm did not depart until nearly noon. When he left the house a promise was exacted and given that he would soon repeat his visit.

He visited Constance again in the afternoon. She had been more careful in her toilet than she had been the day before; but her countenance was, if possible, more pale, and her lips trembled as she uttered a few words of salutation. Gustavus seated himself beside her on the sofa, and both were silent. Hedda was busy in arranging the furniture of the room, and it was evident that she had been desired by her mistress to remain in the room.

"Do you never go out, dear Constance, into the fresh air? It is injurious to your fading health to remain in the house all the time."

"I do not go out, Gustavus. I am always so weary, and I have no desire for nature or fresh life. I am already dead to its pleasures."

"But, Constance, have you thought—" Here Lindorm gave Hedda a concealed signal to leave the room. He was obeyed. "Have you thought," continued he, "that you are acting unjustly, nay, almost sinfully, my dear friend, when you thus nourish your pain, and love to linger upon the memory of your grief, which is destroying the spring of your youthful life, with-



out having the slightest desire that time or friendship might heal the rankling wound?"

"Why should I wish for that, Gustavus? Why should I deceive myself by hoping for an impossibility? There is no healing balsam on this earth for me, and can you sincerely wish that I might be permitted to live longer, to lead such a life, which is a burden to both you and myself, and a stumbling block to your whole earthly happiness? No, I am certain that you speak against your better conviction."

"Upon my soul, dear Constance, you wrong me. I will confess to you, that your wish to shorten your sufferings is pardonable; but, that influenced by this wish, you neglect not only your own life, but that of another being, I esteem to be a fault, and unbecoming a Christian, who should look only to heaven for comfort and consolation, and who well knows that her prayers will be heard, although they may be slow in their fulfillment. And could you suspect me, your oldest and best friend, of such a detestable thing? Poor Constance, how unfortunate you are, having lost confidence even in the sincerity of my heart."

"Forgive me, Gustavus—generous Gustavus. I do not know what I say; but I have never distrusted your heart. No, no, I could never do that. You have given me the strongest proofs of your generosity and brotherly love, and I could not give way to a doubt for a moment. You have been anxious to be set at liberty again by my death. O! I do not mean that, you must not misunderstand me—" She shed tears, and in a lamenting tone, added: "For my sake, if not for your own, you should divide with me the only desire that yet remains to me; and, it cannot be sinful, good Gustavus, when we are surrounded by such an unnatural future as ours must be on the one side, and a painful past on the other."

"O! weep not, good Constance," said Gustavus, pressing her hand, "let us think of each other no longer, but of the being which will certainly hereafter reward you with sincere love for all your present sufferings. You are troubled at the thought of the separation which at first must take place between you and your child; but it will not be of long duration, and then, after you are united, will it not be well, dear Constance? Believe me, hear my words, it will be well then."

"And can you think, Gustavus, that my feelings would not reveal the whole mystery? Assuredly they would do so. This



plan was laid by a cool, calculating mind, which never thought of the rights of the heart. Otherwise he would have regarded the impossibility of carrying it into effect."

"But, Constance, necessity renders it imperious—it cannot now be altered."

"Yes, Gustavus, it can; and, more than that, it must be altered. If God does not hear my prayers—if he does not take me to himself, then you must solemnly promise, either for the sake of your own happiness, or for the sake of my peace of mind, to consent to that which I have before suggested to you. Yes, you must understand that——"

"Speak no further, Constance," interrupted Lindorm, decidedly, and a cloud passed over his brow: "Never, so help me God! will I ever consent to that. The bond which unites us, although but a mere formality, shall nevertheless remain sacred to us, and you must be assured that you shall never succeed in persuading me to break it asunder, which would dishonor us both."

"Well then, said Constance, resolutely, "be it so; but never, if I should live, shall my child become an inmate of your house. I do not wish that calumny should place the slightest stain upon your honor, and that can only be avoided by removing the child far from her who cannot ask to have it near her, without recognizing it as her own, according to the unalterable laws of nature."

"Why do you always think of me, Constance? You afflict me when you thus speak. We must seek for your happiness and peace—not mine. I hope that you will be pleased with Engelvik, or if you prefer Hamringen, I must confess that, for my part, I would feel better there."

Constance looked at him in astonishment. "Then you have changed your mind, Gustavus, for I know that you left that place in disgust; and that you desired, or better—that we both desired never to return thither."

"In that case," said Lindorm, in a low tone, "I now entertain the same desire in regard to Engelvik. Do you not think, Constance, that it would be better for us to travel two or three years? After our return there would be sufficient time to determine upon our permanent residence."

Constance sighed deeply, but did not reply. They sat together silently, until the shadows of evening approached, and the



last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the mountains. They then pressed each other's hands and separated.

Thus it continued day after day. Lindorm arranged everything with circumspection and the tenderest attention, all that would serve to render Constance more comfortable and happy, and animate her grief-worn existence. It was evident that he suffered extremely, although he endeavored to conceal it, and only the wildest and most lonely portions of the forest were witnesses of his agony. The echo frequently repeated Georgiana's name, and his feverish cheeks were often laid against the trunk of a friendly aspen, as the strong man wept like a child when he found himself alone with God and his works. The iron fate, which with merciless power had destroyed his hopes and joys, proved itself unrelenting when it allowed him to behold a glimmer of the joys of paradise, which brought the bitter remembrances to his mind, that an angel stood with a naked, flaming sword at the entrance, refusing him admittance. He dedicated the days to Constance; and it was only by supernatural efforts that he was able to master his sentiments. The first few days were passed as quietly as possible, under the influence of his inward sufferings. The latter days were replete with tenderness and attention. He read to her, first religious, and then historical books. He comforted her with sweet and consoling words. He played upon the flute—he accompanied her upon the guitar—he sang with her; in fact he did everything which would tend to dispel or mitigate her sorrow. But, although she consented to his wishes, silently and gratefully permitting him to conduct her as an obedient child, still it was evident that the worm which gnawed at the bud, had already made deep inroads. She was like a shadow moving among the tombs, seeking for its own resting-place.

Six weeks had elapsed. It was now the month of October, and Lindorm walked forth one evening to his favorite spot in the dark forest, that he might find solace from his pain. He thought he heard a singular noise, proceeding from a short distance. It resembled the gnashing of teeth, and was occasionally interrupted by long half-suppressed moans. He slowly approached the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and with an undefined sensation of terror, observed a tall youth standing upon a high rock. The stranger presented a terrible appearance. His countenance, no doubt, had once been fine



and beautiful, and even now it displayed, although much disfigured, the stamp of a noble mind. His eyes were wild and steadfast, and gazing vacantly around in the forest, towards the spot where the old Serjeant's house was standing. His hair was tangled, and his hands were bloody from fresh wounds, which he had received while climbing up to the top of the rock. His cheeks were soiled with earth, and scratched with briars, yet his whole exterior bespoke that he had been a man of better circumstances than his present condition indicated. Lindorm, astonished, gazed at this singular personage, uncertain what to think or do. "What do you seek?" inquired Gustavus. The stranger now, for the first time, discovered that he was not alone. His eyes turned towards Lindorm with a long and penetrating gaze. "Did you speak?" he inquired in a hoarse voice, and his eyes glowed like flames.

"I inquired what you were seeking for," said Lindorm.

"What do *you* seek?" replied the stranger, sneeringly. "Neither of us is at home here."

"O, yes, this is my home," answered Lindorm. "At least for the present. Therefore, you must excuse my pardonable curiosity."

"And yet I have no desire to gratify you, Baron Lindorm," said the stranger, assuming an obstinate and threatening demeanor. "You see I know you, and when the time shall arrive, you shall know me also. A happy, or an unhappy dream has brought me hither. When the right hour shall arrive, I will come, and take that which is mine; you may depend upon it. Ha! ha! ha! Good night, Baron Lindorm."

The stranger sprang from the verge of the rock into the valley, a spring which no reasonable being would have undertaken; still he was uninjured, for Lindorm soon after saw him hasten rapidly through the trees.

"Who was that?" said Lindorm to himself, still gazing at the spot where the unknown had disappeared. "Was that man mad? No doubt he was. How strange! how incomprehensible was all he spoke. Is it possible that a spectre has appeared to me? His countenance, although wild and disordered, reminds me of the picture which Constance loves to look upon, the portrait of the one who was the cause of our misfortune. But what insane idea is this? It is a vision of my poor wavering brain. The old man could not



and would not deceive me. The poor weak young man dared not battle against his fate, and, therefore, preferred death in the bosom of the river. This is strange.

Lindorm rested his head upon his hand. His head was confused at the terrible thoughts which were coursing through his mind. He trembled with an unnatural coldness, but his head burned. He sank to the foot of a tree, and remained there until the darkness and the cold dews of night cooled his feverish cheeks, and warned him to return. Lindorm arose, and, with the utmost difficulty, wended his way to his new home, from whence a lonely light gleamed from the room occupied by Constance; and, as he passed the door, he distinctly heard convulsive sobs proceeding from her room. He stopped, irresolute whether he should enter or not. He was filled with an irresistible desire to look once more at the portrait in the medallion, which Constance constantly wore about her neck. But the fear of frightening her by his disordered appearance, and the surprise which he would create by his singular desire, caused him to desist. He proceeded to his apartment, and cast himself upon his couch, where the next morning he found himself ill with a fever, and his head filled with wild, undefined fancies. But Constance heard nothing of his illness. Her own condition was so dangerous, that poor Hedda and the good Mrs. Kramer awaited the result in the utmost fear and anxiety.

#### MILLER S LETTER TO WALDENBERG.

“As you see, I am still upon the stage of this life; but if I mistake not, the curtain of the last act will soon be raised. Where do you think I now am? If you should try for an eternity to discover my whereabouts, you could not succeed. But I will endeavor once more to compose my mind, in order to give you an intelligible account, although my poor head is swimming, and I have tried a hundred times in vain to regulate my distracted thoughts. I remember, that my last letter informed you, that I had come to the resolution to travel, to find in what part of the earth he has concealed her. But all this would have been in vain, if the old steward of Hamringen had not been childish enough to be moved by my prayers and tears, and give me the post-mark of the only letter which she has



written since her departure. This was only a slight clue, for nobody knew in what direction from M—— she had proceeded. But, still it was something ; I started for M——, unable to conquer my childishness any longer. M—— is a small village, and I therefore hoped something might be procured from the villagers, which would set me on the right road. But, although there was much talking among them, still my hopes were frustrated. I was not able to gain the slightest clue in relation to my search.

“I remained there but a short time, and then started forth upon any road where fate might lead me. I traveled several days in the neighborhood of M——, but each night proved that my patience and strength had been exhausted in vain. I was seized with a wild desperation, which became almost insanity. My body became weaker and weaker each day, in consequence of my total indifference to material necessities. It was subdued, and could no longer assist the disturbed mind which dwelled within.

“In this painful state, I submitted myself to new trials, but of them I have only a confused recollection. I only remember that one day while I was wandering I knew not wither, I was seized with a fainting, which was beneficial to both soul and body. I felt nothing, save a sensation of perfect rest. I was in a stupor. When I afterwards awoke to a sense of reason, I found myself in a small comfortable room, lying upon a bed, before which stood a clergyman of a pious and venerable appearance. Astonished, I asked him where I was.

“‘At Ejkenberg,’ he answered. ‘Twelve days ago I found you on the main road, senseless. I conveyed you to my home. You were bled, and all necessary assistance was tendered you. At least, you have received careful attention, and I thank God that I now see you restored to your senses.’

“‘I wish I had never awoke again,’ I sighed ; ‘life is the worst gift which can be bestowed upon me.’

“‘Speak not so wickedly, young man,’ said the parson, exhortingly, ‘if you do not wish me to regret the care I have bestowed upon you. Kiss the hand of Him who has humbled you, and adore His wisdom, whose ways are inscrutable, but still beneficial.’

“‘O, reverend sir,’ replied I, ‘do not condemn me. I know the worth of your noble and humane action, but I am beaten so



severely by misfortune, that with a renewal of life, my troubles are also renewed.' It seemed to me that he was satisfied with my reply, but thought that it was his duty, as a servant of God, to remind me of the dangers of my present and future state.

"But all that he could say was of no avail. For although he was a pious and benevolent man, still his strength of mind was but little. He did not belong to that rare class, who have true strength of purpose united with an eloquence which can move the hardest heart.

"The pastor of Ejkenberg was not fit for his station, and this unfortunate circumstance added to the darkness of my soul.

"On one morning, about eight days after this conversation with the pastor, and my strength was nearly restored, I wished to proceed on my journey ; but my kind host would not permit me to go out. I heard a conversation, through the thin partition which divided the pastor's apartment from my own, which caused the blood to boil within my veins. Judge for yourself, Waldenberg. The parson first spoke thus :

" 'I have fulfilled the Baron's wish according to the best of my ability. I was successful in finding a wet nurse, whose health and character I can guarantee.'

" 'Good, sir,' replied a voice which I did not recognize ; but an unnatural instinct told me whose voice it was. 'Good, sir, but can I depend upon her secrecy ?'

" 'There is no danger, Baron. She is sworn to be faithful, and thank God, an oath is now kept sacred by good and moral people.'

"Think, Waldenberg, if you can, what I experienced. My body trembled convulsively. It seemed to me as though I would be discovered by my emotion.

"After a pause the clergyman again commenced. 'Besides this, no one here, except myself, knows the Baron's name, and therefore her word would be of but little consequence, even if she should betray the little she knows. It remains as before, for we have so arranged it with Kramer, that the nurse can live in his house with the infant, for at least one year.'

" 'Yes,' replied Lindorm, for it was he ; 'and I now believe that it is the best place of refuge I can find for the tender creature, for as soon as my wife is restored we intend to travel two or three years, and when we return we will take the child back to us again.'



“Heaven and earth! you cannot imagine my sufferings at that moment.” But still I could not help admiring his noble generosity even at that time. My head was so much confused at what I had heard that I could understand nothing more they said.

“Towards evening I insisted upon taking a walk, and accordingly the pastor assented. But at the same time he expressed a regret that he was not able to accompany me, on account of his official duties. Satisfied, I went on my way towards a group of dilapidated sheds which I saw at a short distance. Near them I met a boy, whom I asked concerning the way to the farm house to which the sheds belonged.

“‘You must go on a straight road through the forest, and then turn to the right,’ said the boy, ‘but it is a long road.’ I continued on my way. Night had approached, when I at length saw a lonely light shining from the window of the house I was in search of. I walked softly towards the light. The window was near the ground, and the closed curtains were so narrow that I could distinctly see into the room. And, Waldenberg, what do you think I saw? Constance! my beloved, unfortunate Constance! But what did I say, was it herself? No, it was her shadow. She was upon her knees before the sofa, clasping her hands in painful fear. No doubt but that she was imploring heaven for a speedy end to her sufferings. A low cry escaped my lips. I nearly sank to the ground. With a great effort I sustained myself upon the window sill, fearing to lose the sacred vision which persuaded me that she lamented the cruel fate which separated us, with equal fervor. O, that villain! Has he now received the reward of his arrogance, our pain and our misery? But I will not condemn him, but will leave him to the judgment of a merciful God. My exclamation, although but slight, attracted her attention. She looked around, and extended her hand towards the window. ‘Alexander, my Alexander,’ whispered those dear lips, which had sworn so often to be faithful to me, ‘Alexander, I will soon come,’ and her silence was most remarkable. She seemed to think that my exclamation was a friendly invitation from my spirit. Poor Constance, soon, yes soon we will be united in death.

“I will not endeavor to describe my feelings to you. I watched her through the window until the first rays of the morning sun appeared, and there she sat upon the sofa all that night. Before



the sun had fully arisen I hastily returned to Ejkenberg. The doors of the pastor's house were open, and without molestation I entered my chamber and threw myself upon the bed. Of course I could not sleep, but I felt more composed than I had the evening before, and I wished for the silent slumber of the grave. I was no longer able to argue cunningly, as I had done before for the purpose of excusing to myself the sinfulness and weakness of the deed which I intended to commit. My only wish was to see my child, and then to follow her, for it needed but a glance at the emaciated, yet once so beautiful form of my beloved, to understand that her spirit would soon take its flight to that place where it shall not await my coming in vain.

"I wrote the above on the day which succeeded that eventful night. It was the decisive day of my life. You see, Waldenberg, that I am now in the full use of reason and sense, and it is only the certainty that this letter is the last one which I shall ever write, that gives me strength and patience to give you a circumstantial account of all that has happened. My life is now lost, and it can only serve for the purpose of forming a painful story of trials. I have firmly resolved to die. This evening I shall again seek the dwelling of the Serjeant, and am determined to travel no further. I shall remain in the neighborhood until all is over. I hope I can succeed in gaining admittance even for a moment, for I have nothing more to hope for in this life.

"The parson must have some suspicion in regard to my intention, for he reproached me for my wandering last night. He also conceals from me, with the utmost care, every object by which I might carry out my intention. But he does not know that I purchased a long time ago, a precious powder, which will be equally as serviceable as an instrument of more formidable appearance. And now adieu, Waldenberg, my fever is coming on again. I must secretly make my escape from this room.

"Last night between one and two o'clock—ha! ha! ha! he asks what I am doing here. O, well, Baron, are you the only one to whom the treasure which is contained within that little house belongs? Do you not think that I also have some claim upon it? O, Waldenberg, my friend, I have seen him face to face. How grand he is! My blood boils. Constance's husband! Horrible—I hate him, noble as he is. My appearance must have been horrible. I believe that I will fade into air. I believe I made him tremble. I amused him by a bold leap into the air. Ha! ha! ha! What is life, Waldenberg, but a series of rare



leaps from passive quietness to the highest happiness of earth, and then down into the abyss again? Good night, I can write no more.

"At nine o'clock this morning, he was attacked by a violent fever. The parson was sent for. This day I am perfectly free. You ask, perhaps, what I am doing. I laugh and weep alternately and examine my last treasure, the little powder, and note the striking of the clock each hour, which brings me nearer to my purpose.

"It is now seven o'clock in the evening. Victory, victory. They have sent for the nurse—now it begins. Adieu! Adieu! comrade, adieu! I thank you for your friendship. Write, or if possible, go to my father, and deliver to him the enclosed letter. Pray him to pardon his poor son. It was impossible for it to be otherwise. I am as cold as ice, still I am burning as though liquid fire was coursing through my veins instead of blood. This letter I shall leave in the parlor before I leave the world. Mourn not for me, dear Waldenberg. We shall meet again. And as to my death, you will hear of it from some one. Adieu, adieu. Pray for your unfortunate friend.

"ALEX. MILLER."

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## CHAPTER XXII.

You judge me falsely. Perhaps my apparent coldness is only like the snow which lies upon the side of a volcano. A fire may burn within which can never be quenched. Perhaps it is boiling and burning within, so restless that its flames may burst forth with irresistible power and devour me.

LINDBERG.

THE Master of the Royal Hounds, Baron Torsten de Lindorm, had but one particular passion, since his early childhood, which was love of the world's opinion. But unfortunately neither his genius nor wealth were sufficient to complete his desires, which presented to him in extravagant dreams, advancement and honor as the fulfillment of his future fate. Consequently his hopes always remained dreams. In the capacity of a poor lieutenant



of the infantry, without any recommendations, and wanting a favorable personal appearance, as well as a cultivated mind, there were but few prospects of his realizing the dreams which promised a gratifying result to his endeavors. In the mean time years elapsed, and the highest prize which Baron Lindorm could draw from the wheel of fortune, was a captaincy, which was united with the hope of a favorable connection with an ancient and honorable family. After many efforts and intrigues, the matter was finally settled; and now Baron Lindorm's dreams seemed about to be fulfilled. But unfortunately the marriage of his elder brother, the Baron Charles, with the daughter of a family of low birth, interrupted his thus far successful matrimonial scheme. He was in the greatest rage when his hoped-for father-in-law retracted his promise in a cool letter, in which was enclosed the ring of betrothal. He first intended to slay the one who had marred his hopes, and destroyed his only prospect of fortune. But after a severe struggle, which none witnessed but He, who is familiar with our most secret thoughts, his appearance resumed its usual coldness, and his iron will quieted the tumult of his heart to such a degree that he never mentioned the subject. But the captain never forgot the injury which he thought his brother had inflicted upon him. He only seemed to forget it, that he might require from the brother or his heirs a recompense, whenever an opportunity presented itself. He allowed himself revenge in one manner only, which was by a long letter to his brother in which he presented under the mask of sympathy, a sarcastic picture of the influence of his low-born wife, who had been able to entangle in her charming net, a man of Charles' sentiments and self-pride. He stated that this marriage would give rise to a hundred different stories, and he was eminently successful in his design to poison the life of his brother. But aside from this, he continued zealously in his efforts to acquire wealth, but all in vain. His offers as a suitor were invariably rejected, and with a bitter hatred against the whole world, still maintaining his outward appearance, for none ever possessed in a higher degree the power to conceal his passions under a veil of indifference, he continued his travels through the northerly portion of Sweden, firmly resolved to use every change of Fortune, that he might obtain an independent position, if nothing more. By the word independent, Baron Lindorn understood the acquirement of wealth by marriage, the



only manner which was open to him. But it would be too tiresome to follow him during his travels of speculation, for they were not rendered particularly interesting by any adventure, as the Captain was above anything of that description. We therefore invite the reader to listen to the narrative which Waldenberg related to Hermer, as it explains fully the character of Baron Torsten, as well as the events which transpired during the latter part of his life.

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Waldenberg was deeply moved by the perusal of Miller's letter. He turned the message of mourning, yes, the letter from the dead, over and over in his hand, as he sat looking at it, speechless with grief and amazement. An hour, a long hour passed, and he still occupied the same position; but rapidly, as though his mind had been cleared by a stroke of lightning, he said, "Now all secrecy is at an end, for Lindorm knows everything. Perhaps both are now dead. Who now knows what sufferings they have endured? Astonishing! horrible! Poor crazy friend! Unfortunate Miller, had he no kind hand to keep him back? or does he now stand in the presence of his Judge? What is to be done? I must go there; but first I will consult with Mr. Hermer. Waldenberg hastened to the beach, and hailed a boy, requesting him to row him over to Rosendal. He met Georgiana in the door-yard. She had a book in her hand, and was about passing through the gate.

"Welcome, Mr. Waldenberg," said she in a friendly voice, "you come so rarely that you are doubly welcome; but what is the matter? you frighten me."

He was so much altered that he could scarcely be recognized. His cheeks were suffused with an unnatural glow, and his eyes glared in a singular manner. "O, what is the matter, Mr. Waldenberg?"

"I feel bad, very bad."

"But," exclaimed Georgiana, "why did you come out!"

"I was obliged to do so. Duty compelled me."

He endeavored to advance a few steps, but was obliged to support himself by grasping the trunk of a tree. Georgiana offered him a garden chair which stood near by. "Alec, go for a glass of water," said she to her brother, who was playing in



the garden. In the mean time, the flush on Waldenberg's countenance gave way to a deathly paleness. As soon as the boy returned, Georgiana took the glass in her own hands, and placed it to the lips of the young man, at the same time supporting his head with her other hand.

"Now run into the house after papa, Alec, hasten. Do you feel better, Mr. Waldenberg?"

Her beautiful eyes were fixed upon him in compassion. He looked up into her face, with an expression of the deepest gratitude, and then, placing the tumbler to his lips, drank a few drops.

"O, that I could die now," he whispered; but so softly that the words could not be heard by Georgiana. Now Hermer entered the garden, leading his little son by the hand. He quickly approached the suffering man.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Waldenberg—how do you feel? Bad, very bad I see. Lean upon my arm." Waldenberg erected himself with the utmost difficulty, and assisted by Hermer proceeded slowly to the parlor. After reaching the room he sank back upon the sofa, where Georgiana had prepared cushions for his accommodation. A cordial was administered, and after a short time Waldenberg was better, that is, he felt under the influence of Georgiana's soothing hand as though he had been admitted into the gates of heaven. He quickly returned to a consciousness of his fearful position, and remembered the purpose of his visit. The dreadful letter presented itself with the utmost distinctness before his mental vision. As he was meditating in what manner he should introduce the subject, Hermer came to his assistance, by inquiring, "What was the object of your visit, Mr. Waldenberg? Certainly nothing unimportant? To judge from your appearance, you are mentally as well as physically excited."

"That is indeed too true," sighed Waldenberg. "I have business with you, Mr. Hermer, of the utmost importance. I received a letter a few hours ago, and wish to consult you in relation to it."

"From Baron Lindorm?" exclaimed Georgiana, turning pale.

"Not from himself; but I cannot deny that it relates to him."

"That sounds bad," said Hermer. "Perhaps Mr. Waldenberg would like to speak with me alone?"



"I think that it would be most expedient," he responded with an entreating look toward Georgiana, who, deeply moved, left the room.

"Now we are alone," said Hermer, moving his chair nearer the sofa. "For God's sake, speak."

"O, Mr. Hermer, it cannot be told in a few words. Before I ask your advice, it is necessary that you receive a full statement of the circumstances connected with the subject, which I will give you, and also will show you certain letters which I have brought with me, that you may have a full knowledge of the whole affair."

"It seems to be a family secret. You frighten me and cause me much anxiety, at the same time," said Hermer. "I must put out my pipe that I may listen to you undisturbed." As soon as this was accomplished, Hermer assumed a listening attitude, and Waldenberg commenced:

"I had a friend, I dare not say that I have one now—Alexander Miller, a youth of much promise. His heart was good, but too susceptible. His education was perfect and his talents of the highest order. He had acquired much knowledge, and had well used it. He was the son, the only son of a respectable gentleman who resided at D——. Professor Miller was in former years an intimate friend of Baron Torsten de Lindorm, Master of the Royal Hounds, and even lately, although years had cooled the ardor of their friendship, the gentlemen frequently wrote to each other, partly to keep the Baron informed in relation to politics, and partly because the interchange of family news warmed the Baron's withered heart. It can be said with truth, of this singular man, that he never held communication with his fellow-man, except in what he called a friendly manner. Family pride, ambition, and a revengeful mind were his essential qualities. But with these qualities he possessed the power of concealing them from others, and cloaking himself in a guise of high-mindedness. He was therefore much esteemed by those who did not understand human nature. In truth, he was a hypocrite. The family de Lindorm, you know, were not wealthy during late years, and undoubtedly he assumed this guise with the determination of contracting an alliance which would be of pecuniary benefit to him. He sought to wed the heiress of the large estates of Hamringen. He made her acquaintance during his travels in the North. A happy accident brought him in



company with her father, an old nobleman, who had retired from the world to enjoy his wealth, which he had gained by engaging in the battles of his country. It was natural that Lindorm should be a welcome guest at Hamringen, as a travelled man who had much news to tell its inmates. And aside from that the family had been formerly on intimate terms with the de Lindorm's. Scarcely a month had elapsed before he had won the love of the lady, and the consent of her father. The bride was more beautiful than otherwise; but of a sickly and delicate constitution, possessing no particular inviting qualities. But all of her faults were covered by the shining mark which distinguished her, namely, the certainty of becoming the sole possessor of the estates of Hamringen. And as Baron Torsten had never experienced the effects of love, he did not hesitate to barter his person for wealth which would render him independent. His wife was not accustomed to meet with such persons of nobility who reside in the city, and as he had not met with signal success, during his visit at the capital, he resolved to relinquish the celebration of his triumph. He resigned his station in the army, and purchased the office of Master of the Royal Hounds, taking up his residence in Hamringen, where his father-in-law had ruled, a small king among his mountains, forests and subjects. The Baron's only pleasure now was in fishing and hunting. Years elapsed and his wife presented him with a daughter. Five years after this event his wife died. Mr. de R——, her father, had been gathered to his fathers long before. It was now a question to the Baron, whether he should remain at Hamringen, or return to the city. But after much deliberation he discovered that he could not find so much obedience, at any other place as he could on his estates, and that it would, therefore, be more advisable to retain that which he now possessed, than to strive for something greater, which, perhaps, he might never obtain.

"After this was settled, another subordinate subject arose for deliberation, which was the education of his daughter—for he had long determined that she should be educated in a manner which would comport with her birth in a higher degree than the education her mother had received. The only question now was, which plan should be followed, and where her education should commence. The first portion of this question could not now be settled; the latter part of it, however, he considered as



already arranged, for he had procured all the works on the education of children which could be found in every portion of the earth. But before all these literary productions had arrived at Hamringen, a year had passed, and another year was spent by the Baron in reading all this mass of old and new books; and the third year was spent in deliberations upon what he had read. At the end of this time, the Baron seemed to be placed in the same position which he occupied at the time the books arrived, and when he began the undertaking—for among all the books, he found none that satisfied him—none which he would like to follow; and now he really commenced to grieve at his folly, because he had squandered three years, not only in uselessness, but probably with injury to Constance, now about eight years of age. During this whole three years, the child had no other teacher than the housekeeper, an upright and honest old woman, of course; but she was not adapted to the office by any means.

“Baron Torsten now concluded to take a decided step—that is, he determined to procure a tutor for his daughter; for he believed that a woman was incapable of imparting a solid education, as he termed it. Aside from this, the Baron required a companion for himself; so he had two reasons for this plan. But on the day the post started, when he had determined to write to his old friend, Professor Miller, on this subject, he received news of the death of his brother, the Baron Charles de Lindorm; and because Charles had a few years before recommended his son to the care of his brother, Torsten, the Baron concluded to adopt another plan, by which he could accomplish two purposes instead of one. He therefore wrote to his nephew, who was then under the tutorship of Werner, the great geologist, at Upsala, requesting both of them to spend one year at Hamringen, partly to rest from their labors, and partly to drive away the sorrow of the son for the death of his beloved father.

“Although the ideas of this letter were somewhat commonplace, still they created, as a free offer of friendship and benevolence, a good impression upon the susceptible heart of the young Baron Gustavus, and he determined to accept the offer, especially as he needed something which would soothe his grief better than the company of his light-headed comrades—for he had only companions, not friends, among them. Professor Werner, as far as I remember, had, at that time, just accepted a call as pastor at Effenbo; but he had not to enter upon the discharge of his du-



ties for a year to come. He therefore consented to spend this year at Hamringen. Werner thought that he would find in the Baron an educated and refined man, and would discover in his house many things which would remind him of the old aristocracy, although they might be mingled with novelties. He meditated upon his visit with pleasure, and thought how much benefit his darling pupil would receive from it. Gustavus' grief at the death of his father, connected with his natural melancholy disposition, caused his good teacher much fear. These evils, thought the pure-minded Werner, should now be removed by pleasant associations, where he would also become acquainted with the forms of social life, and would receive impressions of a more joyful nature.

"All these fond hopes, however, were weakened when he caught the first glimpse of Hamringen's gray walls, with its slender spires, its dark, gothic windows, and the gloomy forests which surrounded it. The whole presented a forbidding and gloomy aspect. The travellers almost thought they saw a monstrous giant, whose only business was to engage in struggling with time, and was now near his death. As the rattling carriage passed through the dark portals of the castle, Werner related to his young pupil a story of the troubles and revolutions of olden times.

" 'I wish I had not come here,' said Gustavus to Werner. 'I do not feel myself at home here.' They were received by an elderly man, of a pleasant and venerable appearance. He was the old and faithful servant of the house, the honest Wilson, who was the Baron's right-hand man. He held the double office of steward and secretary. He informed the gentlemen that the Baron was on the mountains hunting; but that he would soon return. In the mean time he requested them to allow him to show them their rooms, which were situated in a wing of the mansion. The apartments were of the best and most modern finish of any of the rooms in the whole edifice, as they afterwards learned.

"After they had dressed for dinner, they heard loud baying of hounds, announcing the return of the master of the house; and soon after he entered the house, and visited his guests. He was a tall, slender man, with a cold, indifferent expression of countenance, which, nevertheless, displayed an expression of rare simplicity and noble-mindedness. After he had thanked



Gustavus and Werner for their kindness, in so soon complying with his request, he conducted them into the dining-room, where the furniture of the room, as well as the table service, reminded the guests of the ancient nobility.

“Where is Constance, Wilson?” inquired the Baron.

“‘I thought I saw the little Miss in the poultry-yard playing with Hedda, a moment ago.’ He cast a dark look upon the steward, and gave him a sign, both of which the man well understood. The steward hastened from the room, soon returning with a lovely child, scarcely nine years of age, who sprang lightly into her father’s arms, and said, ‘I hope papa is not offended. Look, see what I have picked for you.’ She opened her little apron, and showed him two eggs. The old Baron stroked the tangled locks back from the white forehead of his child, with a look which plainly evinced fatherly pride.

“‘You must not do so here,’ Constance, said he, earnestly. ‘Go and wash your hands and ask the housekeeper to give you some clean clothes.’

“‘Don’t papa want the eggs?’ inquired the little one, the tears starting to her eyes.

“‘Go, and change your dress, Constance,’ replied the old man. ‘Do you not see that there are strangers here? You have not spoken to your cousin.’

“Silently and slowly, the little girl left her father; with one hand she wiped her eyes, and with the other held fast the apron which contained the eggs. When she reached the door, her father said, in a harsh voice, ‘Constance, do you not see your cousin?’

“She lifted her dark eyes, and timidly approached Gustavus, who had walked towards her, with a feeling of sympathy. ‘Dear little cousin,’ said he, wiping away her tears, and kissing her rosy cheeks. ‘Dear Constance, you shall be my little sister, whom I shall love very much, you pretty child; and, as a proof that you will think the same of me, give me those eggs, will you? You cannot think how much I will esteem them’

“‘O, yes,’ said she, smiling with grateful joy, as she extended both hands, in which she held the eggs, and then hurried out of the room taking them with her.

“In a short time she returned, dressed in her Sunday clothes. Her hair was neatly combed, and her face cleanly washed. She carried in her hand a small silver salver, on which were the



eggs, now boiled, and presented them to Gustavus. She took her seat at the table beside her cousin, and from that hour a strong friendship sprang up between them, and this friendship continued, to the Baron's evident pleasure, for many years.

"Now the young Baron became happier each day in his new home, and Werner, also, became accustomed to the uniform solitude, which was rarely interrupted by visitors. Constance became Werner's pupil, and under his care made rapid progress. Gustavus taught her to perform upon the guitar, and also gave her lessons in music and painting. But the melancholy mood of the young Baron seemed rather to increase than otherwise; now, however, it was of a more soothing character, although very injurious. Werner was anxious that the year should pass, so that he could again mingle with the world. But how great was his astonishment and displeasure when he heard, at the close of the year, that Gustavus had the intention to remain at Hamringen, in whose dark forests and gloomy hills he took much pleasure.

" 'I hope you are joking, for it is impossible for you to be in earnest,' said Werner, when his pupil told him of his intention.

" 'Yes, I am in earnest,' replied he, 'I must continue to teach Constance. I consider it a duty.'

" 'And neglect your own studies, perhaps your future advancement?'

" 'I do not like to be bound by anything,' replied Gustavus, using for the first time a tone, which indicated that he himself had a right to decide in this matter. 'I love the sciences for their own sake, not as means of advancement; and it is my firm resolution, grounded upon reasons, which are to me of the greatest weight, and therefore irresistible, to dedicate myself to a certain profession.'

" 'Yes, but these are vain soap-bubbles,' replied Werner, whose zeal for the benefit of the young man caused him much suffering, when he saw Gustavus about to be left alone with his own melancholy sentiments. 'Give me one reasonable cause for this singular resolution?'

" 'I think,' answered Gustavus, 'that it is reason enough, that I hate all subordination, and all the forms of a perpetual sameness which it contains. I know that you mean to do me good, my dear Werner,' he added, mildly, 'but it is best that



every one should steer his own boat over the stream of life. Depend upon it, the seed which you have sown, shall not be sown in vain. I see that you wish to answer me, but keep it to yourself. I know what you would say. My ideas shall never result in anything bad, rest assured of that; for my studies, and the amusement I shall derive by teaching Constance, will completely cure me. And now, dear friend, speak no more upon this subject.'

"Silently they embraced, and Werner departed."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

When memory is left us, loss is less bitter,  
And bright is the parting when we can still love,  
But memory may refuse consolation  
And change our fond parting into a dark sin.  
The conclusion has come. Our life is but death,  
And death is the savior of our fallen hopes.

NIKANDER.

"I MUST now," said Waldenberg, after a few moments' silence, "pass over a number of years, the incidents of which I cannot relate; but, as I heard from Miller, who was informed by his old friend the steward of Hamringen, the young Baron became more dear to his uncle each day; at length, being able in a slight degree, to influence the stern will of the old man, who gradually became softened. For example, he succeeded, after long endeavors, in inducing the old Baron to send for a governess for Constance. Gustavus loved his cousin much, and did not spare any pains in cultivating the flowery beds of her soul. And, at the same time, he cultivated her taste and increased the circuit of her knowledge. As a fortunate helpmate in these endeavors, Mrs. G—— arrived. She was a middle-aged lady of good manners, and fine education. She had been procured by Professor Miller, and she attended with motherly care to the mental wants of the lovely and grateful child. She occupied



"During this time, Gustavus divided his time by residing at Stockholm, Upsala, and Hamringen, alternately. His uncle furnished him means, which, added to the money he had received by the death of his mother-in-law, enabled him to live as he chose. He occupied himself with travelling, literature and painting; but his mind always retained a certain melancholy cast; still his pleasing demeanor caused him to find friends wherever he went. He spent the winter in the capital, and the summer with Constance. After seven years had elapsed, Constance was generally esteemed as a beautiful and accomplished young lady. She was lively and susceptible, good-natured, innocent and pure as an angel. But, unfortunately, her excellent governess, the good Mrs. G—— died, and she was left without a female companion, except a young girl of humble extraction, who was a few years older than herself, and whom Constance loved more as a friend than as a servant. She grieved much at the loss of her respected governess, Mrs. G——, but Gustavus arrived and brought consolation.

"O, how much they loved each other as a brother and sister; but thought not of other love. Baron Torsten seemed to be very happy. It could have been plainly seen what his intentions were, although he never expressed them in words, permitting things to take their own course. The following spring Gustavus determined to make a trip to Italy; but this resolution was strongly objected to by his uncle. Still Gustavus insisted, and his uncle, who now loved him as the apple of his eye, at length consented; but, with the condition, that Gustavus should promise to return the next spring. Gustavus esteemed his uncle as a father; but at his departure he imparted to Constance that his uncle's unusual compliance, as well as the dark look he gave him when he made the request, and his extorting a promise from him that he would return within a year, seemed to be foreboders of evil, and that would it not have appeared weak, he should renounce his purpose.

"Constance overcame these scruples, by assuring Gustavus that her father raised these objections only because he was anxious for his nephew's society.

" 'I shall also be sorry,' said she, 'to lose you, my only joy, my beloved brother, the only solace of my life. But I will not grudge you your pleasure. Go, and God be with you. Write often.'



“And he departed. Would to God he had remained! He wrote long letters, describing eloquently all that he had seen, performed, and experienced, which delighted Constance, and enraptured her father. But the time became long to them, as the days rolled by uniformly. Gustavus had started during the first days of March, and his uncle, who now could not exist without company, wrote to his old friend, Professor Miller, requesting him to lay his business aside for a short time, and visit Hamringen.

“The Professor answered that his old age, and his duties, would prevent him from complying with the wish of his friend, although he would be much pleased to do so; ‘Still,’ he added, ‘if you desire an entertaining guest, I will send you my son, Alexander. He is a fine young man, who well understands the art of entertaining. I know that from experience; and having just completed his legal studies, he has donned a counsellor’s gown, and having sufficient time, I have concluded to allow him to enjoy himself for one year, that he may shake off the Upsala dust. Therefore, if you would like to have him come, I should be happy to send him. An answer is expected,’ &c., &c., &c.

“This proposal was joyfully accepted. Baron Torsten thought, in his vanity, that there was no other being of importance in Hamringen, except himself, for Constance, lovely as she was, still was nothing but a woman, and women he considered of no consequence. He therefore thought it a great sacrifice on the part of the young man from town, to relinquish the happy world, that he might cheer the solitude of an old man. ‘He is a brave youth,’ said he to himself, forgetting that in his letters he had frequently mentioned his beautiful daughter, and he did not know that this was implanted in the memory of both father and son, and that probably this had somewhat influenced the Professor.

“I need not say that Professor Miller and his son thought that the Baron had certain projects in regard to his daughter, or that Alexander thought that his sacrifice was great, until he saw Constance, when he felt that he could submit without a murmur. The young man presented an attractive appearance, and possessed the power of gaining the confidence of others, and soon acquired the friendship of both father and daughter. The manly youth was looked upon as a sun, which would illu-



mine the dark and dreary Hamringen. He soon won the esteem of all ; even the old steward loved him. The old Baron himself had not been so happy for many years, for Miller understood how to please the old gentleman, much better than Gustavus did. He was natural and unaffected towards the Baron, having the sincere desire to warm the winter of the old man's life.

" Miller read to him books, both old and new, and listened patiently to the Baron's sarcastic remarks concerning the latter. He talked politics every day, after the newspapers had arrived ; hunted, fished, and played chess and piquet with his host. But, after dinner, when the old Baron took his afternoon's nap, then Alexander found time to converse with Constance. He had other opportunities to speak with Constance alone, for the old man generally held an interview, of two hours duration, with his steward each day. Alexander and Constance would visit poor families, whom Constance wished to assist. And during these excursions their hearts commenced to be awakened to a mutual reciprocity of holy sentiments, with which they had hitherto been unacquainted. Miller's pleasing and instructive conversation was, as Constance thought, only an echo to that which distinguished Gustavus. But, in a short time, it became more interesting. Miller's enthusiastic spirit infused her being with a novel and strange life, and soon after he loved the meek, innocent girl, with his entire heart.

" O, Hermer, if you had only known Alexander Miller ! He was truly a noble-hearted and faithful man. His power of language could rightly be called eloquence, and his exterior appearance was perfect, for I cannot remember ever having seen one equal to Miller, unless it was Baron Gustavus. It was, therefore, no wonder that Constance soon loved him with the utmost sincerity.

" Spring and summer passed by like a happy moment. A long time before spring arrived, they had formed their sentiments into words, and there were no fears that the Baron would disturb the mutual interchange of their sentiments, for the old man was completely blinded by the sacrifices Miller made for the sake of his love for Constance, and the Baron thought that his daughter would never think of love without first consulting her father.

" In the mean time autumn verged into winter. Miller said



nothing in relation to his return home, and it seemed that the Baron considered him each day more indispensable. Miller has written me several foolish letters in relation to this winter and its joys, for his love was of the highest character, and it seemed impossible for him to live on earth. Constance responded to his love with her whole heart.

"And I now well comprehend," continued Waldenberg, with a deep sigh, "why two beings, entirely separated from the rest of the world, must love one another, in a different manner than they would have done under other circumstances. Many times Miller was upon the point of revealing to the Baron the desire of his heart. He did not know the secret plans which the Baron harbored, neither did he doubt but that, as the only son of an old friend, in the expectation of a lucrative office, his proposals would be accepted, especially after the long months of friendly feeling which the Baron had evinced to him. But he postponed the conversation from day to day. He experienced a certain uneasiness and fear that a separation would follow, which prevented him from carrying out his design. O, Hermer, what shall I say more? Miller was not a bad man, God knows, but his love was too violent, it devoured its innocent Eden, and plunged both Constance and her lover into the abyss."

Waldenberg ceased, and wiped away a tear. Hermer listened most attentively. "And then?" he inquired.

"And then," continued Waldenberg, "Eumeniden unfolded her black wings of revenge. Rage and hatred fell upon the head of the unfortunate ones. On the first day of April, Miller, full of hope and fear, went to the Baron to hear from his lips his own doom or joy.

"The Baron was in his best humor, for he had just received a letter from Gustavus, which informed him of his speedy return. Miller took courage at the friendly, almost hearty tone with which his host received him, as he assured the young man that he would much miss him after he should have left Hamringen.

"O, if I could dare to hope that I was of any worth to you, Baron Lindorm," said Miller, with emotion, "perhaps you would listen to my petition with favor."

"I can promise you that beforehand, my young friend," answered the Baron, unusually gay. "Would you like to have



my horses to ride a few miles? or would you like to borrow my favorite hounds? Speak, I am not a rock.'

" 'Neither of them,' replied Miller, impatiently, mortified that the Baron thought that such low matters could occupy his mind at this time.

" 'Neither of them,' said the Baron, mildly, 'then what is it you desire? I hope you have no foolish ideas in your head, such as travelling, or the like. I well remember how I felt when Gustavus was seized with such fancies, and I will tell you, frankly, that if you wish me to intercede with your father for such a purpose, I shall not do so. Young men, I should think, could cultivate themselves well enough in their own country.'

" 'Dear Baron Lindorm,' stammered Miller, 'I seek for something more sublime. I do not know whether you understand me, or whether you do not wish to. I desire you to grant me Constance's hand—her heart is mine already.'

" 'What do you say, sir?' exclaimed the Baron, his every movement evincing a stubborn denial. 'No, my dear Miller, a thousand times, no. No, my dear Miller, if this is the reason why you have been with the old man for nearly a whole year, then I must tell you at once that you have spent your time in vain. My daughter weds her cousin, Baron Gustavus.'

" 'And you did not tell me this before,' cried Miller, passionately. 'You have permitted me to live in Paradise ten months that you might then plunge me into the deepest abyss of misery. O, Baron, permit me to entreat you. Constance loves me as much as I love her. You will cause your child as much misery as you do me, if you separate us.'

" 'What nonsense!' said the Baron, more composed; 'that will all cool down. You must return to your friends and your business; and as to Constance, she shall soon be consoled by Gustavus.'

" 'She shall not be consoled by him,' said Miller, decidedly, 'for, Baron, you must know that Constance is united with me in the most sacred bonds. She is mine for life or death.'

" 'You are mistaken, sir, I hope,' said the Baron, in a tone which evinced suppressed emotion. He erected his form, and his eyes flashed with inward rage. 'Say that you are mistaken,' he added in a milder tone, 'and I will pardon your impudence.'

" 'I am not mistaken,' said the young man, grasping the hand of the offended father. 'O, Baron Lindorm, I feel deeply how



illy I have rewarded your friendship and hospitality, but allow yourself to be merciful. I will strive to make reparation for my crime by a whole life of attentive love. I abjure you for Constance's, for mine, and for your own sake, and even for the sake of Baron Gustavus, pardon me, and permit us to bless, by the benediction of the Church, the union of our hearts, whose happiness or misery are now in your power.'

" 'Never, never,' thundered the Baron ; 'I would rather have her rent in twain by wild horses than to give my consent to a union with a man of humble birth. Such folly has once before crushed my hopes, and by the great God it shall never again happen. And before all this you have spoken falsely to me. You wish to deceive me. I know that it is impossible to be true. Why are you such a degraded being that by such a paltry fabrication you seek to gain the consent which I shall never give you ?'

" 'It seems to me,' said Miller, angry at the unnatural insolence of the Baron, 'it seems to me that this hour is not well adapted to fables. I have spoken the truth, may God help me if I have not. O, Baron Lindorm, take pity upon Constance ; allow all your rage to fall upon me ; she is innocent, and she will not survive her sorrow, when she finds herself separated from me, the only one she can ever love forever.'

" The Baron was silent for a few moments. He arose, and approaching the door pulled the bell-rope violently. A servant entered. 'Tell Miss Constance that I wish her to come here,' said he, in a remarkably quiet tone.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

Revenge may slumber, still it never dies ;  
But strews its arrows within the heart,

And with an eager, expectant dart,  
Destroys the lily as it slumbers there ;  
Uproots the tender trembling plant,  
And hurls it madly to the dreary air.  
Is this not so ?

\* \* \* Fate is a solid rock]

NIKANDER.

OVERCOME by his powerful emotions, Waldenberg again paused in his narrative. "Take a drink of wine," said Mr. Her-



mer, presenting to his guest a glass of Madeira; "it is indeed necessary, for, although unacquainted with the personages you have been describing, still I feel much grieved for them, and cannot imagine how it will all end."

"O, it was horrible," sighed Waldenberg, "you never heard anything more terrible, I am sure. I almost tremble at my own words." Mr. Hermer moved his chair near to Mr. Waldenberg, who thus continued: "After the Baron had given this order, a deathly silence pervaded throughout the room. He seated himself, and Mr. Miller stood near the window, uneasy and confused. Pain, anger, hope and despair struggled within him for superiority. A few long, very long minutes elapsed, and at length light footsteps were to be heard. Constance entered the room. At her first glance towards her father and lover, she understood all. She hesitated, and her form trembled violently. Her cheeks paled, and then her eyes filled with tears.

"'Come here, Constance, my child,' said the Baron, more composed than could have been expected. She slowly advanced. 'Answer me briefly, but plainly, are you guilty or not guilty, my child?'

"'Guilty,' said she, in a clearly distinct voice, and sinking down before her father, she embraced his knees, and moistened them with her tears.

"'Arise, Constance,' said the Baron, after a short silence. His tone was cold, and except a slight faltering of his voice, nothing foretold the coming storm, which was to separate heart from heart, and life from life. 'Arise, Constance, Miss de Lindorm is sufficiently humbled, I should think. Go to your room, I will speak further with you to-morrow.' But as he thus spoke the unfortunate girl fainted.

"'Convey Miss Constance to her room, and place her under Hedda's care, and then return to me. I shall expect you here,' said he, to Alexander, in a voice which proved what was to come. Miller lifted the loved form, and with feelings not to be envied conveyed her to her room, where he placed her upon the sofa, and then knelt by her side and prayed fervently. But he did not dare to remain there too long. He pressed upon her pale lips one long, farewell kiss, which revived Constance to a sense of her unhappy situation. 'Alexander,' she whispered, my dear Alexander, leave me, but whatever the result may be,



my heart is your own. Death alone can separate us, but for a short time, for after death we shall soon be united.' She smiled through her tears, as her lover slowly left the room. When he again approached the Baron, he found him pacing to and fro with long strides. 'Mr. Miller,' said he, 'I will not speak with you now. This evening at eleven o'clock I will visit your apartment. Promise me upon your honor, that you will not under any circumstances leave your room before I come, and will not write to Constance. If you will promise me this, then I will see what I can do for you.'

"Miller was too much excited to observe the unnatural tone of the Baron's voice. But many months afterwards he remembered it. Consoled now, however, by the slightest gleam of hope, he obeyed patiently. They separated, and poor Miller sat in his room forsaken and heart-broken. Darkness slowly came on, but no one brought him lights. Time passed slowly by, ten o'clock struck, eleven, half-past eleven arrived and the Baron came not. Miller froze and burned with uneasiness, but when he heard the last stroke of midnight the door opened silently, and the Baron slowly entered the room, with a lighted taper in his hand. His countenance was so terrible and dark, that Miller uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"'Silence,' whispered the Baron, 'we have no time to spend in many words. Listen, and then take your choice. 'He sat down near the young man, who gazed at him vacantly. After a few moments of painful silence the Baron thus spoke:

"'That which has happened cannot be changed, neither will I reproach you, for I must blame myself for my own blindness. Yes, with pain, I confess that I must accuse myself as much as I do you, for this misfortune. But now I will show you a way by which this evil can be repaired. I have received letters this day from Gustavus, I expect him this month, and I entreat you to listen to me attentively. Constance shall become his wife under all circumstances.'"

A cry of astonishment escaped Hermer's lips. "What," he exclaimed, "was the old man mad?"

"O, no," replied Waldenberg, "it was much worse than that. He was the most heartless wretch that ever crept on God's beautiful earth. Miller heard his words and was benumbed with horror and dismay. 'What do you mean?' he inquired, trembling violently. 'I mean, sir,' replied the Baron,



‘that my design shall be carried into effect, even though it costs me my life. But listen, that Constance may not resist my plans, she must be convinced that her love is utterly hopeless, and this can be accomplished only in one way. She must be made to think that you have committed suicide in despair, at the failure of your hopes, by casting yourself into the river Ljusne. I therefore request you as a reparation, the only reparation you can make me, to write a few lines informing Constance that you have made such a resolution. Do this, sir, in my presence, and then I will take care to confirm the truth of your statement, as in a few hours you will be far from here. Miller, overcome with grief and astonishment, sat silently for a few moments. At length he exclaimed in horror, ‘can you require such a thing of me, or can I be such a scoundrel as to drive a dagger into her already wounded heart, which would be a death-blow to her happiness and life? Never, never.’

“‘You must do so, at any rate,’ said the Baron, with stern composure, ‘and more, I demand that you promise, nay, swear, to be dead to her forever. This can be easily accomplished by the great distance of your home from Hamringen and aside from that there are no gossiping tongues here. And even if it should happen, that she should hear, after her marriage, that you still live, you are then bound by your oath never to reveal the truth to her, and never to seek for an opportunity of holding intercourse with her.’

“‘But Baron Lindorm, I tell you plainly, that I shall never take such an oath. No, you cannot persuade me to do such an accursed deed, that you may satisfy your pride. I shall not promise you.’

“‘Ah! then, you compel me to go to extremities, young man, to do that which will fall upon you with overwhelming power,’ said the Baron, wildly, as he drew forth from his pocket a letter and a pistol. ‘Look, Mr. Miller, here is your choice. This pistol is loaded. Now swear that you will faithfully comply with all that I have requested, or else you will heap upon your conscience the double crime of having dishonored the daughter and murdered her father. Baron Lindorm will save his honor or die. You well know that now I am not jesting. This letter is directed to Gustavus. I have here written to him all that I considered necessary, and requested him as my last desire to marry Constance without delay. He will obey, and you can



never obtain the hand of a girl whose father you have driven to such a dreadful deed. Now will you comply with my conditions ?

“The Baron placed the muzzle of the pistol to his own forehead. ‘Now, choose this very moment,’ he exclaimed, in a hollow voice. ‘The next moment will be too late.’

“‘Cruel man,’ stammered Miller, falling to his knees, ‘have mercy, and permit me to save your honor in a manner agreeing with duty and love. Do not render me so infinitely miserable, or heap misfortune upon her so innocent and pure. O, I abjure you, be merciful, now that you have time. Remember there is one above who will call upon you to account for the lives of two beings. They are in your power; deal mercifully with them.’

“‘Silence; waste no words. No one has ever been able to alter my fixed purpose,’ answered the Baron firmly; ‘but I will give you five minutes more to decide. He placed his watch upon the table, still holding the pistol to his forehead. ‘If you do not answer me in this short time, I will pull the trigger, and my blood will be upon your head.’ He was silent. His eyes were fixed upon the watch. The silence was suffocating. The third minute had passed. A terrible change occurred in the Baron’s countenance. Miller did not doubt but that he would fulfil his word, and the young man trembled in fear. He looked attentively at the watch and his stern judge. If a change did not take place in that stony face, all was lost; but it retained its fixed sternness. The minute-hand pointed to the fourth moment. They stood opposite each other, looking fixedly into each other’s eyes. A second more was wanting to complete the five. The Baron gazed calmly into Miller’s face. A half second of silence ensued, and the Baron’s finger approached the trigger.

“‘I swear,’ exclaimed Miller, and sank fainting to the floor.

“With the same cold composure, the Baron placed the weapon upon the table. He assisted the suffering youth from the floor. He unfolded a paper, and pointing to pen and ink, in a hoarse whisper, said: ‘Be speedy, we have no time to lose.’ Miller strove to collect his scattered thoughts. ‘Write,’ continued the Baron, handing the young man a pen. In a trembling hand, Miller wrote a few words of farewell to his beloved,



notifying her that, deprived of all hope on this earth he was now going to seek his death.

“‘Right,’ said the Baron. ‘Now swear that you will never divulge, in the slightest degree, what has transpired this night, should Constance ever chance to hear that you are still alive.’ He dictated an oath, which poor Miller recited after him; and after the devilish ceremony—for it can be called by no other name—was concluded, the Baron directed his guest to pack up all that was most necessary for his immediate wants. ‘The rest,’ said he, ‘must remain here for the sake of appearances.’ Miller obeyed mechanically, and the Baron assisted him. After everything was ready, he said, ‘Take your portmanteau, and follow me.’ Silently they walked through the long deserted hall to the court-yard of the house. The Baron proceeded in advance, until they arrived at the outer yard, where Miller found horses and carriage. The old steward was in the carriage, spying around in every direction for intruders.

“‘Enter the carriage,’ said the Baron, taking the poor youth’s feverish hand within his own. ‘Farewell, poor Miller; forgive me, as I have forgiven you, and do not accuse me before your father.’

“He gave a sign to the steward, who lashed the horses, which, snorting with pain, sprang forward into the main road. Hamringen, with its priceless treasure, was left far behind, before Miller revived to a sense of his utter misery. He found himself lying upon a wooden bench in a small apartment. The old steward was leaning over him; and as great tears coursed over the old man’s gray beard, he endeavored to speak consoling words to the broken-hearted youth. But fearing that some one might see them, and reveal his grief to his master, he urged his young friend to proceed further. The only inmate of the room was an old man, both deaf and dumb; but the steward had promised the Baron to use all possible caution; and as fatigued as poor Miller was, and as painful as it was to the old steward, still they were obliged to go onward. Wilson had been directed to accompany Miller as far as Gefle, where they finally arrived after many days of toilsome travel, which had been rendered more arduous by Miller’s ill-health. After Wilson had attended upon his young friend a few days, they separated, with a promise from Wilson to write Miller a letter in relation to everything that had or should transpire at Hamringen. The



letters were to be directed to B——, where Miller intended to remain a short time before he returned home. From B—— I received from Miller many long and heart-rending letters, which gave an account of the transactions which I have described.

“During this time, Miller’s health was so poor, that he soon became dangerously sick, remaining several weeks in a state of happy unconsciousness. As soon as he recovered, his first inquiry was for letters. Several had arrived. Among them was one from the steward, Wilson, which letter Miller sent to me. Read its afflicting contents.”

Mr. Hermer took the letter, and with deep sympathy, read as follows :

#### STEWARD WILSON’S LETTER TO MILLER.

“HAMRINGEN, *May* 10, 1818.

“How can I describe to you, dear Mr. Miller, the misery which exists at this place? When I returned to Hamringen, I found the Baron seriously ill. I approached him, in the hope of finding him penitent and inclined to make reparation; but it was not so.

“‘Wilson, my old friend,’ said he, ‘you have come at the right time to be with your old master at his last hour. That night’s work was too much for me, for you must know that I walked around in the yard during the whole of that cold night, after I had placed some of Miller’s clothes and his hat in the river, that they might afterwards be found by disinterested persons. After that I felt very ill, my breast pained me much, and after I had, with the utmost difficulty, written a few lines to Gustavus, directing him to return home as soon as possible after his arrival at R——, I called for my poor Constance. I spoke to the unfortunate girl as mildly as I could, and when I thought that she was prepared to hear the worst, I gave her Miller’s letter, which I said I had found in his room that morning. I cannot describe how she appeared. Suffice it to say that I almost regretted my severity. But still it was too late. I could not retract without losing my daughter’s esteem forever. I could not do that. I never recalled my word yet. The poor girl was carried away in a state which I could not bear to see,



and I refused to hear any account of her condition, for I was fearful of learning the worst. After a few days she became more quiet and visited me. She fell upon her knees, on that very spot where you now stand, Wilson, and begged me to pardon her. Never did I press her to my heart with more love. God knows that I have done what I thought but just to the honor of my family as well as myself, and why should she not be happy with Gustavus? O, certainly, it will all turn out for the best; but I feel now too much fatigued to speak. My end is nigh at hand, Wilson. The Lord's will be done. We must be content; but still I feel assured that I shall not die until Gustavus has arrived. O, Constance! my child!' he moaned, motioning me to leave him, 'never did I love you so much as I do now, and if I have not found the right way of promoting your happiness, may the Lord forgive me.'

"I remained near him. My heart was moved, and unable to think of anything else than the unfortunate self-will of the old man, who had destroyed the happiness and peace of three human beings. I weepingly entreated him upon my bended knees to relent; but he withdrew his hand from mine, and coldly motioned me to retire. At length he pretended to sleep, and I left him, more sorry for him than for you, you poor unfortunates, whose joy he had destroyed.

"I now went to see the young lady. Great God, what a change! She was as pale as a lily, thin and almost transparent. I took her hand in mine, and again I had to wipe the tears from my old eyes. I could not utter a word, but only pressed her hand, and shook my head comfortless.

"'Do not grieve too much on my account, old friend,' she whispered. 'I suffer with joy, for I hope my pain will soon end.' O, what would I have given if I could have consoled her, but I did not dare to say a single word. The worst was now to be expected. The Baron's condition remained the same for several days. Constance's tenderness was as indefatigable as were the old man's questions whether Baron Gustavus had yet arrived. One evening after he had fallen into a doze, and Constance and I were sitting in an ante-room, as I had persuaded her to leave the sick room, our conversation was interrupted by the noise of rattling wheels. Immediately afterwards somebody rapidly ascended the stairs, and before I could go to meet him with a light, the young Baron stood upon the threshold. Never



shall I forget the expression of grief which passed over his countenance as he looked upon his young cousin. A cry of astonishment escaped his lips, as he saw how the beautiful rose which he had left blooming and fair, was now crushed and broken.

“‘Constance, my dear sister,’ he exclaimed, ‘what has happened?’ I plucked him by the sleeve to make him understand that he had better postpone such questions. Holding her hand in his own, he turned towards me, when a messenger from the Baron entered the room to notify us that he had heard the wagon; and that if it should be the young Baron, to request him to go to the sick room. Baron Gustavus hastily cast aside his travelling dress and accompanied me to the Baron’s room.

“‘Thank God that I am permitted to see you once more,’ said the old Baron, extending his hand, ‘my heart craved your presence. Wilson leave us; I obeyed; but I took the liberty of remaining on the outside of the door where I could overhear the conversation. I could also, by looking through the key-hole, see everything that transpired. ‘My dear uncle,’ said Gustavus, ‘I am very sorry to find you so ill.’ He stooped over the old gentleman’s bed, ‘we will hope that you will soon be better.’ ‘No, my dear son,’ replied the Baron, ‘there is no hope, my time has come, and I must prepare myself. I wish to know, Gustavus,’ he added, after a pause, ‘have you a friendly feeling towards Constance yet?’ ‘Yes, I have,’ replied Gustavus, ‘never was a sister loved more reverently than she. Her fate is mine.’ ‘That is all very well,’ said the old man, ‘then it is not as I hoped it had been. I thought that you might consider her in another light.’ ‘I think I understand you, dear uncle,’ replied Gustavus, somewhat confused, ‘but although we love one another as brother and sister, still I think more is required between man and wife.’ The Baron made an impatient gesture and said, ‘That is not necessary, you can get along without that.’ ‘I know that from experience as I never felt one spark of love for my late wife, still I was not unhappy.’”

“‘There we differ,’ replied Gustavus, offended at the roughness of his uncle. ‘My marriage with Constance would be a source of misery to us both.’ ‘That may be so,’ said the Baron, ‘but we did not come into this world to be always happy.’ I cannot see,’ replied Gustavus in surprise, ‘why a man should enter into an alliance when his heart does not urge him on.’ ‘I understand



it very well,' sighed the old man, 'if you cannot; but before I explain myself further, first answer one question. Would you be able to make a sacrifice for the sake of your young cousin, which would lay the foundation of her happiness?' 'I would, by my honor.' 'Well then, keep your oath. Constance is now placed among the fallen angels. Marry her, and elevate the unfortunate girl to that position in the world which her birth entitles her. By so doing you will pay an old debt. Your father, Gustavus, once deprived me, by a deliberate deed, not only of my hopes for a lovely and wealthy bride, but destroyed all my endeavors for advancement which I would have attained had he done otherwise. I bore my disappointment like a man, and never retaliated upon your father even by a complaint. On the contrary when he recommended to me the son of the woman who had blasted my hopes, I received him as my own son. O, Gustavus, my dear son, until this hour you have amply rewarded me for my sacrifices. And now should your poor broken-hearted friend entreat you to save his honor in vain?' Fatigued he ceased speaking. Gustavus turned deathly pale. His lips trembled, and after a fearful silence of short duration he said: 'Who is he that has destroyed our blooming rose? Why does he not save her honor?' 'Gustavus,' replied the Baron, 'it was young Miller, concerning whom I often wrote you. He was an amiable and attractive young man, and my friendship I admit gave him the right to nourish these foolish hopes; but at that time I was kept in blindness, and for that I blame only myself. Because he was not of noble birth I decidedly refused him the hand of my daughter, and in despair the young man committed suicide. An almost illegible scroll to Constance informed us of his melancholy end, and the following day his hat and silk handkerchief were found floating in the river. His body has not yet been found, although every effort has been made.'

"When I heard him thus speak, the floor seemed to quake beneath my feet. I could scarcely believe that a man just on the point of death, could thus fabricate horrible lies; and had he not extorted a terrible oath from me on the night you left this place, I would have rushed into the room and cried with a voice of thunder, 'You lie, old dastard!' But I trembled with fear when I saw the young Baron's face as he gazed upon his uncle's countenance. At length he said, 'You must have been very harsh with the young man that he should thus have ended



his grief. Constance, my poor Constance,' added he, in a mournful voice, 'what will become of her?' He sighed deeply. 'Yes,' commenced Baron Torsten, 'what will become of her! If I was able, Gustavus, I would creep to you upon my knees and beg you to have mercy upon the father and daughter, and thus repair the injury your father did me. O, Gustavus, my son, whom I have loved better than any other human being, for my pride is revived in you, unite the two remaining buds of the de Lindorm family upon one stem. I adjure you do not let me pray in vain.' His voice trembled, and for the first time in my life I saw tears streaming down his cheeks. Great God! how much he must have suffered! His hands were clasped, and extended prayerfully towards his nephew. Yet Gustavus still remained silent. His face was pale, and its workings evinced the terrible struggles within. Baron Torsten grew weaker and weaker. 'Gustavus,' stammered he convulsively, 'you see my misery, wilt thou allow my gray hairs to go down in sorrow to the grave?' The young Baron now slowly approached the bed, and kneeling before it, took the hand of his uncle. Baron Torsten looked into his eyes with anxious expectancy. Then I heard Gustavus say, in a distinct voice, the following words: 'I do not know whether I do right in fulfilling the promise you wish to exact from me; but I cannot resist the misery which speaks in your eyes. Take my oath. I swear in the name of God, and by the sacred memory of my father, that I will save the honor of my cousin and make her as happy as I can.' 'God bless you for those words. You have removed a heavy burden from my soul. But as my last hour is rapidly approaching, and as I must see you both united before I die, go this very evening to the pastor, and arrange the matter with him, so that your banns may be proclaimed three times that day. As a reason, you can assign my speedy dissolution. That will answer. Monday morning you can be married, and, through the help of God, I may live until that time.' Gustavus arose, and with an assenting bow made preparations to leave the room. I instantly left my post and went into the parlor, where I was soon followed by the young Baron. But, great God, how he looked! 'My dear Wilson,' said he, casting himself upon the sofa, 'please prepare Constance for a private interview with me. I must then ride fast, therefore order that the best horse may be saddled.' I proceeded to the young lady's room and gave her the message.



She flushed and paled alternately, and whispered lowly, 'What will become of me, dear Wilson?' 'I do not know what the matter is,' I replied; 'but Baron Gustavus always loved you well, take courage and go to him.' 'It may be so, only give me five minutes, that I may compose myself.' After I had returned the message to Gustavus, and gave directions concerning the horse, I concealed myself in a small room adjoining the chamber of Constance, where I could hear all without fear of interruption. In a short time I heard Baron Gustavus open the door, and listened attentively. 'Pardon me, Constance, that I intrude upon you so late,' said he; 'I could have wished from the bottom of my heart that time would allow me to prepare myself; but the time is too short. Therefore, allow me to tell you that your father has told me all, and has expressed the desire that our union should take place immediately, in order that he may see it accomplished before he dies.' 'Our union!' she exclaimed, in amazement. 'O, God! how could my father desire that? To be your wife, Gustavus? O, never!' 'But, my dear Constance,' replied Gustavus, 'we cannot see the anxiety of your father without consoling him in the only manner possible, and Constance, you can never become more unfortunate than you now are.' 'Perhaps not,' sighed she, 'for I do not think that any human heart could suffer more than mine does now. But you, noble friend, you would become infinitely unhappy, chained to this horrible fate without a hope of release; no, that must not be.' 'Be not troubled concerning me,' said Gustavus, in a sweet voice, 'can I have any reason of complaint when you are the lovely companion of my life?' 'O think not of that,' exclaimed Constance, 'it is entirely impossible.' I heard her fall at his feet and could distinguish her sobs as she wept. 'Gustavus, Gustavus,' she cried, 'O Gustavus! my life is not the only one.' Now I heard him, as he lifted her from the floor and placed her upon the sofa, which was near the wall against which I was leaning, I heard him weep with her. Neither of them spoke, and I was also dissolved in grief and pain. I, an old man, and had seen that dear child grow up from an infant, how much did I suffer for her, and for them both. At length it became more quiet within the room. 'My Constance,' said the beautiful clear voice of Gustavus, 'depend upon my honor. It is doubly necessary that the wish of your father should be fulfilled. It will only be an empty ceremony, which



will protect you from the arrows of a taunting world. Never, my dear Constance, shall you be anything else to me than my own dear sister. The only change will be that your name will be Baroness de Lindorm instead of Miss de Lindorm.' 'Do as you please, noble Gustavus,' sighed she, 'I can think no more.' And so the next day, which was the Sabbath, their banns were proclaimed three times, and Monday morning they were married before the bed of the dying Baron."

Here Hermer dropped the letter and looked upon Waldenberg in bewilderment. "What," said he, "were they indeed married? Has it been so and we not know of it? I am bewildered. But why did he conceal it, Waldenberg? And where is he now?"

"Concerning that," replied Waldenberg, "the close of the letter will explain more, and what is wanting I will supply."

Hermer picked the letter from the floor, and taking a draught of water, he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and commenced reading the close of the letter, which had been written somewhat later.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

"THEY are now married, Miller; poor young friend, I do not know whether I had better send you a description of the ceremony or not, as it may renew the pain of your wounded heart; but still I consider it my duty to preserve the memory of that transaction.

"As soon as the clergyman had finished the ceremony, he returned; but the bride still knelt weeping by the side of the bed. Her husband appeared but little more composed. At length he arose, and endeavored to assist his bride to a chair. His countenance was so horrible to look upon, that I pray God that I may never look upon its like again. 'Good Constance,' said he, lifting her head from its resting-place; but he shrunk back, and loudly exclaimed: 'She is dead! Our worldly wisdom has broken her heart.'

"With a fixed look, the old Baron gazed upon the girl. His



forehead was bedewed with cold sweat. We hastened to her, and although she was not really dead, still the effort had been too much for her. She had fainted. It was a long time before she was restored, and after that she was so ill, that we were obliged to convey her to her apartment. In the afternoon, when Gustavus had gone to his room to rest a short time, the old Baron said to me: 'Wilson, come and sit down beside me. My reign will soon close; but my successor will complete what is unfinished. The bark of the old trunk was too rough; my tender lily will flourish anew upon the soothing bosom of the young one. Do you think, Wilson, that Constance will be happy, after she has thought the matter over?' I shook my head doubtingly; but did not express my opinion. 'You do not know the world,' said the old Baron, endeavoring to console his conscience. 'You do not understand such things, old friend; but I have lived long and have seen many such affairs. Thank God that it is now accomplished! Now, tell me, for I wish to know, how it fares with the poor young man. Have you not heard from him?' 'I have not, since we separated,' I answered, but then he was in such a miserable condition that I suppose that he is now there—where you wish him to be.' 'There was no other way, Wilson,' he added, in a tone which proved that the remembrance of the young man was painful to him. 'You will see, that if they had known that he still lived, their marriage would not have taken place. It was one of those necessary falsehoods, which are sometimes unavoidable. He had his choice; had he chosen otherwise, I would have attained my purpose as well. No, Wilson, we have only been the blind instruments of Providence. But God knows,' said he in a hollow voice, as he placed my hand upon his faintly beating heart, 'how much I suffer here. I have much meditated as to how I shall answer my old friend when he meets me in the place where I am going, and asks me to account for the happiness and life of his son. O, Wilson, that is terrible; but thank God, if he still lives it will soon become better with him. His youth will conquer. Wilson, if he still lives—if you should ever see him—tell him that I ask him to forgive me, on this my dying bed. But, I was compelled to do my duty, and I cannot regret that I did so.'

"Both of us were silent. He gradually became worse; and as evening approached he tossed in his bed, and muttered alter-



nately the names of Miller and Constance. His struggles became more severe—pain of mind and body racked his soul. He spent the night in anguish; but the lamp of his life flickered a few days longer. In the mean time, Constance continued unwell, and Baron Gustavus walked to and fro with crossed arms and bent head, solitary and alone. The fifth evening after the marriage had passed, and night approached. Baron Torsten inquired for Gustavus, and bade all except me to leave the room. Baron Gustavus entered the room and advanced to the side of the bed. ‘God bless you my son and heir,’ said Baron Torsten, in a weak and changed voice, ‘sit down beside me and hear my last words, and you, Wilson, must witness them. I hear,’ sighed he, ‘that my poor Constance is too feeble to visit me. I can therefore see her no more, and perhaps it is for the best. Tell her that the last prayer which my trembling lips can utter, is for her. And now, Gustavus, listen. In a few months I wish you to convey Constance to a place which I shall soon point out to you. There let her remain until after she has become a mother, and then place her child in proper hands. Then she will follow you as your wife, to Engelvik, or where else you may choose; but do not bring her to Hamringen, where she will be surrounded by so many objects which will recall painful recollections.’

“Gustavus did not reply. He gazed fixedly upon the dying man, uncertain whether he was raving or sane; but the old man continued in a clear voice: ‘It is necessary, Gustavus, for you to visit Engelvik, and take possession of your heritage. That must be done by all means; but you must promise me solemnly not to mention your marriage, until you conduct your bride to your home.’ ‘But why should I do all this?’ inquired Gustavus.’ ‘It serves many purposes which my experience sees; but which your ignorance of the world overlooks. Do not think that it was ever my desire to taint the honor of the de Lindorm family. God keep me from it. We must be prudent and calculating. You will discover that I have done right, and the death of your father, and the time for mourning, gives you a good excuse for postponing the announcement of your marriage. But I am now exhausted.’ His head sank back powerless upon the pillow; but his eyes were fixed upon the young Baron. ‘Place your ear upon my lips,’ he whispered; ‘I will tell you the name of the place.’ He spoke so low that I could not hear the words.



‘And now, dear Gustavus, are you willing to do all this?’ inquired Baron Torsten, after Gustavus had raised his head. ‘Yes, father, I am, and I truly believe that it is all for the best.’ Torsten nodded his head in token of approval. He remained silent, retaining his nephew’s hand within his own.

“Towards morning he desired Gustavus to read to him. The young Baron opened the Bible and selected two beautiful chapters, adapted to the occasion; and, after reading, he was requested to sing. He complied, and his deep, mellow voice added to the beauty and effect of our consoling psalms. After he had concluded, Baron Torsten entreated him to retire, which, after many objections, he finally did. I watched with my master the rest of the night, alone. About noon the next day the blood rushed to his brain, and then he died. His daughter’s name was the last word his lips pronounced.

“O, Miller, let us pray for the peace of his soul. Three weeks have passed, and all is the same as it was then. I do not think that the marriage is yet made public, and I firmly believe that in this respect the old man’s wishes will be complied with. Constance, or, as I should say, the Baroness, with her husband, walks through the deserted rooms of the house. O, how attentive he is to her; how much it gratifies one’s heart to see that. And then she looks so tenderly into his face, as she sighs, ‘O, Gustavus, my poor Gustavus.’ ‘Speak not so,’ I heard him say a few days ago, as they were walking arm-in-arm through the hall where all the family portraits are hanging. ‘Speak not so, dear friend, believe me I am not unhappy, and could I see you quiet once more, I would then be happy indeed. It is not my fault that I am melancholy.’ ‘You are possessed of an angelic patience and goodness of heart,’ she replied, ‘and God grant that, after a few shovelfull of earth shall have covered my now trembling form, a pure and good wife, worthy of you, may repay you for your sacrifices and sufferings.’ Thus they speak consolingly to each other, although I see that both are pressed down by misfortune, and fears for the future.

“It is now the middle of June, and in a short time they will leave Hamringen. Where they go, I know not. Constance, however, has promised to write me a few lines, that I may know how she prospers, after she has arrived at her destination. She seems to be much satisfied with this arrangement, as she will be



able to lead a secluded life, and, between us, I do not believe that the dear child will be able to travel much further. And now, friend Miller, you know all. May the Lord strengthen you. Perhaps you have already followed my prudent advice—and returned to your father. But, wherever you are, may my prayers follow you, and God protect you. And should you ever feel a desire to open your heart to a sympathizing heart, then write to your old, affectionate friend,

“WILSON.”

When Hermer had concluded, he remained silent, holding the letter in his hand, and some time elapsed before either of the gentlemen could speak upon the painful events which wholly engrossed their attention. At length Waldenberg commenced to describe the succeeding events, with which our readers are already familiar, and, as a proof of the truth of his statement, presented Miller's last letter, dated at Ejkenberg.

“What's to be done,” said he, when the astonished Hermer laid the letter aside. “Shall we not start to-night?” “Certainly; but let me first collect my scattered thoughts. I must confess that I am much bewildered. How think you is it going on now at the old Serjeant's house, which seems as familiar to me as though I had seen it a thousand times? Gustavus is there, chained to his bed by his feverish imagination; Constance is in the constant fear of death; and poor Miller, with his poison, ready to take his own life. But let us hasten. It is all we can do. The imagination is always strong, and let the result be as it may, we can only be its witnesses. But we should now govern ourselves, or else we will frighten the ladies. There, drink a glass of wine, and then prepare every thing for our speedy departure.” Although Hermer endeavored to ask his wife quietly for a change of clothes, and other necessities for a journey on business, still she observed his excitement, and inquired, “What else have you on your mind besides business? Speak, I implore you, for Waldenberg does not alone betray that something important has occurred.”

“But, my dear wife,” said Hermer, feigning a smile, “what spirit of prophecy has fallen upon you? The business belongs to Waldenberg. Something in relation to the Baron's absence. I must assist our young friend to bring the matter to a focus,



and as we start this evening, you would oblige me much, my dear, if you would speedily prepare every thing for a long journey. If my countenance betrays my excitement, you must not be alarmed, for there are certain classes of business which frequently excite the most quiet mind."

"May God grant that it is nothing worse," said his wife, and proceeded to make every thing ready for the journey. She was well aware that her noble-hearted husband was always anxious to assist a friend as much as possible. Georgiana, however, well knew that Lindorm was partially a cause of this journey, and thought that it must be a matter of the utmost importance, as her father endeavored to conceal it. She remained in her seat, unable to ask a single question. Hermer was aware of Georgiana's secret thoughts. Had there been time, he would have put her strength of mind to a test; but now he thought it better to say nothing upon the subject, until his return, when he would be able to use all the caution which the delicate matter required.

After a few hours, Hermer entered his skiff, and rowed over to Engelvik, where he was met by Waldenberg, who had gone home before to prepare for the journey. Before the stars had arisen, they had proceeded some miles on their road. As soon as Hermer had left the house, Georgiana proceeded to the parlor, where the secret interview had been held. Her eyes fell upon a folded paper, lying upon the floor near the sofa. She picked it up; the hand-writing, as well as the signature, were unknown to her. But as she saw the name of Gustavus and Constance frequently repeated, she concluded to make herself familiar with its contents. It was Wilson's letter to Miller. Georgiana locked the parlor door, and, trembling in every limb, seated herself upon the sofa, to read that which would cause her the most intense pain. And all this happened, because Waldenberg had neglected to take the letter from the place where Hermer had laid it. While Georgiana was arranging the sofa cushions, the letter fell from her hands to the floor. But it is now time that we should turn our attention to the humble home of honest Serjeant Kramer.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER Miller had sealed the letter, and conveyed it to the parsonage, he proceeded towards the Serjeant's house. The poor young man's mind was coldly quiet, devoid of all feeling. He had only one fixed purpose; he wished to see his child, cost what it might, and then to die, for the fountain of his young life was dried up for ever. Pale and ghost-like, he wandered around in the neighborhood of the old house. As the windows were all lighted, he dared not approach, but waited for the later hours of the night, that he might force his entrance when all was still. What he would then do, he did not exactly know himself. This was to depend entirely upon circumstances. He indulged in the terrible thought of dividing with Constance the poison, which he had prepared for himself. He retained fast in his hand the paper containing the poison, and hoped that she would wish to take it with him, and thus be sure of an eternal re-union.

It was a cold and dark evening in the middle of October; after night had fairly set in there arose a terrible storm, which moaned fearfully through the dark forests. Lightning flashed athwart the lowering clouds, continually, and the rolling thunder reverberated above the roaring of the furious elements. A heavy shower of rain increased the terrors of the night; but the silent wanderer stood pale and unmoved as a statue. His clothing was drenched through and through with the rain. He heeded it not, neither did he feel it. His eyes were fixed steadfastly upon the Serjeant's dwelling. A solitary light shone through the window of a room, the inmates of which were his only thought.

Reader, we will now enter this little apartment. Silence reigned supreme. Upon a large bedstead reclined Constance, whose face was as white as the quilt which covered her. Her rich black hair floated around her face, resembling a frame surrounding a beautiful painting. Her eyes were closed, but she breathed softly. She still lived, but it was apparent that the flickering lamp of life would soon be extinguished. On a little table standing beside the bed was lying the corpse of an infant



It was Constance's child. The little being had never been awakened to a consciousness of life. It slumbered far more sweetly in death than it ever could have done in life. Hedda, the faithful, the sorrowful Hedda, was sitting at the foot of the bed. She wept as her eyes were constantly fixed upon her beloved mistress. A young woman, who had been engaged as a nurse, was sitting sleeping near the stove. When she arrived her assistance was no longer required, but she still remained that she might watch with the invalid.

Constance had only once desired to see her child. Hedda, who thought that she could deceive the poor suffering mother, and persuade her that the child slept, carried it to her. Constance was about to take it; but Hedda said evasively, "Do not take it, you will awaken it from its light slumber."

"Yes, but it is so cold," replied Constance, astonished, as she stroked the child's white cheeks. "Place it in my arms, I will warm it, Hedda."

"That will not do, dear mistress," replied Hedda, fearfully. "I think that it will sleep better on the cushion I have prepared for it."

"O, please let me take it," and Constance, fearful that the child was no more, placed her ear upon its lips. "You have deceived me, Hedda," said she, in a heart-rending tone, "it does not sleep, it is dead;" and this little moment contained all that bitter grief which only a mother's heart can feel. She allowed the child to drop upon her bosom. Her head fell back, and a large tear rolled down her pale cheeks.

Hedda bore the child away, and, falling upon her knees, implored forgiveness for the deception she had practiced. "What an unfortunate creature I am," sighed she, "I did not know what to do!"

"Be quiet, Hedda," whispered Constance, "I am content. It is better as it is. The Lord has been gracious. I will soon follow my child. I will sleep now, leave me."

Silently Hedda glided back to her former place at the foot of the bed, and fervently prayed God to aid her during this fearful night. Two o'clock arrived. Mrs. Kramer, who had watched until twelve o'clock, had retired, and the Baron's condition was more dangerous than before. His brain was feverish and confused, and therefore it was impossible to inform him of what had transpired. The parson was still nigh at hand, but he was



now buried in profound slumber, fatigued by continued watching with Gustavus, whose feverish dreams had long kept the worthy man in a state of the most intense anxiety. Serjeant Kramer was absent from home on this unfortunate night, having gone on a message to the village, and, as his return was momentarily expected, the hall door was left unfastened. Hedda, therefore, was left alone, helpless and despairing. She listened with the closest attention to the low breathing of her young mistress. "Great God!" sighed she; "if I only had Wilson here to advise me; but alone, alone, that is too much. God have pity upon me!" And she then remembered that during this severe trial she had not dedicated a single moment to Him, who can only aid us in our distress. She turned aside, intending to take the prayer-book from the window sill. The fierce wind drove the window curtains here and there. Suddenly she sprang back from the window, and the blood almost froze in her veins, as she saw a ghastly face with horrible eyes glaring upon her.

"Heavenly father, have mercy upon me," she cried in agony, "it is Miller's ghost. O, my God, she must die!" She did not dare to lift her eyes, or awaken the nurse. Poor, faithful Hedda, how much you suffered on that terrible night!

For nearly a quarter of an hour all was silent. The storm subsided that it might regain renewed power, and Hedda, who had recovered from her fright, arose that she might awaken her companion. At this moment she heard the footsteps of a man in the hall. Her blood rushed to her heart, although she thought that perhaps it was Mr. Kramer; but it did not sound like his footsteps, and now she plainly heard that the steps were approaching the room in which she was sitting; now he touched the latch, he lifted it; she was scarcely able to breathe. The door was opened, and Miller's tall figure, wrapped in a large cloak, passed through the door with stately steps. Hedda sank senseless to the floor.

He cautiously approached the cushion on which reposed the body of the child, but his dark eyes were frequently turned upon the bed where slept Constance. O, who would have recognized in that wan countenance, the once so beautiful and joyous youth? Miller lifted the body of the child from its resting place, and convulsively pressed it to his withered heart. He looked at it attentively, and a horrible smile played upon his lips when he discovered that it was dead. He then lightly advanced to the



bed, where he stood silently, and looked, his eyes replete with holy love, upon the beautiful broken lily. He would have endured an eternity of torture could he have restored her to her former bloom and light-heartedness. As he thus gazed upon her his countenance brightened. He could no longer see the one he so much loved, without a renewal of his former happiness, even though his soul was filled with penitence. He bowed over her. She opened her eyes. Her first words were those of fear, but they were soon changed to mildness and tenderness.

"Alexander, my own Alexander, you are near me. I have waited long, long for you."

"Yes, dear Constance, my life, my love," he stammered, "I have come to die with you."

"My beloved," these two dear words with which she had so often greeted him, fell upon his ear like the sweet song of a heavenly spirit, and with an endearing smile, the gentle soul of the loving Constance took its flight to another and better world. Miller bowed over his beloved. His countenance assumed a terrible appearance. He listened in vain for one word more. "All is over," said he, in a tone resembling the sound produced by the breaking of the string of a harp; "all, all is over. I will kiss those lips once again, which will smile no more on me." He pressed one long kiss upon the cold, cold lips, and then arising drew forth from his pocket the powder, and poured it into a tumbler of water which stood upon the table. He mixed it well together, and then drained it to the dregs. Then lifting the child from the cushion, he erected his form to its fullest height; but soon he sank upon his knees, and reclined his head upon the bed. He then placed the hand of Constance upon his burning forehead. An hour elapsed, and the persons in an adjoining room were awakened by the sound of a heavy fall, and a long, loud cry. Mrs. Kramer hastened up the stairs, and calling all the females of the house, they hastened to the room where a fearful scene was presented to their horrified vision. An unknown man was struggling in the agonies of death upon the floor. The body of the infant was lying upon the floor a short distance from him. Constance was dead, and Hedda had fainted. The nurse had just awakened and mingled her cries with the roaring of the tempest, which shook the window-sash until it seemed as though it would tear from its fastenings. The cries and confusion reached Lindorm's ears, and awoke him from his



restless slumbers. He felt strong, for he thought that the horrible noise was in the room of Constance. He hastily slipped on his morning gown and was about to descend, when the pastor awoke. Thinking that Gustavus was delirious, he endeavored to detain him forcibly, at the same time shouting for help, with all his strength.

"Is there no body going after the doctor?" he inquired of a servant, who was rushing up stairs howling with terror. She did not answer, but continued to scream at the top of her lungs. Gustavus broke into the sick room, and at one glance understood it all, and then sank upon the threshold of the door completely senseless.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

Strength comes again, and weakness flies,  
He looks around, and feebly sighs.  
But see, alas! his eyes once mild  
Now are vacant, and sadly wild.

TEGNER.

ABOUT three weeks after the events described in the last chapter had transpired, two travellers were approaching the Serjeant's dwelling. Their horses were worn out with fatigue, and the vehicle was travel-stained and broken. Old Mr. Kramer was standing upon the porch, looking with astonishment upon the new comers. Mr. Hermer and Mr. Waldenberg stepped forth from the carriage, and approached the old man with polite bows. The Serjeant was standing, as was his custom, with one hand thrust into the lapells of his faithful uniform over his breast, and the other under his coat tail. The Serjeant bowed profoundly to the strangers. Waldenberg was so much excited that he could not speak, but Hermer, who better understood how to master his feelings, turned politely to the old man, and inquired, "Have we the honor of seeing Serjeant Kramer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you not lately had a stranger residing with you?" inquired Mr. Hermer. "If he is still here, can we see him?"



"God have mercy upon them, there have been two strangers here," answered Mr. Kramer with a sigh, "which one do you want to see? Should you wish to see the one who last arrived, you will find him about twenty feet behind yonder church. The other one, who brought all this misery along with him, remains at the parsonage, very sick."

Mr. Waldenberg rested himself upon the arm of his friend, and with the utmost difficulty kept himself from falling.

"Where is the young lady?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"She lies within the chancel of the church, where she will remain until her husband is restored; and then, I have been informed, the body will be taken to the place from whence they came."

"O, that is horrible!" exclaimed Waldenberg.

"Where is the child?" inquired Mr. Hermer.

"I am astonished to find the gentlemen so familiar with all these things," said the old Serjeant. "The child reposes upon the bosom of its mother."

"Thank God!" whispered Waldenberg faintly, almost overcome by his severe journey, and the great excitement caused by the sad news he had heard.

"My dear sir," said Hermer, turning to the Serjeant, "permit us to rest under your hospitable roof for an hour. My companion requires refreshment. He was a particular friend of the young man who is dead, and we are both desirous to be more perfectly informed in relation to these afflicting events."

"Willingly, and with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Kramer. "You are heartily welcome."

He conducted them into the hall, and opened the door of the parlor, during which time his wife, whom he had notified that the strangers would remain a short time, was busy preparing the invigorating coffee, the only consolation which she believed could relieve all trouble or pain.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Kramer, after the guests had seated themselves, "this is the very room in which all these events transpired. O, I shall never forget that night." And then the old man related the particulars of the event with which our readers are already familiar. "The next morning," he continued, "the parson directed that the Baron should be conveyed to the parsonage, which the Baron seemed desirous should be done. His removal there was very difficult, for he had, as the doc-



tor calls it, the brain fever, and his recovery was very doubtful. He is now, however, doing well, and will soon recover, although he is still very weak. During his illness the body of the young lady was removed to the church, and the parson allowed the unfortunate youth who had destroyed himself, to be buried in consecrated ground, because he had resided a few weeks in his house, and the parson loved him much. Last Sunday I went to his funeral. Among the papers found on his body was one which made known that his name was Alexander Miller, and a letter from his father further corroborated the truth of this inference. The parson, therefore, wrote to his father, and shortly after, an old gentleman, pressed down by grief, arrived at the parsonage. It was Miller's father. I was sent for, and he questioned me in a manner which proved well how much he mourned the loss of his beloved son. He thanked me warmly, and generously rewarded us. He also visited our house and looked at this unfortunate room. Tears gushed from his eyes as I showed him the place on the bed where his son had knelt. He left the house in silence, and went to the grave of his son, where he remained alone for several hours. After he had collected all the papers, and other things belonging to the dead, he left us, regretting much that the Baron's critical situation did not allow him to obtain all the information which he desired. The parson promised to write to him as soon as the Baron's health would permit him to give a more particular explanation of the cause of these events." Hermer and Waldenberg were attentive listeners. Both were so much moved that they could not easily compose themselves, although they had been prepared to hear the worst. Waldenberg was also much grieved that he had not met Miller's father here. He was not able to travel further, and was therefore obliged to prepare himself for the most difficult duty of informing the suffering father, by letter, all the circumstances concerning the death of his son. The silence was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Kramer. She saluted her guests friendly, and said benevolently, "I have prepared coffee, and if you will go to the dining-room, I think it will taste better there than in this room, which I cannot enter alone, even in the day-time, without a fear which you can easily pardon."

The gentlemen arose and gratefully followed the good-hearted dame. After they had partaken of the coffee and some slight refreshments, Mr. Waldenberg reposed himself upon the sofa



for a few hours, during which time Hermer, after filling his pipe, entered into conversation with the old Serjeant. After Waldenberg arose they proceeded to the house of the parson. The little red house with its white chimney and green window-blinds, was surrounded by tall maple trees, and appeared friendly and inviting. They felt more comfortable in mind as they ascended the broad staircase, and were welcomed by the good parson. After they had been conducted to a room, in which was a fine and large collection of books, the travellers gave their names and business.

"Welcome to my humble dwelling," said the parson, cordially. "I will give you all the accommodations that an old bachelor can afford. Still, gentlemen," he added, "you must excuse me, as I must attend to the invalid. I dare not introduce you to the Baron before I have informed him of your arrival, for, to speak the truth, he is still very weak. The shocking occurrence, of which you have already been informed I suppose by my friend Serjeant Kramer, here, has so shattered his mind that he has been delirious. He always thinks that Mr. Miller has been dead several months, and that his ghost appeared to take his bride. We cannot convince him that this is impossible, and that Miller was a live man, and living in this very house, a few hours before he committed that sinful act. When we endeavor to do so, he smiles doubtfully, and shakes his head. Sometimes he becomes offended, and says, 'Spare your breath, I know better. His body rests beneath the waves of the river Ljusne.'"

"This confusion of mind is natural to a sick man," replied Hermer, "especially as it was reported that Miller had destroyed himself some months ago. It is impossible for the Baron to understand the matter clearly in his present state. But Mr. Waldenberg can give him explanations which will render the matter clear. Mr. Miller wrote him a letter which told everything up to the time he determined to destroy his life. Therefore, we have hastened here, travelling day and night. God grant that the Baron's condition is such that an explanation can be permitted."

The bell rung violently. "He is awake," said the parson, "and has heard us conversing. I must go to him."

In the same room where the unfortunate Miller had slept, we now find Gustavus Lindorm, stretched upon his sick bed. His cheeks were hollow, and his dark eyes sunk deep in their sock-



ets. His usually pale face was yellow, and his black beard unusually long. His hair was dishevelled, hanging disorderly over his high forehead. Thus Lindorm appeared. He, that beautiful man, who, only a few months before, had been regarded enviously by all the fashionable young men of the places he had visited. Pain of mind and body had destroyed the beautiful edifice, and only the ruins remained.

"My dear friend," said he, when the Parson entered the room, "I thought I heard familiar voices. I am sure that I am not deceived; but how did they receive the knowledge so soon? for it was only last night that poor Miller came and took his bride. You must have sent a phantom to them, for I remember that I was ten days upon the road, before I reached here."

"I have already assured you several times," replied the Pastor, somewhat hastily, "that all you say is mere imagination. It was not last night, for it was nearly three weeks ago, when that afflicting event happened."

"Just as well," replied Gustavus. "Three weeks, or three days, or three hours, it is all the same. All is over, and cannot be recalled. But you evade my question. Who is in the other room?"

"There are two gentlemen, who wish to speak with you. One is named Hermer, and the other one is Steward Waldenberg."

"O, they are welcome," said he, with a slight smile. "My friends have not forgotten me then. Arthur is with them, no doubt."

"There are only two," replied the Parson.

"O, I might have known that," he answered, quickly passing his hand over his forehead. His cheeks flushed for a moment, and he added slowly, "He has something else to do; but go quickly, and bring hither my two guests."

The Parson slowly departed. Lindorm's eyes followed him until the door closed upon him; then he clasped his thin hands, and in a painful tone said, "Constance, my dear sister, you often said, solemnly, that when you found rest, I should find rest also. Now you are happy, for you are united with the one you so dearly loved; but *I*, O, where is my peace? When shall *I* obtain rest? Arthur, Arthur!" he said, in an indistinct voice, "Is he not coming now, in Miller's shape, to steal



from me my other, my true bride? I see him there every night. Arthur! false, deceiving Arthur. You shall combat with me for her; otherwise you cannot have her."

He lifted himself, and then fell back upon the pillow, exhausted. And thus it was with him,—every moment of clearness was followed by darkness. When Hermer and Waldenberg entered, he had closed his eyes, and seemed to have forgotten that they had arrived. They drew back silently; but the looks they interchanged with each other, displayed how much the scene moved them. "Great God," whispered Waldenberg, "how much he must have suffered. I can scarcely recognize him."

"No wonder;" replied Hermer, in the same low voice, "and if I mistake not, it is more than one sorrow which pains his heart."

"I thought so before," said his friend, in a trembling voice.

With a look of compassion, Hermer pressed his young companion's hand. "God does every thing for the best," said he, consolingly. "Sorrow and resignation cannot obtain the crown of victory on this earth." Waldenberg's eyes were filled with tears, and silently he turned towards the window.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My days were restless, ever  
Gloomy and oppressed,  
Until a brighter moment  
Calmed my aching breast.  
Opening my eyes to light,  
My mind sought for the goal;  
Bright Religion led the way,  
And soothed my longing soul."

NIKANDER.

ABOUT a quarter of an hour later, Lindorm awoke. He opened his eyes, and cast an inquiring glance around the room. Mr. Hermer approached the bed. Waldenberg was so much excited, that he still remained near the window. "Welcome,



friends," said Gustavus, with a weak smile, as he extended his hand. "How did you find me here, in this solitary place?"

"Waldenberg will explain this to you, my dear Baron, as soon as you are able to listen to him. I thank God that we are here; but, permit me to ask, is there no physician here?"

"The village physician has been here twice," said the Parson, laying a stress upon his words, "and he hoped for the best. Baron Lindorm is much better now than he was a week ago, although he is still very feeble, which is not strange, after such a sickness." An impatient expression was apparent upon Gustavus's countenance. After the Parson had ceased speaking, he asked, uneasily, "How is your family, Mr. Hermer?"

"They are well, thank God," replied Mr. Hermer; "my wife was somewhat fearful when she heard of my sudden departure."

"Alida was always sympathizing." There was something in Lindorm's voice, which revived certain sentiments within Hermer's breast. He therefore resolved to touch a chord, hoping that it would find an echo within Gustavus's disturbed heart, and serve to soothe it. Therefore, in his usually gay tone, he immediately continued:

"My wife would have been more alarmed had she known, or had the least suspicion of the cause of our journey, for she has always loved you as her own son; but I did not dare tell her, for Georgiana's countenance plainly warned me. My wife was absent when Waldenberg arrived, and said that he had important business to consult with me. When Georgiana heard of this, she turned deathly pale, and exclaimed, 'Does not this business relate to Gustavus?' I do not know how Waldenberg explained himself, but I do not think it was satisfactory, for she was not convinced, by any means, when I assured her that the business related only to your estate. This innocent subterfuge seemed to me to be better than the truth, especially on this occasion, for they are both particularly interested in your welfare, and would not have been willing to remain in uncertainty and fear during our absence."

Hermer had spoken much more than was necessary to produce a change in Lindorm's countenance, although he received no reply; but a blush overspread Gustavus's cheeks with a transient glow, his eyes were flushed, and his hand trembled, as it rested within that of Hermer. After a long pause, he in-



quired, "Will not Mr. Waldenberg come in? I wish to see him."

Waldenberg now approached, and his weeping eyes were turned upon Lindorm's changed countenance, with poorly suppressed emotion. His lips parted, but he was unable to speak. "My dear friend," said Gustavus, "you have not yet learned the happy aptitude of a man of the world, to conceal the emotions of your heart, beneath the artificial cloak of composure. Hermer did not display his emotion, when he observed my countenance; but I need only look at you, to comprehend how much it must have changed."

"When I remembered the sufferings which have caused this change," said Waldenberg, "I could not hope that your countenance would be otherwise than altered."

"What do you know concerning this event?" said Gustavus, in a tone evincing admiration and uneasiness.

"Much, too much," replied Waldenberg, "and have known it for a long time." His voice was scarcely audible as he spoke. "For a long time I have suffered with you; I have also suffered with Miller, who was my youthful friend. I must disclose to you, that Miller's reported death was only an abominable fabrication, which Baron Torsten de Lindorm invented, that he might attain his finally accomplished design. He deceived you, and Miss Constance. Perhaps," he continued, as he observed the change his words produced upon the Baron's features, "perhaps I should not have revealed this secret so soon, but I believed that an explanation of the doubtful position in which you have been placed, would produce a more beneficial change in your condition, than any other remedy."

"In God's name, what say you?" exclaimed Gustavus, gazing upon Waldenberg in amazement. He heard nothing of the steward's excuses. "An invention, did you say? Is it possible? He lived, and all of us could have been happy! O, no, it is a deception. My uncle could not have been such a contemptible man, as to sacrifice me, and his lovely daughter, to gratify his miserable pride. And then Miller, how could he have been able to force *him* to consent to such a despicable plan? It makes my head whirl. Sit down beside me, Waldenberg, and tell me all from beginning to end. I have long desired to break this suspense, and now, God has mercifully sent you hither."



"But I do not know," replied Waldenberg, "whether you will be able to listen to the whole narration this evening."

"Fear not," interrupted Gustavus, as soon as he saw that the parson and Hermer seemed dissatisfied. "A clear insight into the chaotic darkness, will be of more advantage than any medicine, and as I should like to be alone with my steward, I hope, reverend sir, that, in the mean time, you will well perform the part of a host towards my good friend." There was a decision in Gustavus' tone which could not be disobeyed, and therefore, the pastor and Hermer, bowing slightly, left the apartment.

"Now, my good Waldenberg," said Gustavus, "sit down by my side, and do not conceal anything from me, I pray you."

Waldenberg complied with his request, stating precisely all the circumstances connected with Miller and Constance; and as he thus spoke, there arose within the dark and confused imagination of Gustavus, a clear light. He now plainly understood many eccentricities of his uncle which he before had so often wished to comprehend. When Waldenberg told of the manner by which the Baron had forced poor Miller to sign his own and his beloved one's death warrant, Lindorm became excited in the highest degree. "Villain!" he exclaimed, and his eyes flashed with rage, "that he could do this. Was there no feeling of humanity within his heart, when the troubled youth fell at his feet and entreated for mercy? O, Miller, my heart bleeds for you, when I think of the sufferings you must have endured. And this cruel monster could truly throw away the lives of three human beings, like chaff before the wind, and I, a fourth one, nearly became a sacrifice to his blind pride, for it is truly wonderful that I could bear all these things and live."

Both were silent for a few moments.

"Heavenly Father, forgive him," said Gustavus, at length, removing the hand he had placed upon his burning forehead, and looking up into Waldenberg's face. "He was a great sinner, Waldenberg. But I perceive that this evil which he caused, originated more in his miserable pride of family, than in deliberate wickedness; and although the effects of his actions have been horrible, still the motives were not so abominable, for they arose from a false sentiment of duty. In one respect I must do him justice, and that is, he never once reproached his daughter."

"O, dear Baron," replied Waldenberg, "he chose another—a



surer way of destroying her happiness, and he followed it up systematically ; and then Miller, if you could only understand how much he suffered during his six months of exile, wandering about without hope, or friends ; his mind confused, and his figure wasted to a shadow ; he at length gave way to the powerful influences of passion, and went in search of Constance, that he might end her's and his own sufferings."

"I understand all that," replied the Baron, "I can never forget the sight that met my eyes when I met him in the forest—his horrible laughter even now terrifies me ; but please speak further, dear Waldenberg. I am becoming weary, and wish to hear the end of your communication as soon as possible."

Waldenberg now read Miller's letters, which explained all that Gustavus wished to learn. After he had concluded, he searched for the letter which Miller had sent him from Ejkenberg ; but he could not find it. Now his mind misgave him when he thought that he might have left it at Rosendal. But soon after he distinctly remembered that he had placed it in his vest pocket. He probably had forgotten it in his haste while preparing for the journey, after he had returned to his room at Engelvik. Satisfied, he related its contents to Gustavus, who listened with much emotion, and after Waldenberg had concluded, he folded his hands upon his breast, and said : "Peace be with your soul, unfortunate youth. We will hope that they are now happily united in the other world."

Waldenberg sighed, but replied not. His belief did not contradict this consoling opinion, but he was meditating upon his own rapidly approaching dissolution, and upon his own hopeless love. "I wish to sleep now," said the Baron, "and I see that you also, my friend, require it. I had almost forgotten to thank you for the sacrifices you have made in your anxiety to place my mind at rest. But I know how to estimate them, rest assured of that. I am aware how difficult it must have been for you, suffering as you do with your weak lungs, to travel such a distance in an open vehicle, and over rough roads ; but I shall never forget it. Had you not come, I should undoubtedly have met with the same fate that my poor father did ; but as it now is I shall recover. The memory of Constance will ever leave an aching void within my heart. I loved her as my dear sister. She was an angel, Waldenberg."

"Did she resemble Miss de Werdenberg?" inquired the



steward, modestly, and his thoughts brightened as he spoke, for she was his ideal of all that was beautiful and good.

"Yes, and no," replied Gustavus; "Constance was angelic, and so is Miss de Werdenberg; but Constance, the timid lily, was not so attractive as the lovely, yet modest rose. Her principal pleasing characteristic was her goodness of heart, which shone forth from her beautiful and pure eyes. I should hope that Georgiana's soul is allied to that of Constance. Goodness of heart is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of female attributes. Should this be wanting, the others vanish."

"Miss de Werdenberg is good, no doubt of that," said Waldenberg, firmly; "but, united with her goodness of heart is a liveliness of sentiment, which renders the purity of her heart doubly beautiful. I can judge better of this as I have had an opportunity of observing her more than two years. How often I have met her, as she proceeded alone, and as she believed unseen, to the houses of the poor. Not for the purpose of giving alms indiscriminately; but in order to console and relieve the suffering hearts. Believe me, she had the purest soul, the warmest heart, and the noblest mind, which have ever been possessed by woman, and it would be difficult to find a woman more chastely modest than she, although, at the same, time she is free, perfectly free, from all affectation."

"True," sighed Lindorm, "but we are diverging too much from our subject. Good night, dear Waldenberg." Waldenberg left the apartment, and after Gustavus had endeavored to arrange the new order of sentiments which filled his head and heart, his soul lifted itself up in prayer to Him, who holds in his hand the fates of all. Never had he felt this truth so much as at this time. At length he fell into a slumber, and slept more sweetly than he had for many months before.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

Hark to the rustling among the tombs!  
Listen! the spirits of earth are striving.

NIKANDER.

Yes, we again shall surely meet,  
Beloved spirit, sweetly sleep,  
Join in holy and peaceful strains.  
We *all* again shall surely meet  
In blissful union; happy rest.

STENHAMMAR.

HERMER and Waldenberg remained at the parsonage nearly a week. Gustavus gradually recovered his strength, occasionally leaving his bed. Life and bloom were fast returning. His eyes appeared less vacant. His lofty figure was now upright, and the former elasticity and natural grace of his step restored. His every movement again displayed that which Willie styled "so imposing and distinguished." In short an astonishing change had taken place in his entire nature, body and soul. His countenance was clothed with an expression of softness and contentment, and his gloom was fast vanishing.

One morning after breakfast, Hermer, for the first time dared to mention a certain subject, which had been hitherto carefully avoided. It was concerning the funeral of Constance. Her body still remained in the chancel of the church of Ejkenberg.

"What shall be done in the matter?" inquired Hermer; "is it your desire to travel to Hamringen? It seems to me that the journey is too arduous. Could she not be buried somewhere else? It would not do to bury her here, where you should remain incognito, but our church-yard at Effenbo is beautiful. Would it not do to bury her there?"

"Do you think," said Gustavus, and a blush overspread his pale countenance, "that I can cause her to be buried there, where I hope I may be allowed to see peace? Would not that tend to dispel that peace, if I should myself introduce into Engelvik the pictures of death and grief. O, no, my friend, that will not do. Such guests will come early enough, and aside from that it would give rise to many disagreeable stories, which would naturally be very unpleasant to me. And again, the family tomb of my uncle is at Hamringen, and there shall Con-



stance rest with the ancestors of her mother. From time immemorial that tomb has belonged to the possessors of Hamringen. I will follow her alone to her first, and to her last home, and witness the tears which her servants will mingle with mine over the dust of the early withered flower; for although young, still she was a mother to them all. Should not our brave Wilson once more see his idol? Yes, she must be carried to Hamringen, and in spite of all prejudices the body of Miller shall be taken also, and shall be laid beside that of the one he so much loved. They shall be united, at least, in death. They shall rest beside each other. I have thought of this for a long time, and its accomplishment will be a sweet consolation to me, for, although angels may not be allowed to commune with mortals, still I know that she will be grateful to me."

"I agree with you in this respect," said Waldenberg. "It fills my heart with a sincere and mournful joy. God bless you, Baron Lindorm, for the noble generosity which prevents you from caring for those deep-rooted and evil prejudices. O, how rejoiced I am that my poor friend has at length attained the blessing of being united with his beloved, although in death."

"But," said Mr. Hermer, "have you considered all the hindrances that may present themselves to prevent the accomplishment of this beautiful desire?"

"I fear them not. Our good host is my friend," replied Gustavus, "he will not object to my desire. We spoke concerning the subject some time ago. Waldenberg and I will visit Mr. Miller's father. I am sure he will be grateful for this arrangement, and as relates to the parson at Hamringen, he is too intelligent to hinder a good purpose on account of worn-out prejudices. Beside this he is too much a man of the world to disagree with the new owner of Hamringen, who, if you will please to remember, my dear friend, is no less a personage than myself," and Gustavus smiled faintly as he spoke.

"I am convinced that you can accomplish your design," answered Hermer, "but if it is really to be done, you must permit me to accompany you. To undertake such a journey under these unpleasant circumstances, would be entrusting too much to your health, which is still very feeble. Promise me that when you will be able to undertake this journey, you will not despise my friendly offer."

Gustavus raised several objections to this proposal, but he



found himself, by the united arguments of Hermer and Waldenberg, compelled to consent. It was now resolved that the journey should be commenced during the latter part of November.

"O, that I could go also!" sighed Waldenberg.

"May God prevent it," said Mr. Hermer, "for I much fear, Waldenberg, that should you go with us we would be obliged to bury you also. No, we have decided that you must now, during the warm weather, return to Engelvik, and you must promise to visit the lonely ladies at Rosendal frequently, that you may console and comfort them, and then their care for you will have a beneficial influence upon the health of both your mind and body."

Waldenberg's face flushed as he thus replied: "Thank you, my kind friend. Your Rosendal will be an earthly paradise to me, until I depart for the heavenly one."

"Do not think so much of that," said Gustavus. "By God's assistance, my good Waldenberg, many happy hours are still left for you, and you will be permitted to delight your friends with your presence for many years to come. But, before we separate I will give you one more mission of the most delicate nature to fulfill, which will require your greatest skill. I wish you to inform the ladies at Rosendal, in the best manner you can, of all that has transpired, and that I have been a married man and a widower, in a wonderful short space of time. It will then be easy for them to understand my former conduct."

"I will make every possible endeavor," replied Waldenberg, "to obey your command in a manner comporting with its delicacy. What time do you propose returning?"

"On or about New Year's day," said Gustavus. "We cannot return sooner, as our journey must necessarily be very slow, and as I shall be obliged, after our arrival at Hamringen, to examine the late Baron's papers, and perform other business in relation to settling the estate. But, I think, that by the aid of my friend, Mr. Hermer, it is certain the business will be closed by that time, and that we will be home by the first of January. But I will write you the particulars. And now, my dear Waldenberg, I recommend to your care all the necessary repairs that Engelvik may require. Arthur has much taste and skill in modern architecture, therefore allow him to assist you by his advice and specifications."

"In that case," replied Waldenberg, "it would be very pleas-



ant if the Lieutenant should have returned during my absence, for he left Engelvik the next day after you departed."

"What!" exclaimed Gustavus in astonishment, "Arthur not at Engelvik?" A peculiar unpleasant feeling had detained Gustavus from mentioning Arthur's name, until this moment. That is very strange. I had supposed that he had taken up his residence at Rosendal, that he might protect the ladies during the absence of the Master of the Castle, as would become a faithful knight."

"So far as I know," remarked Waldenberg, with a smile, "they have at present no other knight except Willie. But the lovely, joyous boy, answers the purpose very well. As regards Lieutenant S——, however, he only made a short farewell visit at Rosendal, and then departed in company with Mr. Holk, to Bjerke, where he will remain until you return, as he informed me."

The Baron seemed highly satisfied at this news. "I will write to Arthur," said he, "and if you will send him my letter, I hope that he will follow its advice and return. His social qualities will be of much use to you during your solitude at Engelvik."

The day after his arrival at Ejkenberg, Waldenberg visited the house of the Serjeant, and planted two weeping willows on the spot beneath Constance's window where his young friend Miller had struggled with his passions. Between the willows he also planted a cypress. The willows flourish and yet remain as mementoes of the sad story.

The worthy Kramer and his wife have long since departed to their eternal home. The old building has been destroyed by time, and a new and elegant house has been erected at a short distance from its site. The new building is occupied by the present possessor of the estate. Only a mass of ruins remains to tell the passer-by that in former times there were beings here who enjoyed life as he now does himself. The new serjeant will cheerfully relate the story, which tradition has carefully preserved, concerning these ruins.

We will now only add that Gustavus, as soon as his health would permit, entered upon the performance of his melancholy duty, aided by his friend Mr. Hermer, and on the fourteenth day of September they arrived in the court yard of the mansion at Hamringen. The old steward limped out to meet them. Cares



and grief at the sad news, which he had already heard by letters from Waldenberg, were imprinted upon his forehead. He extended his hands to his young master, and wept bitterly.

"I knew that it would come to this," said he, "for since they could not live together, they had to die. O, dear Constance, my eyes shall ever weep for you, my happiness in this life is destroyed. She was the only spirit of joy we had, and my poor, poor friend Miller! May God bless you, good Baron, for bringing him along with you; but it is almost too much grief for me, an old man. Would to God that my eyes had never beheld them, or, at least, that they may soon be closed forever."

Wilson's prayer was heard. Before Gustavus and Mr. Hermer had left Hamringen, they followed his wearied bones to the grave.

And now there rested within the family tomb two precious coffins, on each of which were two silver plates, bearing an inscription relating the fate which brought their inmates thither.

Circumstances prevented Gustavus from returning to Engelvik as soon as he had expected. We will now leave Hamringen and its inmates, and visit our other acquaintances. The reader probably may be anxious to witness more pleasing scenes; we will therefore visit, in our imagination, Bjerke, the residence of Chief Justice Holk.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

Fair roses may serve as mementoes of love,  
Or as signals of passion soon flying;  
But heroes should soar more exalted above,  
Though they often for roses are sighing.

CHARLES.

"GENTLEMEN," said Mr. Holk, who was sitting at the dinner table surrounded by many of his friends, among whom was Arthur, who was sitting at his right hand. "Gentlemen, fill your glasses!" This command was made about two months after the first visit of the Chief Justice and Lieutenant S—— to the widow Marshausen, and was joyfully obeyed. Mr. Holk coughed significantly, and arose; the gentlemen followed his example, and, with glasses in their hands, awaited what would follow.

"Gentlemen," — a short pause — "you all know that we are



to be present this evening at a party at Balderslund. But I do not think that the reason why it is given is known to you. Therefore, in order to give you a proof of my esteem, I have determined to inform you concerning it beforehand. Know then, that this evening my betrothal with the charming mistress of Balderslund will be celebrated. Are the gentlemen willing to unite with me in drinking to the health of my betrothed?"

"Hurrah! Long live our noble friend and his beautiful, ever to be loved bride!" was shouted by every guest, and at a sign from the merry host every tumbler, after being drained, was madly thrown out of the open window.

"More glasses!" exclaimed the Chief Justice, and, after briefly expressing his thanks, resumed his seat. More glasses were placed upon the table, and filled with foaming champagne.

"Gentlemen, another toast," said the Chief Justice, in his deep bass voice. The guests listened attentively. "You all know that Miss de Werdenberg, who is universally beloved by the whole neighborhood of the vicinity in which she resides, was taken very ill when her stepfather, our friend Mr. Hermer, and Mr. Waldenberg left their homes upon business unknown to their relations. We are grieved to learn that the illness of the young lady still continues, and if a change for the better does not soon take place, the worse can be expected. Allow me, therefore, to suggest to you another sentiment, which is, 'May Miss de Werdenberg soon recover her health, and be restored to her numerous friends and admirers.'"

The toast was drank amid the deepest silence, and a slight sigh usurped the place of cheers. Esteemed reader, here you are informed of two important events. Whither shall we turn our attention? towards Rosendal, or towards Balderslund?

The reader might think, perhaps, we have heard sufficiently of sorrow and sickness, we had better go to the betrothal supper. As you will, we will go; but, while the gentlemen at Bjerke are changing their dresses, and the ladies at Balderslund are engaged at their toilet, we will glance over an object, which Arthur honored by the name of his private diary.

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"*Monday, August 17.*—On that day I left Rosendal with Mr. Holk, that I might faithfully keep the resolution I had made in relation to Georgiana, the sun of my existence. It is very difficult to separate from the bright sun, in whose rays we ex-



perience the happiness of existence, but still it would be more unpleasant, should one be obliged to reproach himself for acting ungenerously towards a friend. Poor Gustavus, I grieve for him, and I myself am much to be pitied.

“*Tuesday.*—“I am comfortably situated here; Mr. Holk is an excellent host, he keeps a good table, good wines, capital tobacco, merschaum pipes, and a fine selection of books. All this is very pleasant. My bedroom is comfortable; but when I look at that great green bed of state, I cannot define my sensations. It should not be in a bachelor’s room. My heart feels oppressed when I look upon it, and I always think of myself, as I creep into the bed after smoking, as a well located husband, in a night gown and velvet slippers. And then a little figure is always winking at me through the green bed curtains from between the lace edging of a white cap, from which peeps a silken curl. No, that will not do; I must request Mr. Holk to have that bed removed to-morrow, if he wishes that I should sleep well.

“*Wednesday.*—Yesterday we called upon Mrs. Marshausen, a lady about thirty years of age. She cannot make many pretensions, but her sister Louisa, O, what a delicate rose-bud! I shall not neglect to care for her.

“*Saturday.*—For the last three days I could not find time to write, for no other reason than that I occupied my time solely by lying on the sofa dreaming, and what did I dream? I know not. My sun and my rose-bud alternately passed through my mind. Thank God, we visit Balderslund again to-morrow.

“*Sunday evening.*—O, how charming Louisa was to-day. Let anybody say that dress has nothing to do with one’s appearance, as much as they please; but I can assure them that the toilet helps a great deal. Let me think these things over again. We stopped, as usual, before the wide staircase; Louisa was feeding the pigeons. She was clothed in a neat and tasteful blue dress, and a black velvet jacket, which was ornamented with gold embroidery. She looked extremely well. Her hair was braided and twined around her beautiful head, and a wreath of beautiful flowers rested upon her white forehead. This time she did not lower her eyes to the carpet; it is true, however, that there was no carpet in the garden; but it makes no difference, she could have looked down upon the grass, or up into the air, or at the pigeons, or anywhere else; but she only looked



at us, and I think only at me. How she bounded like a bird to the carriage, and bowed herself before us so graciously, as she said with her innocent smile: 'Welcome, gentlemen, Bertha has not yet returned from church.'

"'Not yet!' exclaimed Mr. Holk, somewhat irritated, 'how is that?'

"'O, I will tell you. A poor neighbor of ours near by called upon my sister yesterday, complaining that he could not store his grain, because he had no horse. Bertha is too good, and therefore, as he was afraid that it would rain, she allowed the poor man to take her horse to-day, and consequently she went to church on foot.'

"'What an excellent woman!' thought Mr. Holk. I could swear that he thought so. But he spoke with an admirable change of his voice: 'Ah, I understand; turn back, driver, and we will go to the church after her.'

"'I will not go!' cried I. 'I do not wish to go to church.' But the driver, who was angry at such a strange command, drove down the alley furiously, and he did not stop the horses so that I could get out, until he was forced to dismount from the box to open the gates. 'The devil take you,' cried I, more than usually excited, and taking the whip, which the driver had left on his box, I gave him a good cut across the shoulders, and then ran back to the house. Louisa was more astonished than rejoiced at the little farce that I had performed. We were silent for a short time. 'Now, what shall we do?' said my rose-bud at last, as she stood before me in confusion. 'Shall we not feed the pigeons?' inquired I, as I was endeavoring to remember some of Lafontaine's romances, to assist me as a neat introduction to a conversation. 'We cannot do that,' replied Louisa; 'I have already fed them as much as they wish, and see, they are flying away.' I bit my lips in vexation; but, nevertheless, said pleasantly, 'Well then we can take a walk.' 'No, I thank you,' she answered, with a smile, 'I walk almost every day in the week, and when Sunday comes I am tired.' 'What a child!' thought I. 'She has not the slightest comprehension that it is different to walk beside a young man who is nearly up to his ears in love with her, than to walk out to the laborers in the field. 'Shall we read, then?' I asked, discovering that she must be taught the first rudiments of the science called love, the same as children are taught their A B C.



“‘O, yes, that would be pleasant, if I only dare read some of Bertha’s books, for I can read the others as much as I please, but I don’t like them.’

“‘Nobody can prevent us from choosing one from those which are lying on yonder table,’ said I, recovering my good humor entirely. ‘O, that would not do,’ she replied, with a pleasing look of reproach. ‘Bertha has forbidden me to read them.’ ‘You need not read them, I will.’ My cheeks glowed, for I appeared somewhat like the serpent as he seduced Eve to eat the apple. I must confess that I would have pressed the girl to my heart, had it been proper, as she stood passing her little hand over her beautiful forehead, and then quickly answered: ‘No, that will not do; I think it would be the same whether you or I read them, for if you read I would listen.’ From this moment I felt that I should love her exceedingly, because she has already understood how to engage my respect and esteem in the highest degree, by her childish innocence. That sweet girl. We still remained standing irresolutely in the door yard. ‘Well,’ said I, at length, ‘shall we not enter the house, as we now are we will not accomplish anything.’ ‘Certainly,’ replied Louisa, laughing heartily as she opened the door which leads to the same room where we had been before. A glance at the piano quickly helped me out of my difficulty. ‘You promised me,’ said I, ‘when I was here the last time, that you would sing for me. Do you remember, Miss Montén?’ ‘Yes, I promised you,’ said she, cheerfully, and I will keep my promise.’ She sat down to the piano, and after a short prelude she commenced singing, and her voice will resound within my heart for ever. I am sure I do not write too strongly. She had a voice which I could call the voice of a nightingale, did I not despise such old comparisons. In short, her singing entered into the deepest sanctuary of my heart. But stop—it is almost ten o’clock, and I am talking of the moon instead of the sun.

“*Three weeks later.*—Everything goes better now. I have been much more successful than I dared to hope. Every day I feel more and more that I can live and breathe without being beneath the influence of the sun of my existence. I should never have thought of such a thing had I not considered it my duty to go downwards, and youth always brings its own reward. It becomes to be a sweet duty to give to my promising rose-bud



a more refined cultivation. Louisa becomes more refined every day, and I become more proud of my work. We read French and German together, and as a payment to Mrs. Marshausen for consenting to this arrangement I shall render her immortal by giving her a place in my book. She now treats Louisa more like a sister than she did before, when she acted towards her as a mother would towards a child. Aside from this, Mrs. Marshausen is, in many respects, an excellent woman, and if I am not deceived she listens to the compliments of Mr. Holk with pleasure. I have not paid many compliments to Louisa, for I should not like to corrupt her mind by flattery; still she well knows that I much respect her, and it is not improbable that she has the same sentiments for me.

*“Eight days after.”*—It is somewhat a difficult task to write a diary when the events are ever the same. Monday, at Balderslund; Tuesday, dreaming; Wednesday, at Balderslund again; Thursday and Friday, in bad humor, yawning, and sleepy; Saturday and Sunday, at Balderslund, therefore in heaven, and, after returning from such a voyage, who can take a miserable goose-quill in his hand, instead of pressing those beautiful little fingers of Louisa? That is too much. I will write no more until I have something new to say.

*“Ten days later.”*—Well at last there is something new to say. Mr. Holk, the Honorable Mr. Holk, has received a consenting ‘yes.’ They thought Louisa and I did not hear anything last night; but they were mistaken. The Chief Justice and Bertha were sitting upon the sofa in the little sitting-room. The parlor door was open—Louisa and I were sitting upon our *tabourette*, before which was a little table. I was engaged in translating to her from a French book, but it happened that I ceased reading, for the room not only became dark, but our ears were pleasantly engaged in hearing pure, undefiled Swedish sounding from the next room. At first whispers only were to be heard, but soon Mr. Holk forgot the mild and persuasive tone, so becoming to a lover, and said quite loud: ‘My dearest Mrs. Marshausen, do you then make me so blissfully happy by accepting my heart and hand?’ I now had an opportunity of observing how different a lady of thirty years of age conducts herself under such circumstances, than a lady of sixteen years old would. I am sure that if I had spoken in such a manner to my rose-bud—of course I would not have been so prosy—she would have



blushed deeply, and would have trembled and turned her head modestly aside that she might conceal her blushes. Mrs. Marshausen, whom I could see through the half open door, did nothing of that kind whatever. I cannot say whether she blushed or not, as the room was too dark, but it is certain that she was not confused, in the least, as she turned to Mr. Holk, and said, in the most quiet tone, 'Your offer, Mr. Holk, is very flattering, and I must accept it, convinced that our inclinations and views nearly agree with each other. But I must speak frankly that my estates are not of much importance.'

"As regards that, my dear madam replied the Chief Justice, 'there is no person able to judge better than myself, as I was Mr. Marshausen's executor. But allow me to say that this is but a secondary matter to me. I have sufficient of my own, and need not seek a wealthy wife; but as you have pleased to speak concerning it, I must say that it is my conviction that our hearts sympathize, and that we can be as happy as it is possible to be in this world. And now, my dear, what is your *first* name? Ah! I remember, Bertha. Now, dear Bertha, we will for a short time lay aside all unnecessary compliments,' and the Chief Justice straightway took full possession of the lips of his betrothed.

"O,' thought I, 'he is allowed to do that!' but I was rejoiced that Louisa was so seated that she could see nothing of this performance. As far as I could observe, Madame Marshausen submitted to her fate with resignation, and after this important bond was sealed, I heard Mr. Holk inquire, 'Now, my dear Bertha, when shall our banns be published?' 'O, I do not know,' replied she. 'I think we had better not be hasty; but do as you please, dear Holk.' I could not see how the Chief Justice received these words; but I could swear he was among the happiest of men, for I have heard him say at least a hundred times, 'Upon my honor nothing pleases me more than when I hear a lovely woman say to her husband in an humble tone, as you please, my dear. A great deal of humility lies in it. It is highly ornamental in a woman, and pleases the husband more than anything else.' Consequently I could easily surmise how pleasant Mr. Holk's feelings must have been, and I am sure that Madame Marshausen was aware of his weak points, for as far as I can observe, she is of that class, who do not desire to have such mottoes head every chapter in the matrimonial volume. Still, I will not write further on this subject. It was determined



that the betrothal should take place ten days from that time. Mr. Holk and I prepared to depart, after I had whispered to my rose-bud, who was much confused at what we had heard, 'Sweet Louisa, do you think that our hearts are so harmonious?' 'I think not,' she replied jestingly, 'for while you were continually looking through the little door, I was looking the other way.' 'Do you know,' said I, 'why that was so, Louisa?' 'Ah, I suppose,' said she with a gay laugh, 'that my nature caused it.' 'God forbid,' said I. 'I would despair if that was so; but we will speak more upon this subject another time.' I could not continue further, and now I am sitting here, and have been writing half the night, for I could not sleep. The green bed of state must be removed at any rate. Brown locks are now peeping from beneath the little cap, instead of golden ones. I will not disturb them. Now I will extinguish the candle, and endeavor to sleep.

"*The next day.*—Great God, what a misfortune! My former sun of life has been suddenly taken ill in consequence of singular circumstances. Mrs. Hermer found her fainting upon the floor in the parlor, where we have spent so many hours in happy conversation. It happened a short time after Waldenberg's departure. But I cannot think that he was the cause. It looks more probable to me that something was said concerning Gustavus, as the cause of Hermers and Waldenberg's journey, and should it be so, I must think myself happy for taking this trip with the Chief Justice, as it is quite likely, that I would have had but little hope for success. Perhaps this sun will shine upon Lindorm's dark path. Well then, men must be resigned to their fate, and must make a virtue of necessity. Until now, I had considered Miss de Werdenberg as the most perfect woman that I ever saw; but that very perfection is the reason that I do not feel myself at home with her in the least. She certainly would have given me a denial, as she has done to all my predecessors. And then how finely my rose-bud has developed itself during these two months. My little Louisa is infinitely charming, and, as I believe, adapted to me in the highest degree.

"*A week later.*—It is very afflicting. Nothing but sad news from Rosendal. This inexplicable evil has now lasted nearly two weeks; I feel much anxiety, and aside from that I am not allowed to see Louisa. O, yes, it was just as I thought, the



mottoes of love chapters must not always commence with the words, 'as you please, my dear,' for Mr. Holk wishes to visit Balderslund, as I do. Mrs. Marshausen excused herself politely from seeing us until after the celebration of the betrothal. But it will happen to-morrow, thank God. I am almost sick with anxiety for the happy hour when I can again see Louisa. But I am very uneasy concerning Georgiana and poor Gustavus. There must be something wrong going on, for Mr. Hermer and Mr. Waldenberg have not yet returned, neither have they been heard from."

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And now, with the reader's permission, we will close Arthur's memorandum book, as we now have sufficient insight into the state of affairs, which have hitherto been unknown to us. Under these circumstances it might be better to witness the departure of the gentlemen for Balderslund.

Mr. Holk, in the best of humor, was seated in a gayly painted carriage. Arthur, clothed in his handsome uniform, in honor of the festivity, sat beside the Chief Justice. On the opposite seat sat the Chief Justice's usual appendages, Mr. A—— and Mr. B——.

After the carriage had left the court-yard and entered the main road, it was met by an elegant gig attached to a horse which could claim the honor of having descended from the great Sleipner of blessed memory. And now, who was it that sprang forth from the gig, and with the utmost grace seized the bridle of his spirited horse? Who could he be, but the Notary Blohm, who, since we last saw him upon the balcony, had changed the objects of his worship. He was now extravagantly fond of beautiful horses, instead of beautiful girls. But as the Notary was not sufficiently familiar with the saddle, he preferred providing himself with an elegant gig, in which he displayed himself at least four times a week, to all the young ladies of the surrounding country. But enough of this. The gentlemen drove on—and in all probability they arrived, perhaps the reader will exclaim impatiently. Be patient, do not be so hasty. Departure and arrival do not always follow each other. Adventures may take place on the road. At least this was the case upon this occasion.



"Driver," said the Chief Justice, "the road is now pretty rough. Look out when we arrive at Almkleven."

"No danger," replied the driver, coolly; "I will drive you safely—you can depend upon that." They first drove down the hill at Almkleven with much ease; but although Lars was driving safely, still one of the hinder wheels sank into a deep rut. The axle broke, and the carriage upset. No one was injured; but unfortunately the Chief Justice, for the first time in many years, wore an exceedingly beautiful suit of French broadcloth. The clothes were a little too small for him when he first tried them on, and he had sent for tailors from all parts of the country, to repair this difficulty. Our friend Holk having fallen flat upon his face, nothing was more natural than that he should endeavor to arise; but he could not regain his standing without much difficulty, for he was a man of bulk. It therefore happened that the particular part of his clothing where strength is most required, was quickly torn in twain, and formed a description of hanging drapery, very little adapted to the many bows to the right and left, which Mr. Holk would be obliged to perform as the hero of the day.

"What was that?" inquired Arthur, who heard a strange sound as he was brushing the dirt from his uniform.

"It was the devil, who runs wild in the body of that confounded tailor!" shouted the Chief Justice, furious with rage. "Is it possible to endure such an accident with patience? Now, look here"—he lifted the skirts of his coat—"what is to be done? If it was not on such a disgraceful place, we could get some woman to mend it; but as it is, it is impossible to do so. Advise me. Gentlemen, what is your opinion?"

"I cannot tell you," exclaimed Arthur, laughing loudly, "anything better than that we return, and Mr. Holk can don his uniform instead of his broadcloth. I think it would be more adapted to the occasion than that funeral guise."

"Precisely. You have told me something which I never would have thought of. I never have worn my uniform except at marriages, funerals, and such like; but it may do at betrothals, particularly at my own. But it will be difficult for us to return home, since the carriage is broken. Lars, you awkward villain! Had it been another day, you should feel the weight of my cane. You may thank God that I will not soil my hands on such a solemn day. But Mr. Blohm, you must lend me your



gig, and the rest of you may proceed on foot to Balderslund, and notify them of our disaster; of course, however, you must not relate the particulars. — I will come after you as soon as possible.”

The Notary was a man of genuine politeness, and immediately springing from his gig, assisted his patron into the light vehicle. The Chief Justice then drove away with all the speed which the descendant of Sleipner was capable of attaining.

“Oh, my horse!” exclaimed the Notary, elevating his eyebrows, and gazing after the departing gentleman through his quizzing glass, until the gig disappeared—“Oh, now *I* must suffer for the inability of the tailor!”

“Let us hurry on, gentlemen,” said Arthur, impatiently. “Fortunately, we have not far to go.”

“The greatest difficulty is our boots,” said Mr. Blohm. “We shall look like country louts.”

“Oh, that is nothing,” said Arthur, who had already advanced some distance on the road. “Mrs. Marshausen is an excellent provider, and undoubtedly has good blacking.”

The gentlemen arrived at a favorable season. There was only one carriage there, and that belonged to Parson Werner.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

Song and love in union joined,  
Form the chief object of life.

EUPHROSYNE.

“Now, is it right, dear Bertha?” inquired Louisa, as she stood before the mirror in her sister’s toilet-room. Bertha was already dressed, and beheld with a smile the little vanity which Louisa displayed as she arranged a flower in her hair. “Will it do here, or must I place it a little more to the left?”

“It is pretty as it is, my dear,” answered Bertha. “I am



sure if we were expecting strangers they would think that you were the queen of the festival, and that I was your mother."

"What do you say?" said Louisa, smiling. "Is my dress at all improper?"

"Oh, no, my dear sister; but the great care you have bestowed upon your dress, causes you to look as I said."

"Oh, Bertha, I am afraid you are offended," replied Louisa, hastily. "You must not be so, or I shall become angry in earnest. Only look in the mirror, and you will see a beautiful lady, clothed in a magnificent blue silk dress, and wearing a charming cap, ornamented with flowers. On the contrary, I am only a little girl, in a white muslin dress, and with only one poor little flower in my hair. Ah! yes, you have the best reason to be good-natured. But I also wish it to be said of me, Mrs. Marshausen's little sister looked very pretty; yes, I wish them to say so."

"And no doubt they will," said Mrs. Marshausen, with a laugh. "Put on your embroidered shawl, and allow me to fasten this beautiful necklace of pearls around your neck. I wore it on my first wedding-day. It is very valuable, and from this day it is your own. The transparent gems are more adapted to your sixteen years than my thirty."

"A thousand thanks, dear Bertha; but you must not say all the time, that I am only sixteen, for in a few weeks I shall be seventeen years old; you should always mention the last. Look now, I am ready. I will only fasten this bouquet to my waist ribband. Listen—is there not some one entering the receiving room? Yes, there is. Shall I go in and receive them; or, as Arthur says, pay my devoirs, until you enter?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Bertha. "I shall not wait longer than it is necessary to see whether proper preparations are being made for the supper."

The sisters separated, each one fulfilling her respective duties. Parson Werner was in the receiving room alone, walking to and fro in deep meditation. "Welcome, reverend sir," said Louisa, in her mild and sweet voice. "We have not yet had the pleasure of receiving a visitor from Rosendal."

"Rosendal is the seat of deep grief," said Mr. Werner, with a bow. "Miss Georgiana's illness is, according to the physician's opinion, exceedingly dangerous. But how is your sister?"



"Very well—she will soon be here; but I hear new guests entering the hall. Excuse me for leaving you a few minutes."

Louisa opened the door, and before her stood the four gentlemen from Bjerke, bowing and complimenting. Their dresses were spotted with mud, and covered with dust.

"Lovely Louisa, more charming than all the graces combined," whispered Arthur, as he, according to the old saying, devoured her with his eyes, "conduct us to a room quietly. We must attend to our toilet, which has been much disordered by an unfortunate disaster."

"It is quite evident," she replied, scrutinizing the gentlemen with a comical expression of good nature, "that you have met with an unpleasant adventure. But where is Mr. Holk?"

"He was visited with the most severe calamity of us all, and was, therefore, obliged to return home, to change his clothing."

"Now, that is *too* bad," said Louisa, and immediately called a servant. "Gustavine," said she, "conduct these gentlemen to the visitors' room." She bowed and disappeared.

In Louisa's entire conduct, it was plainly evident that a master hand had influenced her mind. Her lively imagination had readily comprehended the qualities which she required to render her a cultivated and intelligent lady. And by Arthur's polite and refined conversation, connected with his easy and graceful conduct, the lovely child soon gave way to the amiable and charming young lady, who feels that she has a heart susceptible of understanding that her smile or frown can cause another heart to be moved. Still she had not lost that innocent expression which formerly distinguished her; but her whole bearing evinced that she felt that worth, which until now she had not understood.

The guests were assembled. Mr. Holk had arrived, and now paraded in his uniform, with a sword by his side. The rings were interchanged in due form; healths were drank to the betrothal, and a flood of congratulations, mingled with streams of Madeira, Rhine wine, and Muscat, were poured forth. The company was divided into groups, and the conversation became lively and pleasant. It was the intention to add to the splendor of the entertainment by a ball; but Mr. Holk, influenced by a sentiment of respect for Miss de Werdenberg, suggested to his betrothed, that the ball should be postponed until the day after their marriage. And as Mrs. Marshausen did not dance herself,



and was rejoiced to escape the trouble of preparing the room for the ball, she delighted Mr. Holk with, "As you please, my dear." The worthy man was nearly beside himself with joy; at least he was as happy as a man could be, when he heard her thus speak.

While Mr. Holk was paying his attentions, first to his glass, and then to his betrothed, the youthful portion of the guests had seated themselves in various groups throughout the house, and whiled away the time in singing, laughing, and playing practical jokes, much disturbing their elderly neighbors, who were deeply engaged in the mysteries of whist.

Parson Werner and Arthur had retired to a remote room, and were engaged in earnest conversation. "You may be assured," said Mr. Werner, "that the subject is of the utmost importance. Waldenberg's short note to me, dated the evening they started, denotes it. Undoubtedly, Baron Gustavus is ill."

"You frighten me," said Arthur, in a broken voice. "What in the world can it be? There was no need of being so mysterious on account of a simple sickness, that I plainly see; but, sincerely, Mr. Werner, I am sure that you are acquainted with all the circumstances. Was Georgiana's illness produced by the sudden departure of the gentlemen?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Werner. "Mrs. Hermer informed me how it happened." He placed his lips close to Arthur's ear, and whispered: "Immediately after Mr. Hermer left the house, his wife wished to see Georgiana, and therefore searched for her that she might console her child, who, she observed, had been deeply moved by the sudden departure of the gentlemen. But, after she had looked for her a long time, in vain, she discovered that the door of the parlor, where Waldenberg and Hermer had held their important conversation, was locked. Her knocks and calls were unanswered. The window, being so near the ground, it was taken out, and Mrs. Hermer entered the room. Georgiana was found lying upon the floor senseless, clasping a folded paper in her hand. I was sent for immediately, and arriving, found her delirious. Towards evening she became more quiet, and Mrs. Hermer and I went to an adjoining room, where we read those horrible letters, the contents of which I dare not tell you, until Waldenberg has returned, and I have received his permission. It is clear that he left them, although one of them is not directed to him. They reveal a



mystery, which probably will soon be publicly known, and you can rejoice that you do not yet know their shocking contents."

"I have heard too much," said Arthur, "to wish to hear more, for I fear the worst. Having now heard a portion of this secret, and not being able to assist those implicated in it, I do not wish to hear more; but I hope from the bottom of my heart, that Mr. Hermer and Mr. Waldenberg will soon return, for they might tell me how I could be useful to Gustavus. But I see somebody coming this way, who perhaps is seeking you. I will retire, that I may recover from my surprise."

The parson left Arthur, after shaking his hand heartily, and the young man cast himself upon the sofa, clasping his hands over his forehead, and meditated upon the mysterious news he had heard from the parson. Mr. Werner stood before his mind in a singular light. He almost wished that he had broken the promise he had made to himself not to visit Engelvik until after Gustavus's return. Had he been at Engelvik he would have participated in the conversation between Hermer and Waldenberg. But Bjerke was too far from Rosendal, and it pained him much that he could not now visit his friends. While he was thus floundering in the depths of his thoughts, he heard a light step, and two pretty little hands suddenly removed his own from their position over his eyes. It was Louisa's elegant figure, which bowed over him. Her eyes bespoke her astonishment, as she looked at the Lieutenant, usually so gay, but now so sorrowful.

"Why is it?" she inquired, uneasily, "that you must be so disquieted on this evening, when all should be gay?"

"Dear Louisa," replied Arthur, "Sit down here and comfort me. I am grieved for a friend, and although I cannot tell you my troubles, still I feel that your friendly presence will have the power to soften my anxiety."

Arthur had never before spoken to Louisa so sweetly earnest. She blushed, and stood before him abashed, casting her eyes to the floor as she did the first day she saw him; but how different she felt now than she did then. Arthur observed her emotion. He took both her hands within his own. "Dear Louisa," said he, as he kissed them alternately, "look upon me."

"I cannot lift my eyes, Arthur." She felt that it was impossible to do so, and thought it but right to say what she knew to be true.



"For a moment only, dear Louisa. I would like to look into those beautiful laughing eyes."

"And yet you do not laugh," said Louisa, with much emotion, and withdrew her hands. "If you wish to know, I will tell you what they contain."

"Speak, dear Louisa."

"Tears, because you are sorrowful, Arthur," she whispered, and not able to control the emotion, which was so novel to her, tears slowly welled through her soft eye-lashes, and coursed down her burning cheeks.

O! Louisa, angelic Louisa! Heaven only knows how much of all that is beautiful was spent in those words and tears, or whether the evening would not have been blessed by another bond, had not Arthur suddenly heard a voice exclaiming—"Louisa! Louisa!" The poor girl was about hastening with burning cheeks and weeping eyes to the company, when Arthur, who in his heart cursed the voice, again took her hand in his, and whispered: "Even should the entire grief of the whole world rest upon me, I would, at a moment like this, cast off the burden, and take a single glance into heaven; but now I dare not retain you longer; but first, go to your room and bathe your eyes." She hastily obeyed.

Arthur resumed his seat upon the sofa, and again covered his eyes with his hands, that his mental vision might be made clearer. "O, God!" thought he, "never, never before have I experienced the happiness which this hour has brought forth. I am now convinced that she is the only being suitable for me. Therefore, she shall become my companion for life. Those down-cast eyes—that blush which overspread her cheeks—that sweet voice; in all of those was an inexplicable expression, proving that her pure and innocent heart—her exalted sentiments of love—are all my own."

"But you are here alone," said Holk's gruff voice at the door; "come in and take a glass of wine with us. The punch bowl invites us, and we will gather around it, and forget our cares and troubles in the joys of the moment. Come, I say, we will make a quartette—music, love, and wine! Sit no longer there, but give up your dreaming. Come."

Arthur arose unwillingly. "I thought, upon my honor," said the Chief Justice, in astonishment, "that the long conversation you had with Parson Werner, had afflicted you, and yet, as I



look upon you, it seems as though you had just returned from a visit to Heaven, you look so purely happy." Arthur did not reply, perhaps for the first time in his life, to a good joke.

"Ah! I understand how it is," said Mr. Holk, with a mischievous smile. "A short time ago, I saw a white muslin dress glancing through the door. But hush! with such matters we must not be rash; be cautious. Now a glass of punch is better than talking—that will give your mind its necessary balance."

They went to a small room at the extremity of the parlor, in which stood a table decorated with punch bowls and tumblers. Around the table stood the sons of Bacchus. Some were smoking, others sang and laughed, and the most of them were talking loudly, for it was nearly night, and Mr. Holk was a host who wished to see his guests enjoy themselves as much under the table as around it. Fortunately, however, supper was announced. The gentlemen walked, not without difficulty, to the parlor, and invited the ladies to accompany them to the supper-room. After supper, the chairs were moved back, the carriages were driven up to the door, the gentlemen filled their farewell bumpers; the ladies tossed the heap of shawls, cloaks, and over-shoes over and over, until each person had found their own; and after many rushings to and fro, bowings and bumpings, the guests at length fortunately arrived at their carriages, and took their respective seats.

It would no doubt be very interesting to follow the merry voyagers to their homes, for certainly life exhibits no phases which are more entertaining than when the guests are returning home from a betrothal festivity, where the husbands have drunk too deeply, and their wives, troubled at heart, still smile with their lips at the eccentricities of the gentlemen, although they are aware of the varied and unpleasant results which will follow. We will, therefore, enter one of the first of the carriages. Its occupants have seated themselves comfortably. The lady leans in one corner, her husband feels around in the dark for her hand, saying in the best humor with himself and all the world, "a confounded capital fellow, that Holk. A spl—spl—spl—splendid night, dear Sophia, wasn't it?" His wife does not reply, but weeps silently, although she strives to suppress the expression of her wounded feelings, that she may not offend her husband.

"What's the matter, my dear little old woman? I think you



are weeping. O, pshaw—what weakness! That's good for nothing. A good bowl of punch and fine company, what does all that amount to? I am perfectly reasonable, only a little gay, and perhaps will have a little headache in the morning, that's all."

"That's not all," sobs his young wife.

"Well, what else, my little wife?"

"You know too well already. Will not the servants see their new master in a position which will cause me to faint for shame? Will they not profit by your example? Will you not be sick to-morrow, as usual, and unable to attend to your pressing business? O, I cannot speak of all now."

"But I should think that you could tell them all, my dear. But never mind, I will not become angry with you. You are the best of wives, yes, upon my honor, you are a jewel. I would not exchange you for fifteen others, but you had hard work to catch me. O, I remember, it was at a soiree at—at—where was it? Yes, where—where you fell in love with me?"

"Be silent, dear Adolph," entreats his young wife, anxiously, "the driver can hear every word. I pray you to be silent."

"Why so, my angel? There was nothing wrong in it—that you fell in love with me, and that—your good cousin or aunt who knew that I — was a rich man, and that she constantly invited me to her house. Well, that was all right. It lasted only three months—and then I asked for you, and had I known you then as well as now, I would not have waited three days."

"You plague me to death with such folly!"

"Now, then, I will stop, my angel. Do not weep any more."

"Not weep? What else can I do but weep? Yes, I will weep until you promise me, and keep your promise too, never, never, dear Adolph——"

"Never will drink too much, dear Sophia. Now give me a kiss, and let us be friends. I will swear never to drink more than two or three glasses. I can bear that much without feeling it. Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes, O yes, my dear," his wife replies, with a sigh. The compact is now sealed, and the husband falls asleep.

We will now step into number two.

Here the conversation has fully commenced. "Indeed," remarks a lady, who differs entirely from the one we have just



described, "indeed, then, you deny that you have lost. O, I saw very well when you settled the game."

"Well, what matters it?" her husband replies, yawning, "if I lost I hope it was my own money, and as far as I remember, I never received a single penny from you."

"That is true," said the offended wife, "but it was no mystery. You knew it beforehand, and you have assured me a hundred times, that you did not want money, but that you sought my heart."

"Now, was it worth while to speak of such a trifle?" the husband replies, with a tremendous yawn. "I heartily wish you had refused me, or at least that you could cease to spy upon me and my affairs. It is not becoming to a wife to do so, as I have told you fifty times."

"And now I hear it for the fifty-first time. But it is hard to know that we hardly have anything fit to eat at home, and our large family requires everything we can save. Still to see a husband and father spend his money foolishly, by gambling, when he could use it to a much better advantage, it is too bad."

His wife now awaits an answer to her just charge; but she observes sorrowfully that her husband either sleeps or feigns to do so. She bows over him to assure herself, but the offended husband turns himself around so quickly that his wife's head is forcibly shoved into the other corner of the seat.

"Indeed," she exclaims, nearly weeping with vexation, and says, "so it has come to this! O, God, this is bitter."

"Yes, bitter, madam," he replies, with a cold smile, "certainly bitter, that every happy hour I spend in this life is thus seasoned."

"I am not the cause, but you are the one who destroys our joy, our happiness, our subsistence, by your unfortunate passion for gaming. If you would lay this folly aside, I would never complain again."

"Silence! I will bear no more. If you open your lips again before we arrive home, I will leave the carriage, and go to the next farm-house and procure a comfortable bed for the night." These words are pronounced so decidedly that further contradiction is out of the question.

The occupants of the third carriage have remained silent thus far, nothing being heard except the continual whistling of the gentleman. The wife is trembling from head to foot, for this



Whistling is a certain sign that a storm is brewing, which will prove the more dangerous, as her husband emptied glass after glass at the table, with a countenance showing that this was done, not so much for pleasure, as to gratify other sentiments. At length he impolitely turns towards his wife, saying, "What were those polite words about, which Mr. B—— used towards you?"

"Mr. B——, my dear? O, it was all foolishness. I do not remember what he said."

"But it seemed to me that he interested you very much. If you were pleased with his conversation, you should remember what it was about."

"I remember now, my dear. He told me that he would visit you to-morrow, that he might go out on a hunting excursion with you."

"To go out on a hunting excursion with me! Now I tell you, and remember, that I will keep my word as I always have done, that if he steps one foot into my house, I will drive him with my horse-whip, so far away—mark my words—that he will forget all his high-flown sentiments."

"O, what unhappy freak has entered your head now? If Mr. B——, who is a stranger to us both, should have conversed with us ladies, because he does not like to drink or play, would it be right to treat him in such a manner, or should your poor wife be accused because—because—but there is no use of speaking about such a trifle."

"Indeed, indeed, my lady is weeping, because I have such ideas in my head. But don't talk to me that way, and always remember that it is the first duty of a wife to remain silent when her husband does not wish to hear her sweet voice, and that is exactly the case with me now." His wife of course now becomes silent, wishing in her heart that nothing more may be said. But after a slight pause her husband begins again: "To visit me and go out hunting! Impudent rascal! What have you to say to that?" No reply. "Now what is your answer? I wish to hear it. Speak, I command you, by my soul! How dare you remain silent, when I command you to speak?"

"Did you not order me to be silent, a moment ago?"

"But now I command you to answer, and you know that it is the wife's duty to be blindly obedient."

"My God! what shall I say? When Mr. B—— said he



would visit us, it would not have been polite for me, as your wife, to remain silent, so I assured him that he would be welcome."

"That was very polite, indeed! You assured him that he would be welcome! It will also be a great pleasure to you when through your window you will see me chastise him. Ah! I will welcome the love-sick boy!"

"O, how wrong you act," sighs the poor wife. "But let me leave the carriage; we are near a farm-house. I would rather go there, while the carriage goes down this hill."

"No, I say, you shall remain here. You shall not be afraid. Give me the reins, driver, I will drive myself."

"O, do not; rather let the boy drive. You cannot see, and I shall die with fear."

"Die, then; but you shall not leave the carriage. I will not allow you," and, enraged, he now snatches the reins from the boy, and, snapping the whip, drives the horses down the hill so rapidly, that the mud and stones fly into the carriage. At the foot of the hill, one of the wheels strikes against one of the posts of the toll-gate, so violently, that the carriage is overturned, and the horses and inmates of the carriage are thrown to the ground in a promiscuous heap.

The lady is taken from the ground in a swoon, but uninjured. Her husband's arm is broken, and his blood cooled by the severe pain, and Mr. B——'s punishment is postponed indefinitely.

Thus concludes our description of the ride home from the festival, and we will look no further behind the curtain of married life. But, before we close our chapter, we must re-visit Balderslund. During Mr. Holk's farewell conversation with his betrothed, and while the young gentlemen were searching for their cloaks and hats, wishing fervently that this night might at length have an end, and while Louisa was extinguishing the candles in the various rooms, Arthur found an opportunity to speak a few words with her. "Dear Louisa, give me the bouquet, which is fastened to your waist riband, that I may console myself with it, when I am away from you."

"I think I ought not to give it to you, for I fear your words prove, Arthur, that you will esteem it too highly."

"I cannot deny, that I will esteem it much, Louisa; but if you refuse my prayer, I shall not often visit you. Yet, should



you grant it, I will come often, very often. Now, can you refuse me?"

Silently, and with many blushes, Louisa took the bouquet from its resting-place, and presented it to him with averted eyes, and as Arthur received the dear assurance that his hopes were not entirely groundless, Mr. Holk's voice was heard in the hall.

"All is ready, gentlemen. Let us start."

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

WE will now visit Rosendal. It was a beautiful September day, and Georgiana, scarcely recovered from her illness, was lying on a sofa, in a small apartment. She was clothed in a red silk loose dress. By her side sat Mrs. Hermer, endeavoring to console the grief of her child.

"My dear child, we must submit to the will of God. It will be a great consolation for us, if what is said proves true. Waldenberg might have returned last evening, although it is not a favorable omen that he returns alone. But it would be very consoling to speak with the good man. I sent Willie there, as soon as the storm subsided, and I am sure he will visit us, providing that his journey has not too much fatigued him." Georgiana shook her head mournfully, as though there was no hope. "We are not certain of that; perhaps Mr. Waldenberg has not yet returned," said she, sorrowfully.

"Do not be so sad and uneasy," said Mrs. Hermer. "I am sure that he is here, or else Willie would have returned home long ago; and more, I well see that Waldenberg, being so feeble in health, could not undertake a long journey this year. It is only by accident that winter has not already set in; but still, we have had many stormy days as it is. May God grant that he has not entirely ruined his health by this arduous journey. It was just such weather as this, my dear child, when your father was shipwrecked. O, God, how much I suffered then! Georgiana, you cannot imagine how far different it is to care for the welfare and happiness of a friend, than for a



beloved and affectionate husband. O, my child, may God prevent you from such suffering." Georgiana sighed deeply, and concealed her burning cheeks with her white handkerchief. She was convinced that her pain was not less than that her mother had experienced, still she dare not express it.

"The parlor-door is opening," said Mrs. Hermer, rising from her seat. "It is Willie, and you will find that I am not mistaken. We shall hear good news. Now, Willie, my boy, what news?"

"Mr. Waldenberg has arrived, dear mother!"

"And is he not coming soon? My dear boy, what did you tell him?"

"Exactly all you told me to; but poor Mr. Waldenberg was so much fatigued, that he dared not accompany me. But he will come to-morrow forenoon, if he possibly can. I must tell you, mother, that I cried, when I saw how much Mr. Waldenberg was suffering. Oh, he will soon leave this earth, that's certain. O, I remember, here is a letter from him."

"Did he not tell you where papa is, and why he did not return?"

"O, yes, papa is with Baron Lindorm, traveling to Northland, and will not return until after New-year's; but he has some letters from papa, which he will bring to-morrow, as he did not feel well enough to look for them to-day."

This news appeared very unsatisfactory to Mrs. Hermer. "What! not come home until after New-year's! Some important and unpleasant business must detain him from the home he loves so well. But where is the letter, my child?"

"Here, good mother." Willie presented her the letter, which contained a few scrawling lines from Waldenberg. It thus ran:

"Excuse me, madam, for not coming to you myself, that I might explain all which your anxiety concerning the delayed absence of your husband, naturally expects. But my health is so much weakened by this wearisome journey, in more respects than one, that I cannot fulfil my beloved duty this day. But to-morrow, after I have rested, I shall, with God's help, be able to do so.

"WALDENBERG."



"Will you allow me to see it, mother?" said Georgiana, extending her hand towards the letter. Mrs Hermer gave her the letter silently, and then proceeded to her bed-room, to think upon every thing known and unknown to her, concerning her husband's absence. Georgiana read the note, and a tear glistened in her eye. "Poor, poor Waldenberg," said she. "Do you think he is very sick, Willie?"

"Ah! yes, very sick, indeed, I scarcely recognized him; but, Georgie. I will tell you something——" Willie looked round the room cautiously, that no one might overhear him.

"What, Willie?" inquired Georgiana, trembling. "You frighten me."

"O, it is nothing of much importance," continued Willie, hastily. "It is not your fault. Now hear. Miss Wings told me this before I entered the house. When Waldenberg arrived last evening, his condition of mind as well as of body was good. He immediately inquired how we all were at Rosendal, and Miss Wings told him, briefly, that Miss Georgiana had been suddenly taken ill, as soon as Mr. Hermer had gone; and that the doctor had said, that in all probability, or better to say, she will certainly die. Now, Miss Wings was partly innocent, for she intended no harm by these words, and she could not have imagined that it would have terrified Mr. Waldenberg so much, and then she did not know that you have almost recovered from your illness, as messages have not passed between Engelvik and Rosendal lately. After she had told her news, Mr. Waldenberg sank back upon the sofa, and was immediately seized with a severe vertigo. Miss Wings assured me, that the blood poured from his mouth and nose, until it almost filled a large pitcher. He then laid senseless for a quarter of an hour. At length, after Miss Wings had given up all hopes of saving him, he moved himself a little; but he was not able to speak loud, only whispering, when he wished anything."

Georgiana was deeply moved. The tears started to her eyes; "Kind Waldenberg," sighed she, "why must there always be pain, misery and grief for you? Oh, I well understand it. Willie, have you seen him and spoken with him?"

"Yes, Georgie, they allowed me to go in as soon as I wished to. But, O, how my heart was moved, for I did not know why he was so miserable, and that pained me. His eyes, those



beautiful mild eyes, were deeply sunken; his cheeks were as white as snow, but his friendly smile was still there. I ran to his bed, and put my arms around his neck. 'O, welcome good Mr. Waldenberg,' said I, and as I well knew what would console him, I added: 'Mamma and my sister send their love to you, and Georgiana, who was a little unwell, has now almost recovered, and is anxious to see you.'

"'Has she recovered?' he inquired, and his eyes assumed a little of their former brilliancy. 'Willie, is that really true?' 'Yes, that is as true as that she is very anxious to see you, and she prays you to come to Rosendal as soon as possible. We did not know that you were sick.' 'I am much better now, my good boy, much better; my end has not yet come. One like me, who is obliged to travel around with such a burden as I bear, must expect to see that unwelcome visitor, the vertigo, more than once before he is obliged to prepare for death. I am still very weak, but I hope I will be able to ride over to Rosendal to-morrow. As it is Georgiana's wish, it is a double pleasure to me; tell her that, Willie.' 'Yes, I shall certainly do so, Mr. Waldenberg,' said I; 'as soon as I have gone home and satisfied mother and Georgie, I will come back to you again, and stay with you all night. Then you will not be so lonely.' 'I thank you, my good boy,' said he, pressing my hand heartily, 'I could not have a more pleasant companion.' He then wrote the note to mother, and I left the house. Do you not think that I have done rightly, Georgie?"

"Yes, dear Willie, you have acted nobly, and I cannot do otherwise than love you dearly. But you should not have said so much about my desire to see him. This was not exactly proper, but I know you intended well."

"I did so, Georgie, because I did not wish to tell a falsehood, and you cannot deny but that you hoped Mr. Waldenberg would be at home. You know, last night, when we heard that he had arrived, you said, God grant that this is true, as I wish to speak to him very much."

"Yes, I said so, Willie; but there could have been many reasons for that——" Georgiana blushed, and ceased speaking.

"Now, dear sister, I did not give any particular reason why you wished to see him, I simply said that it was so. But listen now, what will you give me to help in consoling Mr. Walden-



berg when I return? Will you not send him a word of friendship?"

"Certainly, my good brother, many words of friendship. Tell him that I will fervently pray for his recovery; and that I also forbid him from leaving his room until he is out of danger, although I would like to see him much."

"Thank you, Georgia, that sounds friendly and consoling, and it would really be a sin and a shame, if you would not treat him kindly, for he would give his life for you, should you ask it, I am sure. He does not act like the Chief Justice Holk, who goes away and marries somebody else after he has received the mitten from you, or like the Notary, who shows himself indifferent and cold, and travels around the country fooling all the ladies who listen to his twaddle. Neither is he like Arthur, whom I thought a little better of than that he should leave us, as soon as other pleasures invited him away, in order, as the people say, to fall in love with the Chief Justice's future sister-in-law. O, no, Waldenberg alone remains, always faithful, while all others relinquish you, poor Georgie."

Georgiana could not restrain her laughter when Willie gravely assured her that she ought to learn experience by this unfaithfulness on the part of her lovers. "You must not think, Willie," said she, "that Mr. Waldenberg was ever my lover, therefore you must not speak to him in this manner; promise me that."

"O, you need not be so much in earnest, Georgie; I did not say that he was your lover, I said that he was faithful to you, and so he is, just like the bold knights of the old romances, and is there anything wrong about that? Do you think I am not wise enough to see that Waldenberg has to think of no other bride than Heaven? But as long as he remains here, he should be allowed to think of you as —— as a beautiful bright star, which shines for him as well as for others."

"O, Willie, what a poetic genius you have!" responded his sister with a slight smile; "but remain here no longer to talk, or else you will be too late to keep your promise."

As soon as Willie, by caresses and endearments, had persuaded his mother to allow him to return, he hastened to his little boat, and soon arrived at Engelvik. Waldenberg joyfully received the kind-hearted boy, and Willie caused the evening to pass pleasantly for the poor invalid. Two days elapsed before his strength permitted Mr. Waldenberg to leave his room; at



length, on the thirtieth of November, which was a bright and warm day, accompanied by Willie, the Steward ventured on his journey across the bay.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

There is a love, a holy love,  
Basking in a heavenly light,  
Where sounding harps speak from above,  
Tempting my soul to rapid flight.

ATTERBOM.

ARTHUR was sitting in his room alone. His diary was upon the table before him. He wrote and read alternately, as he now and then joyfully examined the little bouquet which he had received at such an eventful hour. "I think, that this will bring forth a betrothal," thought he, and resumed his writing.

A knock was heard at the door. He quickly concealed his precious token, and exclaimed harshly, "Come in." The intruder was a peasant clothed in a long fisherman's coat, and wearing a pair of travel-stained boots. "Where have you come from?" inquired Arthur, looking at his guest in astonishment.

"From Engelvik. Our Steward returned a few days ago; but as he is very sick, he said to me that he was not able to send you this before."

"Let me see," said Arthur impatiently, and took a letter from the extended hand. At the first glance at the signature Arthur immediately recognized Gustavus' familiar writing, and his countenance illumined with an expression of joy. "Thank God," said he aloud, "this is pleasing news." The peasant received a dollar, and an order to wait in the servants' room until the Lieutenant should see whether an answer was required. As soon as the man had departed, he then seated himself upon the sofa, and broke the seal. The letter was as follows:—

"FAITHFUL FRIEND:—Now, Arthur, you shall hear the reason why I was so melancholy and mysterious when I last saw you. I need not longer retain that insolent retirement which offended you so often. You shall now know the most secret recesses of my heart, and you will discover that I could not act differently, for I was bound by the strong fetters of a dark fate.



They are now broken ; but the rattling of their links shall resound within my heart until the cord is broken which binds my spirit to this body ; yet there is a grateful peace within : the consciousness of having performed a duty, and gained a victory over myself, has afforded sweet consolation. Soon I shall be restored again to my former strength, and return to all the business of life, its hopes and joys, its pains and deceptions. In short, to all its rich and varied changes. Can you believe your eyes, dear Arthur, when you read the words, I was married ? At least the marriage ceremony was performed, and now I am a widower.

“During my travels I have written to you concerning my cousin, the excellent Constance, whom I loved as a sister. You will remember that I was suddenly called to Hamringen from N——. I proceeded thither, and how was I greeted ? By the most intense misery. A destroying storm was raging there, and had swept away all traces of happiness. Excuse me from relating these painful scenes at length. Mr. Waldenberg will tell you all. My uncle, blinded by his pride and ambition, used all endeavors to persuade me to restore to Constance her honor. Could I refuse to do so ? Thank God, I did not. We were married before his death-bed, and I was forced to promise him to keep our marriage a secret, until after a certain time had elapsed. About the middle of July we started from Hamringen, to a place of retirement. O, how much that angelic being suffered, and I also suffered with her. I did everything to allay her grief, and she was thankful, but I was not able to heal the wound within her heart, and at length I was obliged to submit to her prayers and leave her in solitude. This solitude agreed with her condition of mind, and she entreated me to visit Engelvik, and not return to her until after two months had elapsed. I consented, for I deeply felt that she was right. It would be better for her not to be troubled by the presence of the man who reminded her of her painful position. You know in what state of mind I arrived at your father’s estate, and how excited I was during our journey to Engelvik. But you do not know how, on the very first evening, a chord was touched within my soul which had been silent until you left me in the church-yard, which was dear to my memory, as the spot where I had so often sat with Georgiana, when we were children. The little mossy seat was preserved with singular care, proving that its remem-



brance still lived within the heart of the maiden. A friendly flower from the garden of childhood, transplanted to the entrance of phantasy's temple. I could not comprehend the presentiment which whispered to me that she was to become the one who would cause my heart to beat with sentiments hitherto strangers to it. It originated probably in the eloquent descriptions of her unusual beauty, and richly endowed mind, which Werner gave in his letters to me. In short, before I had entered Rosendal I was in a most uneasy state of mind, and the thought that I might see her again in all the charms of youth and refinement, deprived me almost of all power over myself. This would not have been the case, I am convinced, had not the secret hope that she might become mine, increased this dangerous power. I was forced to appear cold and indifferent, that I might not betray the fire which glowed within my heart. Oh, how painful it was to me, to behold her astonished and confused looks. Oh, how much I suffered during that time! You cannot understand how much, Arthur. I avoided her, and now you know why I answered your frank question in the manner I did. I could not do otherwise. With amazement at your honest heart, and courage of mind, I have learned that since that time you have neither visited Engelvik nor Rosendal. I am afraid I cannot describe how great is my love for Georgiana. You know me too well to think that golden locks, beautiful eyes, and a splendid form, are able to change me into a sighing lover. Believe me, therefore, when I tell you that it was not her beauty, as extraordinary as it may be, which attracted me. No, it was something in her countenance, her every movement, that filled my soul with happy prestiges for the future. My heart was filled with a sympathy which united our souls from that moment, as I believed and felt, for ever, even should a different union never take place. Very likely you will call me eccentric; but it is not so, dear Arthur. I have expressed myself plainly, that you might understand what it was that strengthened me when you informed me, the hour I was about separating from you, that you would endeavor to gain her heart and hand. True, I will not deny that there have been moments when I feared that you would succeed, and this fear was increased by the bitter reproaches I made myself for my egotism. It was still my desire that her heart might remain chained to mine, although I had no hope of possessing her, and I prayed that other love might not claim



her heart. These were my thoughts during my journey to Ejenberg, to assist my poor Constance. But do not demand to hear of the horrible events which followed each other here in rapid succession. Mr. Waldenberg will tell you all concerning them. Suffice it to say that I did not succeed, with all my endeavors, to direct Constance's thoughts towards any other subject except death, and reunion with the past. Her prayer was heard—she departed for her beautiful home, and I shall ever mourn for her as my beloved sister. And the painful events connected with her death, will ever remain a bitter remembrance to me. But now, I hope and trust that I shall be more quiet and happy than I ever was before. Allow me to make the friendly request that, if it will not be too painful for you to see Georgiana again, you will hasten to Engelvik, that you may assist Mr. Waldenberg in making the alterations which I have directed to be made at Engelvik. I make this request simply as one friend would of another, and that you are my friend, you have proved to me in the highest degree, as I am convinced that you have denied all claim upon Georgiana's hand, through your friendship; and although your thoughts may now be turned away from her by this frank declaration, still, I swear, that if you had gained her heart, I would not have written as I now do. You would not have found an egotistic rival in me. But, it is my earnest conviction that her heart has not yet received a decided impression, at least not such a one which can be called love. Mrs. Hermer has told me news which I confess has been very pleasing to me, which is that you have really settled yourself with your good-natured friend, Chief Justice Holk, at Bjerke. I do not know the charming Louisa Montén, still I have heard good reports concerning her, and that she is beautiful I am convinced, because she has bound you in her fetters. Now, brother of my heart, drop these subjects for a time, and visit Engelvik, not only to amuse the ladies at lonely Rosendal, but, also, to advise Mr. Waldenberg, so that my 'owl's nest' may be beautified. Mr. Hermer accompanies me to Hamringen, to which place I shall carry the body of Constance. Salute your host, that man of honor, in my name, and all of your friends. In January you shall be embraced by your

“GUSTAVUS.”

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“What is all this?” said Arthur, thrusting his fingers into his hair. “I don’t understand half of it—um—um—first he goes on with destroying storms, retrieved honor, marriage, solitude, all at one breath, and I must hear the rest from Mr. Waldenberg; and then he continues with spiritual love, heart’s sympathy, prayers that no worldly love should be mingled with the scene,—such an extraordinary whirl of trials, sufferings, resignation, deaths, journeys, and God only knows what else. And concerning all this Waldenberg has to explain. Finally comes alterations at Engelvik, and confidence in my friendship. Now, thank God, that is an article which is still in a good state of preservation. Heaven knows that I am so much in love with my rose-bud, that I renounce for ever all pretensions to the former sun of my existence. Georgiana is certainly better qualified for Gustavus, for he must be an extraordinary man who can win her hand. And Gustavus is really an extraordinary man. His personal appearance is noble and haughty; his manner of life; his singular fate; his mind; his love; all are extraordinary. May God render them happy. Probably they will live in an enlightened sphere, to speak in a spiritual manner. On the contrary, my beautiful rose-bud and myself will live on earth. But I must go to Engelvik, and that to-morrow morning. I am so curious that I should like to start this very moment, if it was possible to do so without bidding Louisa adieu. But Gustavus, I cannot help thinking of him! How his entire conduct is changed! And alterations! Yes, yes, when at home he was in no hurry. He only suggested them. The bell will soon ring—I must dress myself, and after dinner I will go to Balderslund.”

While Arthur was preparing for dinner, he held the following important conversation with himself:—

“Shall I declare myself to-day? Or shall I wait for a better opportunity? Perhaps it would appear a little too hasty to take such an important step to-day, when I am about to depart. And, aside from that, the result cannot be so charming as when the right moment has arrived. Should she say ‘yes’—heaven, what joy! It would then be impossible for me, in my rapture, to leave her. Should she say ‘no’—then I would despair, and it would not be suitable for my mind, in such a case, to superintend the building of edifices for another man. O, no, I thank you, I could not have so much self-denial. It is better, then,



for me to say nothing until after my return from Engelvik ; but—but it is too enticing, as I think how she would blush, tremble, cast down her eyes, and, perhaps, even, hide her little head in my happy bosom. O, I will become a fool if I think of this longer ! And after I had said these two important words for a lover—“ my bride ! ” it would not sound bad if I could say to Georgiana——” Arthur assumed a position, and continued in a loud tone : “ My dear lady, it would be a great pleasure to me if you would allow me to present to you my charming bride, and I flatter myself that Louisa will gain much by the advantage of your acquaintance.”

“ Are you mad, Arthur ? What are you talking about ? At least open the door and allow me to witness the introduction,” exclaimed the deep bass voice of the Chief Justice, on the outside of the door, accompanying his words with hearty laughter. Ashamed and confused, Arthur opened the door.

The Chief Justice entered the room. “ It must be the same with you,” said he, “ as it was once with the Notary and Georgiana, with this difference only, that they performed a tragedy, and you have chosen a comedy. Yes, yes, you young fellows, you are fine birds.”

“ Mercy ! mercy ! ” exclaimed Arthur, laughing. “ We will drop this subject, and, instead, I will announce to you that I am compelled to leave this beautiful place. I have received a letter from Baron Lindorm, in which he sends his compliments to you, and informs me that he has undertaken a journey to Northland in consequence of business, deaths, and other like matters. He therefore requests me to superintend the repairs which are about to be made at Engelvik ; and as he wishes to have them commenced immediately, the laborers being there waiting for my directions, I must go as soon as possible.”

“ This is bad news,” replied Mr. Holk, unwilling to lose his cheerful companion, “ but I hope that you will visit Bjerke and Balderslund as often as possible.”

“ Certainly,” said Arthur. “ I will take my leave of the ladies at Balderslund this afternoon.”

“ I am very sorry that I cannot accompany you,” said Mr. Holk, “ for I must preside at an extra-session at four o’clock.”

Dinner was announced, and immediately afterwards Arthur proceeded to Balderslund ; but at his arrival he experienced an unpleasant sensation of uneasiness, because he was not met at



the door by his rose-bud, as usual. The parlor-door was locked, as well as those of the sitting and reception rooms. The Lieutenant passed through the deserted halls into the kitchen. "Where are the ladies?" he inquired. "Have they gone out to walk?"

"No. They started on a journey this morning," answered an old maiden lady, engaged with her kitchen utensils.

"On a journey!" exclaimed Arthur, in amazement. "Where have they gone?"

"To Bahnfors, where their parents reside. A messenger arrived last night, with the news that the old gentleman had received a severe stroke of palsy, and brought a letter saying that Mrs. Bertha and Miss Louisa should return home immediately. Therefore they both started very early this morning. Mrs. Marshausen left this letter, which I was about sending to Bjerke when you arrived."

Poor Arthur was dumb with pain and vexation, that he should be compelled to leave Balderslund without a parting word with Louisa, or even a look of farewell. O, that was too much—more than he thought he could bear. After he had placed the letter in his pocket, he hastily turned around and went to Mr. Blohm's gig, which he had hired for this occasion, and had already proceeded some distance from the house, when it suddenly entered his mind to inquire the whereabouts of Bahnfors. Perhaps it was in the neighborhood. Rejoiced at this happy idea, he quickly turned back, and once more entered the kitchen, inquiring, "Is it far to Bahnfors?" "Thirty-six miles, Mr. S——." He slammed the door so violently that the domestics thought an earthquake had shaken the house.

"Thirty-six miles!" exclaimed Arthur, and in despair he sprang into the gig. "And I must go. O, my rose-bud, my treasure, my joy, I shall have plenty of time to think about you before I again see your beautiful face." And then, whipping his horse, he sped over the road so swiftly that the beholders would have thought that he was followed by a bevy of witches. As Arthur entered the court-yard at full speed, he nearly ran over the Notary, who was engaged in the pleasant and manly occupation of target-shooting.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the Notary, highly incensed. "How the horse is frothing! The gig looks as though Lieutenant S—— had been driving through a ditch."

"Sir," replied Arthur, who at this moment was not in the best of



humor, "estimate the damage as soon as possible, and I will pay you for it. Don't talk so much about this trifle."

"Trifle!" said Mr. Blohm, "do you think, sir, that I am the proprietor of a hackney coach? It would so seem from the language you are pleased to use. Lars," said he to that worthy, "lead the horse around the yard a little while, then rub him down well, and give him some oats. I will pay you handsomely."

The Notary was about passing Arthur, when the latter said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Blohm, for having made improper use of your horse and gig, in my bad humor; and that I have even offended you." The Notary shook Arthur's proffered hand heartily, and said: "No matter, we have both been hasty; but you have returned very soon."

"That is the very reason why I am vexed," replied Arthur, and blushed that he could not conceal his pain. "The ladies have gone to Bahnfors."

"Ah, it was no wonder, then," said the Notary, with a laugh. "But let us go into the billiard-room, that is my medicine under such circumstances." Arthur accepted this invitation, and an opportunity was soon presented for him to pay his debt to the Notary, as poor Mr. Blohm was invariably beaten.

After Mr. Holk had returned from court, he read the letter from his betrothed, with the calmness of a lover forty-five years of age. "By my troth," said he, "that is very bad. Bertha will undoubtedly be absent several weeks, providing her father should die, which is very probable." He did not mention Louisa's name; Arthur, therefore, although much against his inclination, was compelled to inquire after her. "Mrs. Marshausen," said he, "will bring her sister back with her, when she returns, will she not?"

"That is hard to say," replied Mr. Holk, smilingly; "it is very likely that Louisa's mother will not desire to separate from her, for she would be lonely; I mean, if the old man should die."

"But," said Arthur, suddenly, "how could she be so cruel as to lock her up in that old hay-mow?"

"In what hay-mow?" inquired the Chief Justice, astonished

"In Bahnfors."

"Did you ever visit Bahnfors?"

"No; but I can imagine how it looks."



"Then I must tell you, that you have an erroneous idea concerning it. Bahnfors is one of the prettiest villages in this district."

"Indeed!" said Arthur, ashamed at his rashness. "That may be; and I would have chosen a better expression, had I said, such a prison."

"Where young gentlemen are not admitted," said Mr. Holk, laughing heartily. "O, yes, you are nearer the truth, now. But, be it as it may, you will always be welcome at Bahnfors, as the friend of the future son-in-law. You may depend upon that, and so I must make you happy again, by telling my amiable mother-in-law many nice things, that she may allow Louisa to remain with Bertha, as heretofore."

Arthur did not reply, but he pressed Mr. Holk's hand warmly, and smiled gratefully. He then hastened to pack his trunks. The next morning, after having eaten a moderate breakfast, and drank three glasses of porter, one of Madeira, and five of champaign, he started upon his journey towards Engelvik. The polite Notary accompanied him a short distance on the road.

"We have spent the time so well," said Arthur, becoming convinced of the purity of the liquor he had drank, by not being able to avoid the ruts in the road, "that I must rest for an hour or two at the inn."

"I think it is the same case with me," replied the Notary, "but I hope there will be time enough for each of us to reach his destination before night. We have a whist party at Bjerke, this evening."

"And I," said Arthur, "will talk away the evening with Waldenberg, good fellow. I only hope that he is not sick, for if he is so, the spirit of sentimentality will hold sway over him."

The gentlemen arrived at the inn, at Kroken, and after sleeping two hours, they drank coffee, and conversed a short time. Then, shaking each other's hands with the utmost cordiality, they separated.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

‘Then, perhaps, from regions of gold,  
An angel—a sister of light—  
Gazed upon a suffering man.  
O, death, thou art equal to love.”

LINDBLAD.

“GEORGIANA, my child,” said Mrs. Hermer, opening the door of Georgiana’s apartment, where the young lady was reclining upon the sofa, in nearly the same position she occupied when we last saw her. “Georgiana, Waldenberg is here. He and Willie stepped upon the dock a moment ago. I will go and meet him.”

Mrs. Hermer closed the door. Georgiana’s heart beat so violently, that it almost suffocated her. The thought of again seeing the one who suffered so much in his love for her; and then the continued uneasiness in which she awaited the narration of the fates of Gustavus, Constance, and the unfortunate Miller, excited her. She was now to hear the truth of all those things, which had troubled her night and day. But she had time to compose herself before Mr. Waldenberg entered, for nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and she heard no steps approaching her room. She had become a little impatient, when Willie suddenly entered the room.

“Where is Mr. Waldenberg?” she inquired, as soon as Willie had closed the door.

“He is here, dear sister; but he went into the parlor with mamma, to drink a cup of chocolate; for Georgie, it is pretty cold out of doors.”

“Did he wish to do that? He never used to drink chocolate.”

“I cannot exactly say what he desired; but mother spoke of the chocolate,”—the boy assumed a respectful and polite manner, and with singular aptness imitated the graceful bearing of his mother. “‘Welcome to Rosendal, my dear Mr. Waldenberg.—’ Willie lifted his finger threateningly—‘You have been gone some time,—’ The boy smiled roguishly,—‘but of that we will speak again. Will you allow me to conduct you to Georgiana? She is very anxious to see you, and hear



the news. Or will you be kind enough to go with me into the parlor, and drink a cup of warm chocolate?" "I am not cold, dear madam," replied Mr. Waldenberg, but mother had already opened the door, and so cordially invited him, that he did not like to refuse. They are now there," continued Willie, assuming his usual tone, "and they will soon be here; but, Georgie, I wish you to treat him kindly, or else I will be very much offended."

"Fear not, Willie; how could I do otherwise? But is there not somebody opening the outside door?"

"No, Georgie, you only think so," said Willie, and Georgiana's heart beat with renewed violence. They were silent for a short time.

"Now, Willie, the door is really opening."

"Yes, they are coming; be as pleasant as you can; do you hear, dear sister?" Mrs. Hermer entered, and was soon followed by Mr. Waldenberg. The hectic spots upon his face were more brilliant than ever. His lips were compressed, as though he was unable to open them. His eyes shone with that unnatural fire, which frequently betokens the dreadful disease that is doing its work within. His noble figure was stooped, and his right hand, which rested upon his breast, proved that he had severe pains beneath it. He slowly approached the sofa, upon which Georgiana was reclining. He could not look upon her unmoved. Silently, but with a speaking expression of countenance, he stood a few paces in front of the sofa.

Georgiana extended her thin, white hand to him. He kissed it, excitedly, and then quickly dropped it, blushing and confused at his strange boldness. He then seated himself upon a chair, which Willie had placed near the sofa. Georgiana was unable to utter a solitary word of welcome. Mrs. Hermer, who confided perfectly in the prudence of Georgiana, in her conduct towards the unfortunate gentleman, naturally expressed her desire to read her husband's letter, which she had already received, and with a polite bow to her guest, she left the room. Willie cast an entreating look upon his sister, and then followed his mother, that he, too, might receive a little letter from papa, that was inclosed in his mother's letter. Georgiana had now recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to open the conversation.

"How is my father, dear Mr. Waldenberg? I scarcely dare



ask after your own health, for it appears to be very poor indeed."

"Mr. Hermer is in as good spirits as he can be, away from his family; and as relates to my own condition, I am rapidly approaching that end, which I earnestly desire may soon arrive." His utterance was broken, and his voice was soft and penetrating. Georgiana could not repress her tears at the plaintive sound.

"Do not speak thus," said she, softly; "we would be much grieved should your fears prove true." He feebly smiled and shook his head mournfully—"Georgiana will be happy, and those who are happy do not feel such losses."

"That is a false conclusion, Mr. Waldenberg," she replied. "Should the possession of earthly happiness deprive us of the faculty of feeling those sentiments with which nature has endowed us—grief and sympathy for those we love, after they have departed from us? O, no, it should not. At least this will not be the case with me, should I become happy or unhappy."

"God grant that it may be so," sighed Waldenberg, and a weak smile played upon his lips. "It would be heavenly consolation to me, could I but hope that you would preserve within your memory a friendly spot for me. But where is my emotion taking me? Pardon me for talking so much of myself, having matters of more importance to relate."

"I am exceedingly anxious to hear you. Is your friend Mr. Miller dead? and how is Constance—and—and—I mean the Baroness de Lindorm."

"My God, where did you hear this, Miss de Werdenberg?" inquired Mr. Waldenberg, amazed.

"Here," she replied, and extended the letters from Mr. Miller and the old steward. "You left them here. I could not abstain from reading them, and, therefore, know much concerning these horrible events. I wish," she added, after a pause, "to learn the conclusion, as much as I fear it."

"How incautious I was!" exclaimed Mr. Waldenberg. "I must accuse myself as the cause of your long illness, and it grieves me to the heart. But I was so bewildered when I left Rosendal the last time, that I could not think of the most trifling circumstances."

"I am more to blame than you, Mr. Waldenberg, and should



ask you to pardon me for having made such use of your property ; but the truth is, I was afflicted with grandmother Eve's curiosity and could not resist. But we will no longer consume the time in useless words. Tell me all at once."

"Well," replied Mr. Waldenberg, "Mr. Miller accomplished his design. The absence of Mr. Kramer, and the illness of the Baron, gave my late friend an opportunity to enter the house. He took the poison by the side of Constance's bed, and after a short time died a painful death."

Georgiana trembled violently. Her cheeks were ghastly pale, and she was scarcely able to stammer the name, "Constance."—"She," continued Mr. Waldenberg, gazing steadfastly at Georgiana, "she was already on the road to heaven. According to the narration of the servant, the lamp of life was burning feebly, when her lover entered the room, and it only required the appearance of him, whom she thought in heaven, to extinguish the flame entirely. Her child reposes upon her bosom, and—and Baron Lindorm is a widower."

Georgiana concealed her face with both hands and leaned back upon the sofa cushions. We dare not attempt a description of the sentiments with which her heart was overflowing, or to describe the train of thoughts that revolved within her aching brain. The Steward looked at her in silence. He was almost as much moved as she. After a long pause she uncovered her face, and leaning her head upon her hand, wiped the fast falling tears from her eyes.

"O, Mr. Waldenberg," she whispered, "that is more than I wished to know. Now tell me all."

He understood her wish and complied with it, although it cost him an effort surpassing his strength. With touching eloquence he described Gustavus' resignation and self-denial ; his brotherly love for Constance ; his careful attentions to her slightest desire ; his dangerous illness ; his recovery, and, finally, his present noble action in bearing the remains of Constance and her faithful lover to the family tomb at Hamringen, in order to unite in death those whom the cruelty of the hard-hearted father had separated in life.

"That noble-minded man, Baron Gustavus," continued Mr. Waldenberg, "when he united his fate with that of his cousin, is an evidence of self-sacrifice rarely equalled. Fate, accident, fortune or misfortune, I do not know which to term it, termi-



nated this unnatural union. But I cannot doubt that the all-seeing eye of God would not have permitted it to happen, did he not will all for the best."

Georgiana was so much overcome with her emotions that she was unable to reply. Constance's grief and pain; Miller's indescribable sufferings and madness; Gustavus' brave and noble exertions, were all passing through her mind as figures in a magic mirror, called up by Waldenberg's moving eloquence. Her head was confused, and she could scarcely form one clear idea.

In the mean time, Mr. Waldenberg, fatigued by his self-imposed task, had sank back upon his chair. He experienced an unusual languor, and as he stretched forth his hand for a glass of water which was standing upon a table near the sofa, Georgiana sprang up hastily, and opening her eyes, glanced towards him. She immediately saw that he was battling with his illness. Her natural strength returned, and her whole attention was bestowed upon Waldenberg. She quickly poured a few drops of wine into the water, and placed the glass to his trembling lips. He drank but little, and his head fell back upon the cushioned top of the chair. His eyes were closed, and his forehead bathed in perspiration. Georgiana looked around fearfully. Nobody was at hand, and there was no bell in the room. Strengthened by fear and necessity, she raised him up on the sofa and bathed the temples of the suffering man. She wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. He clasped her cold hand and placed it over his heart, and whispered—"I suffer here—here, unspeakably; but fear not, it will soon be over."

Georgiana did not think, at this moment, of propriety or impropriety, but permitted her hand to rest where Waldenberg had placed it. That he might die was her only thought, and her heart beat so fearfully that its throes were almost audible.

"Speak, dear Waldenberg, how are you? Your blood was almost ceasing to flow. Your face appeared like death." She anxiously felt for his pulse; but could not discern it. His breathing gradually shortened, until she feared all would soon be over with him. She was unable to call for aid, and in the utmost fear and anxiety she placed her ear to his lips, that she might hear whether he still breathed. Suddenly her cheeks glowed, she felt a slight touch from the lips; but so soft that it



could scarcely be called a kiss. "O, Waldenberg, you live—speak but one word, or I shall die with fear."

"Yes, I live, Georgiana." He uttered these words with the utmost difficulty, and so low that they were scarcely audible—"but pray—with me—that this moment may finish my life. I too—have——." He was unable to conclude.

"O, no," answered Georgiana, "I cannot pray for that. By God's aid you will become better, and your life will be spared to your friends, and will afford you much happiness yet."

After Georgiana had spoken these words, scarcely believing them herself, the door was softly opened, and Willie entered the room. "Thank God that you are come," exclaimed Georgiana, suppressing her joy with difficulty. "Mr. Waldenberg has become so ill that he needs rest. Conduct him to the other sofa, if you can, and then run down to mamma and ask her for a cordial."

Willie—the good-hearted little Willie—approached the invalid. "O, Mr. Waldenberg, have you been attacked again? But here is something which will make you better." Willie withdrew a small package of powder from Waldenberg's vest pocket, where it had been placed in case of necessity. After Willie had mixed it he administered the powder immediately to the sick man. Its effects were beneficial, and in a short time he was able, assisted by Willie, to reach the other sofa, where he soon fell into a sound slumber. Willie lightly walked to Georgiana on tip-toe. "Poor Mr. Waldenberg," said he, in a whisper, "he is often so. He is so weak that he can bear nothing. I will go and see whether mamma cannot make me some beef broth, and until then, dear sister, keep still, that he may not awake."

"Fear not, Willie," replied Georgiana, "hasten, and do not be long gone. Ask mamma if she will come here. I am afraid to be left alone with him."

"You need not be afraid for him," said Willie, walking lightly towards the door, "he will be much better when he awakes; but, I will be here soon." They were reclining upon opposite sofas. Georgiana's searching eyes were directed towards Waldenberg's countenance, which, during his soft slumber, gradually assumed its natural appearance. His cheeks were again mournfully decorated with a hectic glow. When Waldenberg opened his eyes, Mrs. Hermer was sitting beside



him. Willie was standing near him. He gazed around in astonishment, and his eyes finally directed themselves upon the sofa, where Georgiana was reclining, engaged in peeling an apple with a small silver knife.

"What has happened," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "Ah! I remember now." He quietly lifted himself up on the sofa. "Respected madam, I beg your pardon, my health is weaker than ever. I cannot help being impolite."

"Do not speak thus, Mr. Waldenberg," said Mrs. Hermer with a kind smile. "We grieve from the bottom of our hearts that such a young and noble-hearted man must suffer so much. My husband recommends you, in his letter, to my particular care, and it will be my joy to afford you a mother's attention. Therefore you must stay with us as much as your business will permit."

"O, madam, your kindness moves my heart," stammered he. "This will add to the weight of my departure."

"We must not think that," said Mrs. Hermer, arising. "You must now endeavor to take something strengthening."

"My dear madam, I entreat you not to speak of that. I am not able to do so."

"But you must," said Mrs. Hermer, with a smile. "You must be obedient and drink the broth." She was about leaving the room.

"And just see, Mr. Waldenberg," said Willie, "how Georgiana is preparing the supper. Are you not peeling the apple for supper, sister?"

"Yes, Willie," replied Georgiana, blushing. "I hope it will please you, Mr. Waldenberg."

"O, dear lady," said he with unusual liveliness, "if I could only have that pleasure; give it to me soon, and if I cannot derive life from that, then all medicine is useless."

Georgiana smiled, and with the grace so peculiar to her, she placed the apple upon a small crystal server, and then, laying the silver knife beside it, she beckoned to Willie to take it to him. The merry little boy presented it to Waldenberg, kneeling, and said smiling, as he bowed his head humbly, "From my mistress to her most devoted slave."

"Willie! exclaimed Georgiana, blushing with uneasiness. "Shame upon you, impolite boy! Pardon him, Mr. Waldenberg, he is such a jester."



"He is an excellent boy," replied Waldenberg, "he will learn early enough the weakness and folly of human hearts."

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

"O, kind neighbor, what have I done?"

It sighed—and ceased its song.

"Nothing!" murmured the glow-worm's voice

"But then—why shine so long?"

STENHAMMAR.

WALDENBERG remained a few days longer at Rosendal, occupying Mr. Hermer's apartment, that room being more pleasant for him, as it contained a well-selected collection of books. He had now, to all appearances, regained his health, although he well knew it was only an appearance, still it was a rich donation from the great Giver of all. He was happy beyond all bounds at being received as a member of the family he so much loved. He was now able to govern his emotion; not a look, not a movement, betrayed the condition of his heart. He strove to be quiet and even tempered, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive at the same time, which was very pleasing to Georgiana. This was to be perceived by the many little offices of kindness she performed, and his heart was rejoiced and set at ease, although he well knew that these were only proofs of friendship and favor—and he did not require more to render his happiness complete. His noble soul, entirely unselfish, could not wish that Georgiana should participate in his sentiments, for, if that was the case, how unhappy she would become when he should die. All then was right. He could see her as often as he desired, he could hear her sing and play, for she loved him as a dear friend who is to be estimated by his good qualities; and, moreover, she knew his love, and did not disturb it. It was a lonely flower, and why should it be trodden under foot! It will bloom but for a short time, and then it will die in its own sweetness. Waldenberg was happy; nothing seeming to mar his bliss, save the sad remembrance of his unfortunate friend Miller.

Georgiana was also more composed. She deeply felt that even



had she never seen Gustavus she would have been convinced that it would have been better for Constance to die. And Gustavus! She could not yet think of the pain she had suffered for him without heart-beatings and uneasiness. But as the leaf was now turned, and she saw him returning, in her imagination, he cheeks glowed with crimson, and happy and uneasy hopes strived within her breast for power. She sometimes imagined him sitting opposite her, the same as Waldenberg was then doing, relating, in his beautiful voice, the past events of his life. But, although these dreams were pleasing, still she fancied that she would never be able to speak in the same manner to him as she did to Waldenberg.

One afternoon, when the family were assembled together in the parlor, Mrs. Hermer was busy with her humming spinning-wheel; Georgiana was engaged with her embroidery; and Willie and Waldenberg were pondering over a mathematical problem—for, during that stormy season of the year, Willie was unable to go to the parsonage, and was, therefore, pleased to receive such good instructions at home.

"Now," said Mrs. Hermer, placing the spinning-wheel aside, "I wish you would cast aside that dreary Euclid. Willie, my boy, you fatigue Mr. Waldenberg as well as the rest of us, for we are not allowed to speak a single word."

"In a moment, mamma. Only have a little patience. There;" he placed the volume under his arm. "Now I will part with my comrade for to-day. May I go out and fish a little while, mamma?"

"Oh, no, my child, it is too cold; you must think of something else."

"Now, dear mamma, I am not a rabbit. I am strong and hot like a bear. Let me go for a short time, and I will bring a fish home for supper."

"Well, then, take Eric along, and be sure to dress yourself warmly."

"Do not think of that, mamma; I shall be careful. Adieu, all of you;" and with one spring, Willie left the room.

"What an excellent boy," said Waldenberg, approaching and sitting himself near the ladies. "He has a clear head, and is docile and attentive."

"Yes, thank God, he will be the same as his father," said Mrs. Hermer, smiling with a mother's pride. "We thank God



for his talents ; but, Mr. Waldenberg, I was just thinking to myself about the different plans you have shown us of the alterations you are going to make at Engelvik—and it occurred to me that it would be a great advantage if those long archways over the halls, making them look like monasteries, could only be altered. On the left side, especially, where the parlors are situated, a cabinet should be made, which would unite the two large rooms.”

“I also thought of that,” replied Waldenberg, and will have the workmen commence upon it as soon as Lieutenant S——, whom I expect every hour, shall arrive. Lindorm told me to advise with him ; but I am certain that he will joyfully and gratefully accept any suggestion from the ladies, whose knowledge of such things can be relied upon as the best. Therefore, I can assure you that the archway over the hall will give place to a more modern and tasteful ——.”

Waldenberg was interrupted by Willie’s return. “Mamma, Georgie, Mr. Waldenberg !” he exclaimed, before he crossed the threshold, “Oh, I have caught such a large fish ! Look !” He pointed towards a guest who was following him. “And, therefore, you preceded him,” said Mrs. Hermer, arising. “Welcome, Mr. S——, to your old friends in Rosendal. I almost thought that you had forgotten them in the new ones you have found.”

“My good Mrs. Hermer,” said Arthur, pressing the lady’s hand to his lips, “it is impossible for one who has been a daily guest at Rosendal, to forget its inmates. My absence has been prolonged on account of certain circumstances, which I will explain hereafter. I will only say that I now return in a state of mind that will cause Rosendal to be a pleasant dwelling-place.” He bowed, and approached Georgiana. “I need not tell you, Miss de Werdenberg, how uneasy I have been on account of your illness ; but, thank God, you are again as flourishing as a rose. Welcome back, Mr. Waldenberg, from your long and strange journey. I am burning with impatience to hear the news from you, as Mr. de Lindorm left room for it in his letter. Every subject of importance ended with, ‘the rest you will hear from Mr. Waldenberg.’ Mr. Holk sends his greeting to you. He is very sorry that his dear friends of Rosendal were not present at his betrothal.”

After Arthur had thus proved the power of his eloquent



tongue, Mrs. Werner replied. "We were much pleased when we heard that Mr. Holk had made the rational resolution to be married. It was a great loss for us that we were not able to go to Balderslund. I hope that Mrs. Marshausen, with whom I am slightly acquainted, is well."

"I do not know whether she is so at present, for she was called to Bahnfors to witness the death of her father."

"And her sister, the beautiful Miss Montén?" inquired Georgiana.

"She went also," replied Arthur, blushing deeply. "Do you think, Miss de Werdenberg, that this young lady has any title to the term beautiful?"

"I really do. She is undeniably amiable; but what is your opinion, Mr. Waldenberg? We saw her last Christmas at a party at Collector Alm's, in Safby."

"I unite with Miss de Werdenberg," said Waldenberg, "in her opinion, and I still remember the particular trait that most charmed me. It was the natural modesty which was displayed in her every movement. She was extraordinarily attractive, and I dare believe that she has gained more during the last year."

Arthur felt himself in heaven: for although he could not see his rose-bud, still it was a happiness to hear others speaking of her. But these pleasing sensations were suddenly changed when Georgiana replied, jestingly, as follows:

"We need not doubt that, since Mr. S—— has been obliging enough to accept a situation as tutor in Mrs. Marshausen's family."

Blushing, and somewhat offended, Arthur replied: "I think a tutor was not required; but Miss Montén and myself read a little in the languages with which we were somewhat familiar before. But as we have commenced speaking upon the subject of teaching, you must permit me a question relating to how Miss de Werdenberg and Mr. Waldenberg have been engaged, for Miss Wings complains that she has anxiously desired to see him; but that her wish has not been fulfilled for the last two or three days."

"If you really wish to know," replied Georgiana, with a merry laugh, "then I must tell you that we have been engaged in exercising our patience, which was the best way to promote our recovery. Mr. Waldenberg was taken sick upon the very



day of his arrival here, and I suppose you know that we people of Rosendal, highly estimate the health and prosperity of our friends, and could not allow them to cross the bay this cold weather, before they have fully recovered their health."

Arthur bowed, appearing not quite satisfied with the answer. "Patience," said he, "is frequently a very necessary quality ; but I did not know that Miss de Werdenberg stood so much in need of it, and I am certain that other amusements must have mingled with that already mentioned."

"Very insignificant amusements," replied Georgiana, good-humoredly. "You well know that sick persons cannot work very hard. Mr. Waldenberg related a few amusing anecdotes of his academical life. I peeled a few apples for him, and when we were weary of that, I would read to him, which he would repay by drawing a pattern for my embroidery."

"Indeed !" exclaimed Arthur, "an excellent method of passing away time. If such could be the case with me, I should be sick all the time. I think that Mr. Waldenberg, under such circumstances, is very handsomely situated."

"You must know, Mr. S——," said Waldenberg, blushing, "that the three last days have added at least three months to my life. But as you can dispose of his health, as a rich man can his money, I therefore hope you will not envy the poor man his treasure."

"I do not," replied Arthur, firmly, yet with a certain bewilderment, which prevented him from thinking of what he said. "I do not ; but perhaps another one might. I thought that Mr. Waldenberg was better informed upon that subject than I, who must receive certain explanations from him."

A deep flush overspread Waldenberg's countenance. The usual mild expression of his countenance vanished, and his voice trembled as he replied : "I do not know what right the Lieutenant has to express such an opinion ; but I know if any one had a right to ask me for an account of my actions in this respect, I should be able to look him in the face without blushing. But if one should ask me this question, who has not the right to do so, as is now the case, I might, perhaps, be offended at his insolent presumption."

"But, gentlemen, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Hermer, astonished. "I do not know the cause of your sarcastic remarks ; but I know that Lieutenant S—— had not the right to



put such a question. I am grieved that you, who are to become companions, should display so much excitement."

Arthur remained sitting, grieved that he had spoken so rashly. As soon as he had composed his mind he reproached himself for having offended poor Waldenberg, who had never injured a human being, and who was universally beloved for his excellent disposition. Arthur now saw that without provocation he had made a remark which had been grounded upon a slight feeling of envy of the fortune of Mr. Waldenberg in securing a position in Georgiana's favor which he himself had so long sought, and his desire that it might not be occupied by any other than the one whom he thought had the only just right, namely Gustavus. But he remembered that Waldenberg's love for Georgiana was well known to Lindorm as well as the entire neighborhood, and this love was of such a pure and humble nature, that it could not excite the jealousy of even a married man, much less of one who had never asked for her hand. And aside from this, Arthur's good heart told him how ungenerous it was to deprive him of his only flower of joy; he had so few to pluck. He then looked up, seeking the one with whom he wished to become reconciled. Waldenberg had turned away from him, supporting his head upon his hand, as he stood near the stove. No doubt he was striving with pain of body, which had been aroused by this severe struggle of soul. When Arthur directed his eyes towards Georgiana, he observed that she was plying her needle with unusual rapidity; her cheeks glowed, and she appeared much offended. His embarrassment increased every moment; he fervently wished he had never committed the indiscretion of taunting her about Waldenberg, whom she had ever treated as a friend, not as a lover. She was also offended, no doubt. He now sought consolation in the pleasant Mrs. Hermer, and she, who understood his unpleasant position, gave him a look by which he understood that he might soon make every thing right again. She pointed towards the stove, so that none could see the movement but him, and, as he looked towards Waldenberg, he observed a scene behind an open door, where Willie had assumed a comical position of defiance, and was shaking his fist violently at him. Although Arthur was much grieved, still, when he saw this, he could not resist breaking forth in a loud laugh.

"O, yes, laugh as much as you please," said Willie, leaving



his position behind the door, "but I will tell you frankly what my joke means: it is that if I was master of the house, instead of a little boy, I would have told you this. Mr. Lieutenant S——, you may now go unmolested to the place from whence you came, as you have not respected our hospitality, and have violated it by offending a person who lives in this house under its protection!"

"What are you saying, Willie?" said Mrs. Hermer, arising from her chair. "Papa would never have acted in this manner, you may be sure of that."

"It may be so, mamma," replied Willie, earnestly, "but I would have done so, and now Lieutenant S—— knows my opinion."

"But, Willie," said Arthur, friendly, for the boy's conduct made a deep impression upon him, "would you not change your opinion, if you should see your guest do this?" He approached Waldenberg, and said heartily, "Give me your hand, Mr. Waldenberg, as a token that you have forgiven me. I was hasty, my heart and mind had nothing to do with what I said. I am ashamed that I have disturbed the peace of the family."

Waldenberg clasped the extended hand, and said: "Willie, thou bold defender of honor and hospitality, is not this right?"

"Yes, Mr. Waldenberg, I think so. Now Mr. S—— has acted like a man of honor; he has rendered to you and the house entire satisfaction. You must now pardon him as we do."

"From the bottom of my heart," replied Waldenberg. "Your words, Mr. S——, did not offend me alone, but I fear——," he ceased, and his eyes fell upon another object.

"I have observed that already," said Arthur, approaching Georgiana, and kneeling before her. "Pardon me, gracious lady, for an improper joke, which an evil spirit prompted me to utter."

"I wish I could," replied Georgiana, "but I must tell you that I can only do so conditionally. If Waldenberg still continues to visit us; if he will remain with us whenever it is convenient for him to do so; if he willingly accepts the hospitality which papa as well as our own hearts bestow upon him, then I will pardon you; but, Lieutenant S——, if your remarks should cause Mr. Waldenberg to think that he must not visit Rosendal as often as before, or that he should remain alone with his sufferings at dreary Engelvik, in one word, if the friendly rela-



tions which until now have always existed between the inmates of Engelvik and Rosendal, should be changed into cold politeness, then I cannot forgive you."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet with a serene countenance, "you wish me to be satisfied with such conditions; why, should Waldenberg's countenance wear a frown, I would tremble with fear. In fact, you place him in a position of a barometer by which I can calculate on what footing I stand with you, favorable or unfavorable. My dear Mr. Waldenberg, promise me upon your honor that you will not be changed, either by word or action, knowingly; and that you will constantly proceed in the same manner, which seems to imprison the ladies as in an enchanted net."

They all laughed heartily. "Now, Mr. Waldenberg," said Mrs. Hermer, "come, swear! Then we will be at peace in the house, and can take our supper quietly; for my part I neither like lukewarm friends nor lukewarm tea."

Arthur approached Mrs. Hermer and Georgiana with a comical air of dignity. Waldenberg walked by his side, clasping his kingly arm, and with many bows and profuse compliments Arthur spoke to Georgiana, who had regained her good humor, as follows:

"Most mighty and merciful Queen! Your devoted subject has fortunately succeeded in bringing back from his waywardness, this being, intermediate between a saint and the dust. He kneels at your feet, to swear eternal fidelity and submission."

Waldenberg allowed himself to be conducted by Arthur, and knelt before Georgiana. "I swear for life or death," said he, joyfully, "and assuredly nothing but the dark wings of death shall be able to drive away the happiness and peace of this moment, which crowns my heart with a wreath of sweet roses, and prevents its withering."

"Would it could remain so always," said Georgiana, arising, and extending one hand to Waldenberg and the other to Arthur, "and thus I declare that harmony is now restored. I welcome Lieutenant S—— heartily, and I exhort both of you to remain in peace and unity, and never allow such discord to offend our presence again."

They now, in gay spirits, proceeded to the tea-table, and jokes and pleasantries flew from lip to lip. The next morning, both



gentlemen departed for Engelvík, promising to visit Rosendal as often as their business would permit.

After Arthur had received from Waldenberg all the necessary explanations upon the dark passages of Gustavus's letter, he commenced diligently to execute the directions of his friend. Thus week after week passed away. Arthur and Waldenberg although of different character and thought, became each day more intimate, and the long winter evenings, which they were forced to spend with each other only, as the passage to Rosendal was now obstructed by the weather, were shortened by conversing upon the incidents of their past lives. Arthur had long before informed Waldenberg of his love for Louisa, and of his ardent desire for her return. But, although old Mr. Montén was dead and buried, still the mourning, and the usual confusion connected with such an event, delayed Mrs. Marshausen's return. At length Arthur visited Bjerke, and received the news that old Mrs. Montén had persuaded her daughter Louisa to remain with her until after July. Waldenberg consoled Arthur, first, by advising him to accept Mr. Holk's invitation, and accompany him during the holy week to Bahnfors, and then, by speaking of the happy future which awaited him. Arthur listened rapturously to Waldenberg's words, and determined to profit by them. In the mean time, Mr. Waldenberg's health seemed to improve; his mind was calm, and his relations towards Georgiana remained the same as before. This was proved by his quiet and extraordinary submission, which was nourished by her invariable friendly and sisterly conduct towards him.

In December, two letters were received from Gustavus; the last one contained the information that the travellers would not return before the middle of January. At length Christmas arrived. The noisy repairs at Engelvík ceased, and all was solemnly quiet and peacefully happy. Mrs. Hermer had invited her young friends to spend the holy week at Rosendal. Waldenberg gratefully accepted the invitation; but Arthur excused himself, on account of a former invitation. Accompanied by Chief Justice Holk, he proceeded for the first time to the beautiful Bahnfors. Arthur's pleasure was indescribable, when he met his dear and beloved rose-bud again, after such a long separation. He had formerly thought Bahnfors resembled an old hay-mow, and now it appeared a perfect paradise. Louisa's



mother, the good woman, was an object worthy of his highest attention. The old lady soon understood how the matter stood between Louisa and the Lieutenant, and she did not interfere, for she thought that the young man could not have a better recommendation, than to be introduced by the Chief Justice Holk, whose respectability she had long known and esteemed. Arthur remained at Bahnfors fourteen days. Every night he retired with the firm determination of informing Louisa of his love ; but always something intervened to prevent him from carrying it into effect ; and this something was the impossibility of seeing Louisa alone. She was always surrounded by her relations. The condition of the roads prevented all excursions, and when they went to church, Louisa always rode in the sleigh with her mother. Everything seemed to balk him. He would not write to her, for if he did so, he would lose the pleasure of beholding her sweet confusion, and hearing the answer from her own dear lips. He therefore concluded to wait until the first of January, at which time the marriage ceremonies of the Chief Justice and Mistress Bertha were to take place at Balderslund. "There," thought Arthur, "a favorable opportunity will surely present itself." Satisfied with this determination, he left Bahnfors, accompanied by Mr. Holk. Returning to Rosendal, he found every thing there in good order. But the desire for the return of the husband and father was strongly awakened, and the family was as uneasy, as is usually the case under such circumstances. As relates to what was transpiring within Georgiana's heart, it would be better for us not to mention. Suffice it to say, that as the time approached for the return of Mr. Hermer and Gustavus, the days dragged heavily. Waldenberg alone did not appear to desire their return. When he observed her look with a peculiar expression towards the frozen bay, his cheeks became pale, and a weak smile formed itself upon his trembling lips. "Soon, soon," said he, "they will come, and, that Miss Georgiana may know when they arrive, I will raise a blue flag from the new balcony at Engelvik. And when you see this signal, then you may know —— that Baron de Lindorm has returned."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," replied Georgiana, with a sweet smile of gratitude. "You always anticipate my desires, and I confess that you have done so this time."

"Oh, Georgiana," said Waldenberg, sorrowfully, "your every



desire, could I but know them, should be fulfilled, even though it cost me my life. Depend upon me. I have read in your eyes, and therefore know your heart's warmest wish, and call heaven as my witness that, although my heart may be weak, still it has no envy, and that its desires have only one end, which is your happiness."

"Noble man," sighed Georgiana, taking his hand within hers. "I confide in you without fear, and, under no circumstances, shall you be deprived of my confidence."

Much moved, Waldenberg left her, that he might fulfil his promise. They determined that he should remain at Engelvik, until the husband and friend had arrived. The pain which was visible in every lineament of Waldenberg's countenance, and in every glance of his eyes, when he left this happy family, proved how great was his love. But he overpowered this pain, and, with a feeble smile, indicating a long, long farewell, he departed.

She stood long at the window, and looked after him. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her heart was replete with singular sentiments. "O, Gustavus, was not your image so deeply imprinted in my heart, I might love Waldenberg. Noble Waldenberg, you shall at least have a second place within my heart, and your image shall remain there, although your pure soul may find another home."

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Freshly killed capon on the spit turning,  
All was ready then.  
Soup steaming hot, with maccaroni swimming:  
Good for hungry men.

NIKANDER.

Passions, especially those of love, are like wounds; if it is desirable that they should be healed, they should be untouched. The more they are handled the worse they become.—РАИБЕК.

ON the morning of the nineteenth of January, the sun shone brightly through the windows of a room at Engelvik. Noise and confusion notified that the inhabitants were busy. Wal-



denberg was upon a platform, overlooking the progress of the work, directing and altering. Arthur hastily entered the room. He was clothed in a beautiful morning gown, and wore a fur cap upon his head. He carried a pipe in his mouth, and looked cross and cold. "Why the devil have you not come before? I am as hungry as a wolf, and the beef is getting cold. You seem to be fantastic with your ceiling."

Waldenberg smiled. "Why do you not take your breakfast? or are you politely waiting for me?"

"O, no; but every time that I approach the table and carefully remove the cover of the plate, Miss Wings looks as sharp at me as a cat, and gives me to understand, that it is not proper for me to take breakfast alone, and that we had better take it all together, and so forth. Therefore, I must request you to come down and take breakfast with me."

"Now what do you think of that ceiling?" inquired Waldenberg, "that wreath of oak leaves in the centre there—the chandelier will look tasteful hanging from that. Do you not think so?"

"I never express my opinion on things of such a subordinate nature," replied Arthur, with a laugh, "before I have satisfied myself that the beef and parsnips are not freezing. Come, Waldenberg, leave these things. You are injuring your health by perplexing your brains in such a cold, damp place. You remain here from morning till night. It will hurt you in the end."

Waldenberg descended from the scaffold, and after the gentlemen had eaten breakfast they returned to the room where the workmen were engaged. They walked arm in arm consulting how the adjoining rooms should be finished. Suddenly, they heard, at a short distance, the sound of tinkling bells. Arthur hastened to the window.

"Lindorm and Hermer!" he exclaimed, and hastily descended to the court-yard. Waldenberg did not follow immediately; but remained standing where Arthur had left him. He passed his hand over his forehead as though his brain was confused. Suddenly his cheeks flushed, and then the blood rushed to his heart, leaving his face deathly pale. But he soon recovered, and hastily proceeded to his room, and grasping the small blue flag, in a few moments the signal was fluttering in the breeze from the balcony. He then slowly descended to receive the Baron;



a feeling of uneasiness was awakened within his heart. The waving blue flag sung the death song of his dying hopes. To possess a small place in her esteem—to be of service to her, were his only desires, and these were crushed by Lindorm's return.

The gentlemen had just left their sleigh. The Baron approached the Steward. His face was ruddy and bespoke health and vigor, yet a slight cloud overspread his noble forehead. He pressed Waldenberg's hand heartily, and said: "I have returned from Mr. Miller's grave. His body rests at the side of Constance. And now, Waldenberg, before I enter this house, let us agree together not to recall our sad remembrances, by speaking of what has occurred. Those events are passed, and the old steward has gone to rest, peace to his ashes!" Waldenberg evinced his emotion by a look far more eloquent than words could have been, and returned the pressure of the Baron's hand. He then turned to Mr. Hermer, who asked question after question in relation to his family.

"Let us wait," said Arthur, "until we have entered the house, and have drank the cup of welcome; but that not a drop of uneasiness may mingle its poison in the beverage, I tell you in one word, that they are all well; and now, gentlemen, let us hasten in, but you must be careful when you pass under the scaffold, for you must know that a revolution has broken out, inside as well as outside of the house."

"I rejoice," said Gustavus, "that you have still retained your good humor; and it appears to me, dear Waldenberg, that you are in better health than you were last fall when we departed."

"But," said Arthur, "he is doing all he can to overpower nature, that he may prevent her from assisting his health. For he is working from morning to night in the room in the left wing, where the windows are all open. There he sits, upon the top of a high scaffold, and superintends the constructing of some stucco ornaments for the ceiling. Heaven only knows what sublime beauty he finds in them."

"Dear Waldenberg," said the Baron, reproachfully, "how can you be so careless?" You must not totally undermine your poor health, in your anxiety to promote my interests."

Waldenberg blushed and turned aside, that he might conceal his embarrassment. He well knew that his endeavors had another origin. Georgiana had once made a plan for the de-



coration of a room, which she thought would be the one she could most admire. The plan for the ceiling contained drawings of stucco ornaments, and the good Waldenberg determined to adopt them for one of the rooms at Engelvik, and allowed no rest neither for the workmen nor himself, as he found a peculiar pleasure in having them made precisely as Georgiana had planned them. It was a sweet and consoling thought for him to imagine, that when Georgiana should enter this house as its mistress, which he did not doubt, she could never visit this room without thinking of him. This was his last flower of joy. Poor Waldenberg, it was the only consolation remaining for him.

In the mean time, the gentlemen had entered the reception-room, and after each had emptied a bumper to their mutual prosperity, peace and health, Miss Wings entered and curtsied profoundly to her master. She thanked God from the bottom of her heart that he had returned, "for" said she, "when the cat is away the mice will play." She expressed her opinions openly, and as she spoke she rattled loudly a large bunch of keys, which were suspended from her apron string. During the preparation for dinner, Gustavus determined to take a tour of observation in the left-wing of the house.

"What is that?" said Gustavus, when he saw the blue flag waving from the balcony. "A signal," replied Waldenberg, "which I promised I would give when you should return, that those at Rosendal should know that you were here, and I think we will soon see Willie skating over the bay."

"O, that is beautiful!" said Gustavus, and a happy smile played upon his lips. "But, will you not wait a short time," he continued, as he observed Mr. Hermer preparing to go to Rosendal, "otherwise the good boy will not come, and I would be deprived of the news I wish to hear."

"O, you shall hear it at any rate," said Mr. Hermer. "Should I meet Willie on the road, I am sure that he will be pleased to come here, that he may greet you. But you can readily understand that I am very desirous to see my wife and children. I cannot remain a single moment longer. Now then, farewell, my friends, I hope to see you all at Rosendal to-morrow."

"Without fail," replied Gustavus, shaking Mr. Hermer's hand, and thanking him again for his pleasant company during the long journey. Who can describe the pleasure of the first meeting after a long separation? When the husband and father re-



turns after an absence of several months, and is greeted by the expecting ones, what joy is greater? Mr. Hermer's arrival was momentarily expected, for Georgiana's eye had quickly caught sight of the signal, and Willie buckled on his skates and started immediately. He met his father about mid-way across the bay, and although he longed to return with him to Rosendal, still he cheerfully obeyed his father's command, and proceeded on his way to Engelvik to welcome Gustavus.

Mrs. Hermer placed upon the dinner-table all the favorite dishes of her husband, and after he had joyfully partaken of them, they all sat around the crackling fire on the hearth. Mrs. Hermer filled his pipe; little Alec brought a small coal to light the pipe; Georgiana prepared the coffee, and her cheeks were glowing with heat, uneasiness, and joy. Mr. Hermer was rejoiced to see them all so well and flourishing.

As soon as they were all comfortably seated, Mr. Hermer proceeded to narrate the incidents of his journey. "But, my dear husband," said Mrs. Hermer, who had already placed her knitting work upon the floor by her side, her head bewildered by all her husband had told her, for she thought it all resembled the stories of the Arabian Nights—"But, my dearest, cease for a moment that I may collect my scattered thoughts. You spoke of a person of whom I should like to hear more particularly, that is poor Hedda, who attended the young Baroness during her exile. What has become of Hedda?"

"Had you not interrupted me, I should have told you," said Mr. Hermer, smiling. "Now, where was I?"

"O, papa," said Georgiana, who had been very attentive to the narration, "you last spoke of the funeral of Mr. Wilson."

"Right, my child. Baron Gustavus gave notice that the stewardship of Hamringen was vacant, and those persons desirous of obtaining the situation should apply for it upon a certain day. Among the applicants was a middle-aged man, who excelled all others by his grave and quiet demeanor, as well as his recommendations. He had been employed as superintendent of a country estate for several years, and was known as a man of punctuality and honesty. Hedda, who had accompanied us from Ejkenberg to Hamringen, modestly spoke to Gustavus in favor of this gentleman. He asked her a few questions concerning him, and discovered why Hedda had been induced to intercede for Mr. Dalberg. They had been secretly



betrothed for the past two years. Gustavus was willing to comply with Hedda's desire, and to reward her for the faithful services and warm attachment which she had displayed towards her young mistress. The gentleman was employed as steward, and one of the other applicants was appointed his assistant. After everything was arranged, and Mr. Dalberg duly installed, he came to Lindorm with the long face of an applicant, and entreated him for the hand of Miss Hedda. Having long before gained the consent of the young lady, the employer's assent soon followed. Gustavus allowed Hedda a handsome marriage dowry. The banns were properly announced, and in the course of time they were happily married. The joyful appearance of the newly-married couple gave rise to the hope that domestic felicity and prosperity would be their lot."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Hermer, "that the faithful Hedda has been so well rewarded for her sufferings. I rejoice with her. But what did you then do?"

"We then engaged ourselves in assorting the dusty folios of the deceased Baron Torsten, and arranged the books, accounts, debts, and claims. Hamringen allows Gustavus a very important income, and he may now be considered as the owner of two large domains. A very wealthy man."

"Yes, yes; it is all very well to have property; but what is the condition of his mind?" said Mrs. Hermer. "If he is still inclined to his unfortunate melancholy, he cannot derive much pleasure from his wealth."

"O, there is no danger there, replied Mr. Hermer. "Since he has recovered from his late illness he has parted with his gloomy disposition. He is now more cheerful, more cordial, and social in all his ways. True, I do not remember having seen him joke and laugh as others do; but still he seems to like the company of cheerful people. He is a far different man than he was before, with the exception of his peculiar calmness, which seems to be caused by the remembrance of that horrible event at Ejkenberg. But you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself tomorrow, as he will visit us then." Mr. Hermer was much fatigued, and retired to his sleeping-room early in the evening. Mrs. Hermer made preparations for the following day, and Georgiana retired to the solitude of her little apartment. But whether it was quiet in her heart we cannot say,

"But ye who love, your own hearts know."



Willie did not return that night, although the stars shone brightly. Georgiana listened in vain for his pattering footsteps upon the stairs, and she became vexed and impatient that he did not hasten home to tell her the news. But remembering Willie's pleasant manner of giving information, she thought that Gustavus would also be much interested in him—and—and providing she should herself be the object of their conversation, she felt that she could pardon him for not coming, as, through his love for her, he would certainly give Lindorm good tidings concerning her. At length, after mature deliberation with herself, she excused his tardiness in returning.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Lo! from Memory and Hope, she borrows two silver wings,  
And soars aloft to Eden's hills in search of brighter springs.

NIKANDER.

THE next day a severe snow storm raged, and Georgiana, who was standing near the window, could not see the slightest portion of Engelvik. With a feeling of vexation and uneasiness she sat down to the breakfast table.

"I hope you have slept well, papa," said she, that she might reply something to her father's friendly greeting.

"Excellently, my dear Georgiana, but it appears to me that you were not so fortunate."

"I must confess that the picture of the unfortunate Constance was before me the live-long night. I was not able to close my eyes. But I hope to sleep all day."

"You will then be very impolite to our guest," remarked Mr. Hermer, smiling. "I think Baron Lindorm will be much astonished at your absence."

"Do you think, papa, that the Baron can come out during such weather? The ice is quite covered with snow, and the path is entirely concealed."

"I think it will clear up about noon," said Mr. Hermer, and looked so quiet, that Georgiana considered him as a very cold-hearted man. She crumbled her biscuit into her cup of coffee,



cooled it with her breath, although it was not hot, but did not reply concerning the probability that it would cease snowing.

Mr. Hermer again commenced: "As soon as it becomes clear, I will send Peter and Magnus to shovel the snow off from the path, and I think the Baron will also have the path cleared from Engelvik, and in that case I do not see what will prevent his coming. But if you are so sleepy and ill-humored, then Peter can go, and request the Baron to postpone the visit until to-morrow."

"Am I in ill-humor?" said Georgiana blushing. "I don't see how you can say so, and I do not understand, after all, what my humor has to do with his coming." She glanced rapidly towards the window. "I would pity poor Peter should he be obliged to walk clear to Engelvik through this deep snow."

"I did not think of that—you are right," said Mr. Hermer, with a peculiar smile, which caused the roses to mount in Georgiana's cheeks, "neither should Gustavus come here through the deep snow."

"When the path is cleared, there will be no trouble in his coming," replied Georgiana, in a low voice, and still continuing to cool her luke-warm coffee.

"But girl, what is the matter with you?" said her mother; "the coffee has been in the cup nearly a quarter of an hour; I do not think it is very hot now, and besides that, you are spoiling the biscuit without tasting it."

Georgiana, confused, drank her coffee hastily.

"Now, my child, you have arrived at the same point I just left," said Mr. Hermer; "see, it is already beginning to clear, and the snow is ceasing to fall. I will wager that before you will be able to sleep, we will see people coming out from Engelvik with their shovels, and commence clearing away the snow on the other side of the bay."

Georgiana's eyes brightened, and all thoughts of sleep vanished. Three hours afterwards a path was cleared across the bay, walled on either side by high banks of snow, and, aided by her spy-glass, Georgiana could recognize on the other side of the bay a tall gentleman, closely wrapped in a large cloak, rapidly proceeding on his way across the ice. Before him ran a little figure, leaping about fantastically in the snow.

"That is Lindorm," whispered her beating heart. "Lindorm and Willie. See how the little monkey jumps about! Mr.



Waldenberg and Lieutenant S—— are not with him. O, Waldenberg, I well know why you remained at home. But Gustavus is coming." A sigh of joy and a sigh of pain met within her heart, and passed over her lips together.

Gustavus rapidly approached ; but her confusion of mind prevented her from observing the change that had taken place in his appearance. It was so wonderful, so utterly incomprehensible, that she should now see him again ; and that he had been married, and had become widower. She felt that she could hardly dare to look at him, for he knew that she was now as familiar with his life as he was himself. "He is here !" said she, again rising from her stooping position near her window, "and I am not dressed yet ; but I must hurry — Christiana !" She called a little girl, who was her particular attendant. "Christiana, bring me my dresses, that I may choose one."

The little girl hastened to the wardrobe, and soon returned with three dresses hanging upon her arm. "This gray bombazine," said the little girl, "looks very pretty, will you have it ?"

"No, mamma says that gray always makes the complexion look dark. It will not suit me—put it aside."

"This Walter Scott dress, how do you like this ? Lieutenant S—— says that you never look so beautiful as when you wear that dress."

"Now, I do not care for Lieutenant S——'s opinion, and as little concerning the dress itself ; so you may take it back again."

"Would you like this black one ? This is the one you wore last Christmas, and everybody said you looked like an angel."

"A black angel !" said Georgiana, smiling. "O, no, Christiana, I do not wish to resemble an angel of darkness."

"And then you do not like any of these dresses ?" said the little maid, astonished to see her young mistress for the first time so undecided. "It was very near dinner time, when you called me ; I saw the waiter laying the table cloth."

"What is that ?" said Georgiana ; "is it so late already ?" She quickly loosened her golden locks before the looking-glass ; the silken hair fell over her white shoulders like a glance of sunshine.

"Yes, it is quite late," said the waiting-maid, "and my good mistress is still in her morning-dress ; but I know that if it was proper to go to table in a gingham dress, nothing could be nicer than the one you now wear."



"Silence, Christiana, silence. I do not like to be flattered, you know that. Quick, take the comb, there; now run, bring me the pink muslin dress." Christiana disappeared through the door, and, as Georgiana stood before her large mirror, in the most charming position, arranging the golden tresses, another door opened, and Gustavus followed by Mr. Hermer entered the room. Georgiana saw his form reflected in the looking-glass, and he saw her in the same manner. Her cheeks mantled with a crimson blush. Gustavus intended to retreat, but Mr. Hermer retarded him, and said: "Georgiana, there is no use of many compliments with the friend of your childhood. Turn, and welcome him. You must excuse me, for I did not know that you were at your toilet." Mr. Hermer disappeared, closing the door after him. Georgiana turned towards Gustavus with down-cast eyes. At the first moment she placed the brush upon the toilet table, and with a bewitching movement shook back her golden hair. She then advanced towards her guest, and made a bow, which even Arthur's rose-bud could not surpass. Gustavus found her extraordinarily charming, as could be seen in his countenance, as they stood opposite each other. She, the statue of blushing modesty, and he, the image of masculine beauty and noble pride. Two such noble appearing beings could not be rivalled by the pencil of the most talented artist.

Gustavus could have remained standing for an eternity in this position, for he had sufficient to look upon; but Georgiana interrupted the silence by addressing him as follows:—

"Welcome, Baron Lindorm," said she in a low tone, lifting her eyes; but as soon as she observed that he was clothed in mourning, for the death of his young wife, her confusion was increased to such an extent that she could not speak further. But it required nothing more to awaken him from his dreams, than the voice of his beloved Georgiana. He approached her, and, taking her hand within his, spoke in a tone which vibrated within her heart, saying: "Dear Georgiana, call me by a more familiar name."

"I remember," she replied, and a beautiful smile illumined her countenance, "you once said that the time of childhood and its right, golden liberty, have long since passed. So you said."

"When I said that," replied Lindorm, gazing upon her, as though his eyes would penetrate into her very soul, "it was necessary that it should be so; but now, it is different, unless



you wish to wound my heart. Oh, Georgiana, do you wish to cause me that pain?"

"Far from it," she answered. "I will say welcome back again, dear Lindorm. Does that please you better?"

"No, that is not as it was during our childhood. Then you only used the words, 'dear Gustavus;' we knew nothing then of vain formalities."

"Well then," said Georgiana, and an expression of pure happiness overspread her countenance, and beamed in the eye which now met his own. "Welcome, dear Gustavus; I was exceedingly anxious for your return."

"Thank you, my dearest Georgiana," and, placing his arm around her waist, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead. "Again we are in the paradise of childhood. I am now truly happy. My days of joy will return. The dark clouds of my soul shall disappear and dissolve in mist, which will vanish beneath the clear, holy glance of your eye. My closed heart shall again be open to the purest joys of life."

"O, that it was in my power to do that, dear Gustavus. How rejoiced I would be if I could always see myself as I now am seen by your eyes. But—but—" she stammered, confused at the boldness of her words; "but now, dear Gustavus, you must leave me. Dinner time is near at hand. Just see how I look. I must dress myself."

"Oh, he answered, "I could look upon you forever as you now are; but I will go, that I may see you again the sooner. Do not spend unnecessary time at your toilet. I will count the moments." He shook her hand, and hastily left the room.

After the door had closed behind him Christiana, who had been an innocent witness of all that had occurred, entered the room with the desired pink dress. Fortunately she had understood no more of all that had happened than that she thought it very strange indeed, that Baron de Lindorm should so suddenly fall in love with her mistress. She was very sorry that she had not understood a single word of the conversation.

Georgiana did not notice Christiana, for she had placed her cheeks against the cold window, which, however, did not cool their burning heat. "My God!" whispered she, "what was all that he said? and what words slipped over my lips? I do not understand it; but his eyes bewildered me. I shall not be



able to look him in the face when at the table. It will be impossible."

"But will not my lady dress herself?" asked the little waiting maid, impatiently.

"Yes, where are you? I am waiting for the dress." Her hair was soon dressed, and then in order came the gown. Finally, a beautiful shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and all was complete to Christiana's great admiration. The little girl was continually extending towards her mistress a beautiful *chemisette*, ornamented with fine French lace.

"But, my lady has forgotten the *chemisette*, and your bracelets. O, you cannot go to dinner without them."

But while Georgiana was casting a slight glance into the mirror to see whether Christiana's opinion was a correct one, there came a messenger from her mother announcing that dinner was ready. Georgiana clasped her shawl about her neck and hastily descended the staircase.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Who could count the hours spent in such a place, with such companions?

STARKLOF.

"But, Georgiana," said Mrs. Hermer, when Georgiana entered the dining room, "what has delayed you so long? Certainly not the toilet. The gentlemen are becoming impatient because the dinner is waiting for you."

"O, no," said Gustavus, "I am not impatient, for I detained Georgiana, by paying her a visit at her room."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Hermer. "I did not know that."

"It was I, my dear," who conducted Baron Lindorm thither, as I wished to write some letters. You were engaged; and in my haste, I knew of no better means of entertaining our guest than by taking him to Georgiana, who, I thought, would be ready for dinner, as it was nearly two o'clock."

Mrs. Hermer nodded, smilingly, to her husband; and then turned towards Lindorm, with the question: "Will not Lieutenant S—— and our friend, Mr. Waldenberg, visit us to-day?"



"Arthur," replied Gustavus, "is slightly indisposed; but I think that he will be able to come over this afternoon. I could not persuade Waldenberg to relinquish his business in the unfinished parlor, as he wished to complete it according to his own taste. At his request, I have given him permission to finish the room from first to last according to his own judgment."

Georgiana's heart beat with an undefinable sensation. She well remembered the plan she had made, which Waldenberg had jestingly taken with him. This remembrance created a mass of intricate thoughts within her brain, which became more confused as Gustavus added: "This innocent zeal must certainly have a reason." Georgiana turned towards the window. "O, he is zealous in everything," said Mrs. Hermer; "it is only a desire to give you an unexpected pleasure—for it is a truth that our good friend, Waldenberg, has much taste." Mr. Waldenberg was much admired by Mrs. Hermer. Frequently, during the last year, long before Gustavus had returned, it was the secret wish of her heart, had his health not been so feeble, to call him her son; but she had long before thanked God that Georgiana had not returned his love. Still she felt a mother's love for him, and fervently defended his every action. "Yes, he is always zealous and cautious; you may depend upon that, Baron Lindorm."

"I am perfectly convinced of it," replied Gustavus, with a polite bow; "still it is a painful thought, to believe that his remaining strength will be ruined by this zeal."

Georgiana's heart beat with redoubled violence. Fortunately, Mr. Hermer changed the conversation, as the wine was now placed upon the table. The conversation now became general, the news of the day was discussed, and the leading articles of the political and literary newspapers criticised. They retired to the parlor, which had been illuminated during dinner. O, what is more pleasant during a cloudy winter's day in the country, than a crackling fire on the hearth, the companionship of a few friends, a warm cup of coffee, or a good book? Our friends were blessed with all these. Willie brought the chairs, and they sat down comfortably. They drank their coffee, and conversed upon all subjects of general interest. Soon twilight, or in this climate darkness, arrived; and when the conversation flagged, Willie pulled his father's coat sleeve vigorously. He winked his eyes gravely, and shook his head knowingly.



"That is not proper, my boy," said Mr. Hermer, stroking the merry boy's hair back from his forehead, and pointing towards Gustavus.

"O, I know," said Willie, innocently, "that Baron Gustavus does not wish to be strange to us, and will not be offended at a thing so natural."

"Are you speaking of me?" inquired Gustavus, smiling. "What is it that is so natural, which would not offend me, Willie?"

"I want papa to go up with me to his room and examine me in the studies I have pursued since his absence. He promised this forenoon that he would. And until now, something has always prevented it; and papa does not think it would be proper to do so during the presence of a stranger. But I am sure that I will not sleep to-night, unless papa knows how I have spent my time while he was gone."

"I hope that Mr. Hermer does not consider me a stranger in his house," answered Gustavus. "I should be grieved if that was the case. My friends at Rosendal must consider me either as a daily guest, or else as a stranger. If the latter was the case, I should be obliged to act accordingly. And aside from that, if I can express an opinion, it would be unjust to refuse Willie such a reward for his diligence."

"Then we will proceed with the examination," said Mr. Hermer, arising. Willie departed for his entire stock of books. "But I must say," said the father, "that it will take several hours, and I should not like to miss my friend when I return. I hope you will spend the night with us, Mr. de Lindorm."

Gustavus could not receive a more pleasant invitation than this; but for the sake of politeness he made a few excuses—for instance, his business called him away, or Arthur's illness might have increased, as he had heard nothing from him, &c.

"We will talk no more about this," said Mrs. Hermer, in that well-intended and firm voice, which is exceeding pleasant at times, because it puts an end to all unnecessary objections. "Just go along, my good old man; Baron Lindorm shall see that we country people are not in the habit of making such short visits, or allowing them either."

Mr. Hermer retired with his son; and after the friendly hostess had endeavored to continue the drowsy conversation, until she was agreeably interrupted by the cook, who questioned her:



"Will you permit me to speak a word to you?"—and no man knows how many words were added to this one word; but it is certain that Mrs. Hermer was engaged for a long time in the domestic controversy.

The fire had nearly burned out upon the hearth. Georgiana and Gustavus were alone, with the exception of little Alec, who was sleeping with his head resting upon Georgiana's lap. She carefully lifted the boy from her lap, and placed him tenderly upon the sofa. She silently resumed her seat. Lindorm was also silent. They both gazed thoughtfully at the dying embers, ever and anon casting a concealed look towards each other. They felt that something strange had taken possession of their hearts, and that *that* something was the carefulness with which they avoided to speak concerning it. It was an abyss which separated the past from the present; but they did not succeed in their endeavor to avoid it, so perfectly that they could escape an uneasiness which oppressed them as with a burden, the presence of which destroyed all familiar intercourse. Gustavus therefore resolved to hint at the subject, which, once broached, he hoped would bring them to a better and more natural understanding with each other.

"Dear Georgiana," said he—his voice slightly trembling—"how much it pained me last summer to sail under false colors, if you will allow me that expression. You were far from knowing the true reason."

"Not far, Gustavus," replied she, kindly. "Even upon the very first evening, when you related to me the legend of Yllar and his bride, there arose within my mind an undefined thought that it was somewhat similar to your own fate. And this thought became almost a verity to me, when we afterwards accidentally met in the park. There, dear Gustavus, you betrayed both by actions and words, that something extraordinary was taking place within your soul. I compared them together, and have since discovered that my conclusions were not entirely at fault."

Georgiana's eyes, as she was speaking, were turned upon the mouldering embers; but Gustavus' gaze was rivited upon her countenance, and it was consoling to him to know that she had understood his hint. He was sincerely happy at the knowledge that she had met him half way in his endeavor to break the dreaded subject, without artifice or hesitation.



"Good, good Georgiana!" said he, taking her hand, "how often you must have feared that I was a contemptible man, because you have observed how frequently my sentiments were hostile to each other. You now know under what peculiar circumstances I have been placed, and how strangely I have been liberated from them. Ours was no common connection. But believe me, dearest Georgiana, if you have felt one pang of grief on my account, it was trifling in comparison to all that I have suffered. Protracted struggles followed the sweet and bitter hours I have passed with you. At length I was forced to leave Engelvik, without being permitted to tell you, the friend of my childhood, the cause of my grief. I hastened to Constance, who was to me, in the proper signification of the word, my most beloved sister, although she bore the name of my wife, and would have retained it, to the world, had she remained alive; but all of this you have learned from Waldenberg, and, I suppose, from Mr. Hermer's narrative also. You are also acquainted with the sad fate of the unfortunate Miller, and of the manner of Constance's death. It was a sweet duty for me to unite their ashes. Tell me now, good Georgiana, was it not better for the happiness of Constance that she should die? Do you think that it would be possible for happiness ever to flourish for her, even had I been able, after many years of grief, to resign myself to my fate, and to the loss of all my earthly hopes?"

"No, good Gustavus," replied Georgiana. "It is my full conviction that, although you would have suffered with the patience of an angel, her fate would be more bitter, the more you attempted to relieve her pains. Your kindness and tender care would only cause her misery. I feel the truth of this within my soul, that she is far happier now than you could have rendered her, and I wish that you could believe so also. Death must be sweet to those for whom all the roses of life are faded. Death then presents itself, not as a picture of terror, but as a long-wished-for friend, in whose arms we cast ourselves, happy in faith and hope."

"Thanks, dear Georgiana," said Lindorm, evincing much emotion, "thanks for those sweetly persuasive words. Your idea of death has something beautiful in it, which finds an echo within my heart. In many solitary hours I have meditated upon this sublime subject. O, how much my heart longed for death when I had closed it against warmth and social life,



and this rich subject filled my mind with a myriad of novel thoughts and presentiments, which, however, still harmonized. Death appeared to resemble the transformation which a caterpillar undergoes when it is changed from its menial life to that of a gay and glorious existence. Quietly it rests within its chrysalis. True, its wings are feeble when it first sails upon the bosom of the morning breeze; but soon they are developed in all their splendor, and are set in motion to bear the newly-born insect to the fragrant flower, which beckons it to a friendly repast. So, I believe, I also shall be born again after my departure from this earth, and clothed in magnificent raiment, will hasten towards eternal happiness. But I must wait until the present chrysalis state has passed, hoping, in my dark state, for a glorious and beautiful resurrection."

Gustavus was silent. His beautiful and sonorous voice; his glowing eloquence, had fallen like refreshing dew-drops upon Georgiana's heart. He had approached nearer to her as he spoke, without intending to do so, and there they now sat in silent communion of soul. But why communed they thus? In their souls shone the same resplendent light, and they felt at this moment little in common with the worldly life.

"O, Georgiana, amiable, kind Georgiana," said Gustavus, who had interpreted Georgiana's silence aright, "do you then experience the same feelings that I now do?"

"Yes, Gustavus," said she, softly, and two large tears dropped upon the hands which were surrounding hers. "My soul is now rising with yours to the regions of heaven."

"O, Georgiana!" said Gustavus, and his voice became more earnest, "earthly life is also beautiful, for this hour, the happiest of my life, belongs to it, and soon——"

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Hermer, entering the room at this moment. "Have you forgotten to call for a candle, Georgiana? Why, it is quite dark!"

"Pardon me, dear mother; Gustavus and I have been so busily engaged in conversing upon mortality, or rather immortality, that we quite forgot that it was dark."

Gustavus did not speak. He was grieved at this interruption, but it was too late to repine. Candles and supper were brought in, and all became quiet again. Gustavus was in good humor, for now all strange relations between Georgiana and himself had come to an end.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

The golden age, the youthful days of earth,  
Where are they? They were!—but ask it not!

LILJESTRALE.

It was now the latter part of January. The gossip of the whole neighborhood was of the marriage which was to take place at Balderslund, on the first of February. Invitations on light blue paper, ornamented with little silver Cupids, with bows and arrows, had been sent in every direction. The inhabitants of Rosendal and Engelvik were first invited, and Mr. Hermer had received a letter from Mr. Holk, in which it was decidedly expressed that no excuse would be taken from any of the inmates of either places. At the close of the letter, he threatened a suit against every one of the families who should be absent. Arthur, who well knew that during the confusion of preparation it would be impossible for him to find an opportunity of speaking with Louisa alone, came to the heroic conclusion not to go to Balderslund until after all the guests had arrived. It would have been very unpleasant to go to Bjerke when it would be utterly impossible to proceed further, as under existing circumstances it would not be natural for Mrs. Marshausen to receive visitors.

Mr. Hermer and his wife determined to accept Mr. Holk's pressing invitation, for they well knew that if they did not, Mr. Holk would never forgive them. True, Mrs. Hermer, for her part, produced many objections to the journey, among which were domestic duties, the children, the bad weather, the worse roads, the danger of crossing the ice, and many other things, which Hermer, however, overpowered one after another, until none remained, except the danger of crossing the ice and the bad roads, and even those disappeared after being reminded of Mr. Holk's former friendship. So they concluded to go. Peter could sit upon one of the runners of the sleigh; Magnus could sit upon the other, and Olle was directed to ride upon horseback some distance in advance. Then the skins were to be prepared, and the cover of the sleigh should be repaired. The body of the sleigh should be newly painted and ironed, and thus they thought that everything would go safely. A few days be-



fore this extraordinary voyage of fifteen miles was to be undertaken, Gustavus and Arthur visited Rosendal, that they might consult with their friends concerning the manner in which they should travel to Balderslund.

"The gentlemen will ride together, of course," said Mr. Hermer, attempting a joke, when he saw that Gustavus was discussing pro and con, that he might gain his object, which the shrewd reader can probably divine.

"O, no; that is not to be thought of," said Gustavus. "I had hoped that Georgiana would ride with me. You know, Mr. Hermer, that my sleigh is strong and cozy."

"I do not doubt that," answered Hermer. "You will sit very nice and warm in his cutter, Georgiana, almost as warm as in a room, if not warmer, and if you should like to prove the truth of my statement, you had better take a thermometer along with you."

Hermer was fond of humor, but he never exercised it when he thought there was danger of his jokes being taken in earnest.

Georgiana, in her confusion, endeavored neither to see nor to hear; but engaged herself in fastening the loops of a beautiful travelling comforter.

"But does not papa mean that I should also have a voice in this matter?" said Willie. "I thought that it was concluded that Georgie and I should ride together. I should think she would like that better, for then she can tell me to get out of the sleigh when we are going up a hill."

"But that could not be very pleasant for you," said Gustavus. "Would you not like to ride in my neat cutter? It will look fine behind Goldfox. How would you like to be the only possessor of the horse and cutter?"

"That would not be bad," said Willie. "What do you think of it, Georgie?"

"O, nothing," she replied, laughing, "only that my vote would be favorable."

"What do you say, dear Georgiana?" said Lindorm, as he took the finished portion of the comforter from a chair upon which it was lying, and seated himself upon the chair and placed the shawl in his lap. "How can you speak thus? I was about to ask you in the commencement; but Mr. Hermer took the words from my mouth. But now, you must speak plainly, whether you will ride with Willie or me?"



Georgiana was silent, not being able to make up her mind how to reply; but Willie assisted her from this difficulty, by saying; "Don't bother your head any more about it, Georgie; as for my part you need not ask me any more questions, for I am going to ride alone in my own sleigh. Now I remember, I would rather not ride with you, for I will now escape all your 'do be careful, Willie,' and a good many other reproofs. So I will ride alone."

"Well, you are very gallant," said Georgiana, laughing. "You see, Gustavus, I am obliged to accept you, whether I wish to or not; therefore, I will be much obliged to you if you will allow me to accompany you."

The laughing look accompanying these words, proved to Gustavus, that if she could have had an opportunity of choosing, she would have undoubtedly gone with him. Never before had Lindorm been so amiable as he had been during this evening.

"Dear Georgiana," said he bowing familiarly over her, as Mrs. Hermer was busily engaged with the sleigh blankets, and Mr. Hermer and Arthur were poring over a game of chess, while Willie was tumbling over a pile of drawings. "Dear Georgiana, how many comforters do you intend to knit for your father? I believe he has half a dozen already?"

"O, no, Gustavus, he has only had one from me."

"This then will be the second?"

"But I have not said this was to be for papa—you seem determined that it should be his."

"O, no, Georgiana, I am not determined that anybody should have it. I should like to know, however, who it is intended for?"

"If that is all, I can easily tell you. I am making it for my driver, when we go to Balderslund."

"O, you speak with a double meaning," said Gustavus. "That comforter is much too long for Willie. Ah! Georgiana, could I only believe firmly that which causes my heart to beat."

"What?" inquired Georgiana, with well-feigned surprise.

"O, how tantalizing you are. Speak! who do you intend it for?"

"Nobody was to have it," replied Georgiana, with downcast eyes. "I shall place it aside until the day we start, and then the one who most needs it, shall have it."

"And that shall be myself," said Gustavus, "for I have but



one, which Constance made for me, and that I mean to keep as a dear relic; therefore, I shall most require it. O, Georgiana, I am truly happy!" and, notwithstanding the presence of their friends, he could not refrain from pressing her hand. That he might do so unobserved, he playfully cast the comforter into her lap.

"What are you doing there?" inquired Mrs. Hermer, casting her eyes from her work to the blushing couple. Georgiana hastily changed her position that she might conceal her face. Gustavus arose, that he might admire Mrs. Hermer's work. When Lindorm took his departure that evening, he said, standing upon the threshold: "I have to ask a favor of my friends at Rosendal, which I hope they will grant."

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Hermer, easily divining the answer to his question.

"It is this, that the evening before the wedding you will all come over to Engelvik, and spend the night in my bachelor's hall. I have no doubt but that Miss Wings will do all she can to make you as comfortable as possible. The rooms are airy and comfortable, and I really desire you to visit me in my own house. It would afford me the utmost pleasure to see you all making yourselves happy around my fireside."

"I gladly accept your invitation," said Mr. Hermer. "I know how far it is to Balderslund, and if we wish to arrive there by noon, we must start the night before, for my good wife is never in a hurry."

"And I too," said Mrs. Hermer; "it will be the very thing."

"I too," said Willie.

"Then I suppose I must also thank you," said Georgiana.

"But I must ask you one favor," said Arthur, in a voice which could be heard above all the others: "that I may have the pleasure of riding with Miss Georgiana to Engelvik. I will be here Monday noon, and we will start from here at dusk. I will wager that Miss Wings will procure a cup of coffee for us, which, Mrs. Hermer, even you need not be ashamed of."

"I am afraid, Arthur," said Gustavus, "that you are promising more than you can fulfil; but we will try to prove that your boasting has not been all for naught."

The gentlemen took their departure, and after they had arrived at Engelvik, they entirely confused poor Miss Wings' head with their numerous commands and instructions. Arthur



took her arm and gallantly conducted her to the Baron's apartment. After they had entered the room, he requested her, with many bows and compliments, to take the arm chair, and, standing before her, he commenced the following peroration:—

“Now, Miss Wings, the fairest of the fair, mother of gracefulness, open your ears, and listen to what I shall speak unto you, concerning the tremendous occurrence which is going to take place at Engelvik next Monday, and then reason——”

“There, Mr. Arthur, I must tell you, young man,” cried Miss Wings, burning with anger, and springing from her chair, as though under the influence of a galvanic battery, “I must tell you to your face, that I am too old a woman to be made a fool of, especially by such a young snipe as you. Yes,—that is my idea.”

“O, lovely Miss Wings,” said the artful Arthur, in a tone of the most profound sorrow, “do not pierce my heart with such cruel arrows. Do not permit the fire of your beautiful eyes to burn me to ashes. I have spoken but the truth. Ask the Baron, and he will tell you.”

Gustavus, who during this scene had cast himself upon the sofa, nearly exhausted with laughter, now resumed his usual composure. “Yes;” said he, seriously, “an important event is to happen. We are to have ladies here. The family from Rosendal, are to spend the night with us.”

“I hope your worship is jesting,” said Miss Wings, hastily reseating herself.

“Certainly not. I am really in earnest. I have invited them.”

“Well, I must say, that you have done very well indeed, to invite ladies here. There is Mrs. Hermer, the best housekeeper in the neighborhood; but it is now the habit of the master of the house, not to inquire whether it is right or not to invite guests. O, it was not so in the good old days. Then the gentleman would ask his wife or his housekeeper, ‘Is it right for me to invite guests on such and such a day? and so forth; but those good old fashions will never come back. I must tell you to your face, Baron Lindorm, that it would have been better if you had first consulted me; but O, no, Miss Wings must always be ready to pull the cart out of the mud, after the young gentlemen have put it in.’”

Never had Miss Wing been so angry before, and with the



conceded authority of an old housekeeper, she spoke her mind plainly.

Arthur threw himself upon a lounge, and laughed loudly at the old mother of gracefulness, who was standing in the most ridiculous position, and flaming with rage at the presumption of her master, and the change that had taken place since the days of old.

"My good Miss Wings," said Gustavus, soothingly, "the idea was so sudden, that I had no time to run over and ask you, which I would certainly have done under other circumstances. On my way hither, I flattered myself that I would find in you a housekeeper who could not be found, should we search through all East Gothland."

The cloud upon Miss Wings' countenance was fast dispelling. "I remember," continued Gustavus, "I heard you say, that your cloak was so old and ragged, that you could not go to church this winter. Perhaps you will allow me to present to you one of the cloaks of the late Baroness, which the moths will soon destroy, if they are not used, and, as payment, you must do as I wish next Monday afternoon."

"May God bless your lordship, you have some sense and heart yet; but the cloak will be too much; I must confess that I do not deserve it. But I will tell you openly, that it will cost much trouble to arrange such a disordered house as this, in two days. Why there is not a bed-room fit to sleep in; but I will have them all nicely swept out, and have the window and bed-curtains washed and starched."

"And then Miss Wings, we must have a good supper," said Lindorm.

"And good coffee," said Arthur, "for I told Mrs. Hermer, that she could not boil such fine coffee, or bake such good cakes, as our Miss Wings."

"O, you are an unbearable talker," said she, with a face half sour and half sweet. "But as to coffee and cakes, I will do honor to the memory of the late Baroness, so long as I live. The gentlemen can depend upon that. But I have no time to stay babbling with you. But one thing more, gentlemen, you must have the pleasure of living among all this confusion, for it is all your own fault."

"We will do that as well as we can," said Arthur, "and I will assist you in making the preparations."



## CHAPTER XL.

“Were I a monarch, lo,  
To thee I'd give my throne;  
If pearls and wealth were mine,  
They all should be thine own.”

LINDEBLATT.

WITH sensations half joyful, half sorrowful, Waldenberg heard that Mr. Hermer and family were to visit Engelvik. He had not seen Georgiana since Gustavus' return; but from Lindorm's happy expression of countenance, he concluded that a great change had taken place within his, as well as within Georgiana's heart.

Monday at length arrived, and, towards noon, Arthur rode over to Rosendal. Waldenberg experienced so much pain when he observed the happiness of Gustavus, that he was forced to remain in his room during dinner, excusing himself by stating that his health was worse than before. During the past week he had made every exertion to have the parlor completed, and it was all finished, except furnishing. Waldenberg desired to go after the furniture and superintend its packing, so that none of it would be broken. But Gustavus would not consent, and a servant was sent instead. Waldenberg had been much excited by attending to all these matters, and his health suffered accordingly. And now he was forced to see all the happiness of Gustavus. This was more than he could bear. His pain increased; his cheeks glowed with unnatural bloom, and his heart beat uneasily, as Lindorm entered his room, and seated himself upon the sofa by his side. “I am sorry, my dear Waldenberg, that you are ill to-day, especially as we are to have such dear guests,” said Gustavus, heartily. “If it is possible, I wish you would come down to dinner, and I will endeavor to persuade Georgiana to play the part of hostess. I know the dinner will taste better when she waits upon the table.”

“I do not wish to go,” said Waldenberg, shortly, turning his head aside. A light flashed athwart Gustavus' brain; he had forgotten, during his absence, as well as since his return, that Arthur had told him of Waldenberg's quiet love for Georgiana. He now perceived that it would not be proper for him to press



the invitation further, although he pitied poor Waldenberg from the bottom of his heart.

Waldenberg quickly saw that he had been too abrupt with his master and rival, therefore, with sorrowful accents he hastily excused himself, by saying, that he had spoken before he thought.

"You need not excuse yourself," said Gustavus, kindly, as he warmly pressed Waldenberg's hand. "I am no friend of formality. You must always be frank. But it will be unpleasant if your health will not permit your going to Balderslund to-morrow, as they are to have a splendid wedding there."

"I cannot leave this place to-morrow," replied Waldenberg, in a tremulous tone of excitement. "The furniture will arrive to-morrow, and I must attend to unpacking it. I am much afraid that the large chandelier will be broken, should I not see it properly hung?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gustavus, "that can all be done without you. I should think that Svenson had been told sufficiently to know how to unpack the furniture. You can give him half an hour's lecture, and then, if your health will permit, you can go to the wedding."

"No, Baron Lindorm, I shall not go to a wedding, which will awaken recollections of a wedding which brought death with it."

"It is wrong that you will always return to that chapter," said Gustavus, "such thoughts will cause you no good."

"Mr. Lindorm, I hear the jingling of bells," and forgetting his illness, Waldenberg sprang to the window, and looked towards the bay over which the guests were expected to pass. "They are coming," said he in a tone of deep sorrow. Gustavus cast a look of painful interest upon Waldenberg's emaciated and care-worn countenance, and then hastened to the court yard to receive his guests. Gustavus' soul drew him towards the last sleigh; but his body was obliged to go to the first one, and his fingers were forced to untie sundry knots which bound the wolf's fur over the laps of the occupants. Then, with many bows and compliments he assisted Mrs. Hermer from the sleigh. This was not all; he was obliged to take her arm, and slowly proceed towards the house. But this was more than his impatience could withstand, and Mr. Hermer, who observed his uneasiness, assisted him out of this difficulty, by saying: "There,



you need do no more, I will attend to the rest." Mr. Hermer took his wife's arm, and accompanied her into the house. With a half bow, he had no time for a deeper one, Gustavus flew towards the entrance of the yard, where Arthur was deliberately assisting Georgiana in emptying the sleigh of various boxes, baskets, and other useful objects before she dismounted herself.

"Now it is my turn," said Gustavus, triumphantly, as he placed his hand within that of Georgiana. "Take care of the boxes and baskets, Lieutenant Arthur," said Georgiana with a smile and bow, as she passed the astonished Arthur, leaning upon Gustavus' arm.

"You are unjust," replied Arthur, with a slight laugh, "but I am much obliged to you for making me your servant."

"Could you not have chosen a better title?" said Georgiana.

"Oh, your ladyship! knight of the mitten would sound better."

The happy couple heard no more, but walked on arm in arm towards the steps, and through the spacious hall. "Georgiana," whispered Gustavus, in a tone of much emotion, "if you only knew what I experience as you now step into my house for the first time. O, Georgiana! could I but win your heart!" He gazed into her eyes with a speaking expression.

"Doubt not, dear Gustavus," she whispered; "these spacious rooms, which once looked so gloomy and dark, seem friendly and light, for quiet peace now dwells within their walls."

"What, have you not gone any further than this!" exclaimed Arthur, as he leaped into the hall. "Miss de Werdenberg complained so much of the cold that I thought she had been before the fire long since." Gustavus hastily opened the door, and conducted Georgiana into the room, where Mr. Hermer and his wife with much apparent satisfaction were sitting before the fire.

In the centre of the apartment was standing a large, round table, covered with a snow-white table-cloth. It was garnished with silver service which Miss Wings had polished up for that occasion. In the open-worked cake baskets reposed elegantly frosted cake, temptingly arranged. Gustavus was a very amiable and attentive host. It seemed to the guests as though they were bound by the spell of a good fairy, they felt so quiet and comfortable.

Now Miss Wings approached in her lace cap and stiff expansive dress, a piece of goods old in the year one hundred.



She bowed, and, as she placed the coffee urn upon the table, said she was much pleased to welcome the ladies from Engelvik, but she was extremely sorry that it was impossible to receive them as they would have been during the time of her deceased mistress, the late Baroness. She then bowed herself towards the door. It is gratifying and wonderful," said Mrs. Hermer, "that Miss Wings could have wrought such a change in so short a time. But is it not, as I have always said, that Miss Wings makes all the ladies in the neighborhood ashamed." Miss Wings made one more profound bow upon the threshold, and with a smile of intense satisfaction she closed the door.

"Dare I," said Lindorm, whispering to Georgiana, "dare I place a salver near you at the table?"

Georgiana blushed deeply. "Mamma will preside at the table, with much pleasure, if you will only speak to her."

"If you do not wish to preside yourself," said Lindorm, with a tremble in his voice, which proved that he was offended, "then my housekeeper can play the part of hostess."

"Gustavus, why do you speak thus?" said Georgiana, turning towards Lindorm, who was sitting behind her with his hand resting upon the back of her chair. Their gaze met—his eyes were craving pardon, and her eyes expressed forgiveness. "I will certainly, but——"

"Shall I pour out the coffee, Baron Lindorm?" inquired Mrs. Hermer, kindly. She had not observed them, and thought that he desired her to do so. Gustavus bowed silently. Georgiana arose hastily, and in beautiful confusion said: "Gustavus would prefer to have me pour the coffee, if mamma will consent."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Hermer. "I am rejoiced to escape it."

"Now, where is the salver that you were to procure for me?" said Georgiana, more composed, to Lindorm, who fairly flew to procure it. The said article was placed in its proper position, and Georgiana, in sweet bewilderment, arranged the cups, assisted by Gustavus.

"You will never finish. That is a selfish method of presiding at the table," said Mr. Hermer.

"Yes, my dear child, do not let the coffee become cold," added Mrs. Hermer.

"I will soon be ready, dear mamma," said Georgiana, who



felt that she had never before been so happy or so awkward in her life. She endeavored to fill the cups ; a loud laugh was heard. Mr. Hermer dropped his pipe, and Arthur seemed to have been attacked with the colic. Even Mrs. Hermer was forced to smile as with affected anger she said to Georgiana : " Girl, do you not see that you are pouring the coffee into the cream-pot ? You have spoiled the cream as well as the white table cloth."

Georgiana's confusion cannot be described as she saw what a devastation she had caused. Gustavus and Georgiana sought each other's eyes. Both blushed deeply, and felt equally guilty.

" Do not be uneasy," said Gustavus, who first recovered presence of mind, " see, the cups are here, and Miss Wings will furnish us with more cream."

" Leave me, Gustavus, whispered Georgiana, " I will arrange it better alone." He obeyed her, and surveyed the charming scene to a better advantage at a distance.

" Will we not have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Waldenberg to-day ?" inquired Mr. Hermer.

" He is compelled to remain on the sofa to-day," replied Gustavus. " I visited him a short time ago, and he said he dared not leave the room."

" Then I will visit him," said Willie, springing from his chair.

" Tell him that I will soon follow you, my son," said Mr. Hermer. " I am very sorry for the poor young man."

" What !" exclaimed Georgiana, becoming pale. " Do you think he will be forced to leave us soon ? O, how much I shall mourn for him. He was a beloved brother to me ; an intimate friend. Yes, all of us will feel his loss bitterly. He is so good ; so free from vanity. I never before saw a man of so much mildness and meekness, united with so much true energy and firmness in his resolutions and actions."

" Waldenberg is worthy of that beautiful panegyric, dear Georgiana ; but do you remember what you once said to me : it is sweet to die when all the roses of life have faded, and their juices are unable to give nourishment to our earthly hopes."

" Yes, but Waldenberg's hopes are so entirely without pretensions," said Mrs. Hermer, " that the juices by which they are nourished probably will never vanish."

" Still this could be the case," replied Gustavus, sorrowfully.



“Man’s heart does not always require the same. The spring which quietly nourishes our pure wishes to-day, as innocent flowers surrounding its basin, may be turbulent to-morrow, and overflow its banks and sweep away our wishes, as the spring, bursting its bounds, would destroy the flowers which it formerly nourished. In vain we strive to limit our desires—they cannot be bound; but here I speak only of the vanity of earthly hopes. As regards heavenly hopes, in them Waldenberg’s pious soul can find a holy refuge.”

Georgiana remained silent; she thought she understood Gustavus’ words; but she was too familiar with Waldenberg’s position, at least she believed so, and therefore imagined that a smile or friendly word from her would be Waldenberg’s greatest happiness. Waldenberg was incapable of envy—of that he had frequently assured himself. Georgiana did not think that envious feelings could have weight with him against his will, and better conviction. Yet she feared that even with his nobleness of mind, still he might be tempted by the demon, jealousy.

Mr. Hermer observed that this conversation caused a gloom to pervade throughout the entire company. With his usual happy manner he removed the weight which seemed to bear down upon the conversation, and commenced speaking in a humorous style of friend Holk; his bride; Miss Montén; the journey to Balderslund, and the ball that was to take place at Bjerke the next day. In the mean time Georgiana resumed her work upon the comforter, that she might finish it. She sewed on the tassel, assisted by Gustavus, who joyfully held the silk, while Georgiana wound the ball which was to form the tassel. After an evening replete with joy, and after a capital supper, for which Miss Wings received due credit, the company retired to their respective apartments. Mr. Hermer, his wife, and Willie, retired, that they might sleep; but the others, that they might quietly meditate upon the workings within their hearts. Arthur endeavored to discover in the rosy glass of imagination, whether the succeeding day, so long expected, would not work an important change in his hopes and expectations. After a short time, all lights were extinguished in the house, with the exception of Waldenberg’s lonely lamp, which shone during the whole night. He was reclining upon a sofa—his aching head rested upon his thin hand, and his eyes were fixed vacantly on a certain object lying upon a table before him. He frequently extended his



hand, and taking it from the table, would often kiss it. It was the faded wreath he had once received from Georgiana. He gazed tearfully upon the precious relic, and said, firmly, as though he was disputing with his own excited feelings, "Should we not, even when passions are striving within our brain, endeavor to conquer the extravagancies of our hearts? It is our duty, no doubt."

He was silent for a few moments, and gazed vacantly into the air, as though he was searching for a point upon which his mind might rest. "How many sorrowful hours follow our fruitless endeavors! How weak is man! Where, asks the longing heart—where is the object we seek, and where is the reward of our efforts?" Another pause. He arose, and paced the solitary room with short steps. He approached the window, and drawing aside the curtain, looked forth upon the beautiful moonlight night. The stars were faintly twinkling in the heavens, and he was happy as he gazed up at them. He became more calm. The angel of peace again visited his soul, and encompassed the striving heart within her protecting wings.

Waldenberg displayed at this moment a beautiful picture of resignation and lofty hopes. He bowed himself to the floor. "When the future shall lift its veil," said he, slowly and distinctly, "the harvest of the seed which we have sown in sorrow and tears, will then be seen fully ripened and magnificent. It is sweet to know that we have not despised the commands of the past. Father, this consoling thought assures me that the sun will be bright again, at least when its last rays gilds the mossy mound which will cover my body." Comforted, and filled with peace, he turned once more to his quiet couch, and soon slept sweetly.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

There are pains that man loves; in them he can find renewed life and strength. There are other pains also, which by their mildest touch, destroy his courage, his soul, his heart, as a scathing pestilence.—STARKLOF.

THE following morning, the inmates of Engelvik met at the breakfast-table. Waldenberg was the first who entered the dining-room. He had firmly resolved to cast aside every pain of mind. The strife and victory of the past night had convinced him that he could look at the friendly relations which existed between himself and Georgiana, with perfect composure. He was convinced that Gustavus had too much respect for the memory of Constance to ask the hand of Georgiana until after the proper season for mourning had passed. But he also was aware that nothing could prevent Gustavus from seeking for her heart, by his looks, and half words, more dangerous than if fully expressed. And that Georgiana was not averse to such an eloquent language, Waldenberg had long before discovered, and had endeavored to make himself familiar with.

When Waldenberg entered the dining-room, he was met by Miss Wings, who was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. "Oh, Mr. Waldenberg! you are very prompt; but you must be very hungry, for you had no dinner nor supper yesterday. But I tell you, Mr. Waldenberg, that you must not touch any of the dishes until the others come."

"Now, my dear lady, are you the only one to command?" said Arthur, entering the room, and with a laugh taking a piece of pie from the table.

"Shame on you, Lieutenant Arthur!" she exclaimed, angrily. "I expected more—more—"

"More pie, you mean, I suppose," said Arthur, and coolly committed another depredation upon the unfortunate pies.

"No, I expected that you had more sense," replied Miss Wings. "You are a young snipe, who has not the slightest of that good breeding, which characterized the late Baroness."

"How shall I acquire that, good little mother?" inquired Arthur, as innocent as a lamb. "You do not evince much good



breeding. I wish you would teach me some of the manners of the defunct Baroness."

"You are a wicked clown! who is not worthy of one's anger. Now listen," said she, shaking her lank finger at him threateningly. "You must stop, Lieutenant Arthur, or I shall be compelled to go further. Dear Mr. Waldenberg, look at him. But Baron Gustavus is coming himself. God bless your worship," said she, "do not allow the Lieutenant to eat all the pies. He has already made a good beginning, and, as I have long known pie to be a favorite dish of the young lady, it would look bad to see them spoiled by that glutton; and I say frankly, that if Lieutenant Arthur is allowed to do as he pleases there will be nothing left."

"O, no matter about that, good Miss Wings. I will watch him. He shall not have another piece;" and with a happy and cheerful countenance, the Baron turned towards Waldenberg and shook his hand cordially. "I am rejoiced, dear Waldenberg, that you have conquered your illness, so far as to be able to join us."

The hectic roses became still more red upon Waldenberg's cheeks. But he replied quietly: "I have endeavored to overcome my weakness, that I might display my good intentions. Therefore I came down to behold my employer's joy at the presence of his beloved guests."

Gustavus readily comprehended the double meaning of these words, and his eyes were expressive with admiration and gratitude, when he fixed them upon Waldenberg.

Now Mr. Hermer arrived, and was immediately followed by the ladies. Waldenberg's trial began. Gustavus hastened to meet the ladies. He saluted Mrs. Hermer heartily; but immediately advanced to Georgiana, and, taking her hand, pressed it to his lips, and kissed it so fervently that Waldenberg felt the blood rush to his heart, and his forehead was bathed in a cold sweat. He could see nothing distinctly, but he heard Gustavus speak in tones so sweet that they caused him to shudder. "How did you rest last night, dear Georgiana? I hope you were not disturbed."

"I slept well, dear Gustavus," she replied, blushing slightly. Waldenberg felt their sincere words piercing his heart, as with a dagger. He also observed that they used the word *dear*—what a horrible word to the ears of a rival! The most painful



of all was that Georgiana did not see him, although Mrs. Hermer's eyes immediately fell upon her favorite. She quickly approached him, and said, with a friendly mien, that it had been exceedingly unpleasant to her, that he had not visited Rosendal. Waldenberg bowed humbly, and Georgiana looked up towards him quickly as her mother spoke. "Good morning, good Mr. Waldenberg," said she, in a sweet voice. "I am rejoiced to see you. Why do you not visit us?"

"My business detained me," said he, with as much quietness as his excitement would permit; and my feeble health does not allow me to make many excursions."

Georgiana sat at the table between Gustavus and Waldenberg. Arthur was about to occupy this seat himself, as Waldenberg withdrew modestly from the table; but Georgiana said, jestingly; "O, no, Lieutenant Arthur, you must be content with the honor conferred upon you yesterday, and as Mr. Waldenberg always sits beside me at the table, you must find another seat."

"Ah, the young lady is, as ever, unjust to her faithful servant, therefore, with her gracious permission, I will seat myself beside a more clement mistress," said Arthur, entering into the spirit of the jest, and giving the seat to Waldenberg, which he had intended to occupy himself.

They were now seated at the table; but the breakfast was not savored with the same happiness as the supper had been the evening before. When was there anything perfect? Many little attentions that Georgiana displayed towards Waldenberg, were the more precious because they came from her, and filled his heart with a happiness resembling that he had experienced a short time before at Rosendal. But on the contrary Lindorm was slightly offended. It appeared to him as though Georgiana had almost forgotten that he was present. He saw her mix Waldenberg's wine with water, and with a smile, which he thought too friendly, she said: "Drink, dear Waldenberg, I have prepared it just as you like it. Drink, it will refresh you." Waldenberg accepted the invitation, and, as he took the glass, he looked at her with an expression of love and resignation. But his lips replied only with a stammering "thank you." Gustavus' blood burned feverishly; it was the first time that he had seen Georgiana and Waldenberg together. He had never imagined that they could be so familiar with each other. He was



sitting upon thorns, and with unusual impatience he called Miss Wings to bring the dessert.

"The dessert?" said Miss Wings, with a look of astonishment. She was standing beside a small table, busily engaged in carving a chicken. "The roast should be put upon the table first; still, if your worship wishes to reverse the old method, it shall be done."

Gustavus bit his lip with vexation. "I did not know we had meats," said Gustavus, wiping his glowing forehead with his napkin. Mr. Hermer alone noticed the uneasiness of the Baron's mind, who now suffered as Waldenberg had suffered before, with the only difference that Gustavus' sufferings were far greater. They soon afterwards left the table.

Waldenberg, who knew his place, and supposed that the Baron would consider him superfluous, immediately went to his room, and there resorted to the only means of comfort and consolation. He prayed sincerely that his present purpose might not be diverted from the channel he had marked out for it.

Immediately after breakfast the ladies commenced making preparations for the journey. Mr. Hermer followed Gustavus to his room, where he purposely and without hesitation, spoke of Waldenberg's love for Georgiana, which could almost be called a holy love. Although Mr. Hermer was convinced that Georgiana did not return that love, still he admitted the young man to a familiar footing in his house, "for," he added, "it was his greatest happiness to be near her, and to worship her as a being whom he could only gaze upon, as one he could never possess, although he loved her sincerely."

"But why," said Lindorm, "does he not wish to see her now, as you say he did before? Since my return he has not called at Rosendal, and you well know that he could have come to supper last evening had he chosen to do so."

"I do not know," replied Mr. Hermer, "whether I have the right to express myself upon that subject, and it would appear to you less proper, should I give you my candid opinion."

"You must not think so, Mr. Hermer," said Gustavus, hastily. "On the contrary, I ask you to give me your opinion immediately."

"Well, then, I believe that you came nearer to the truth last night yourself, when you replied to a remark from my wife in relation to Waldenberg, that a fountain which nourishes our



wishes and hopes to-day, might overflow to-morrow and sweep them away ; for our desires have no limits."

Gustavus felt the blood mounting to his cheeks. He knew that Mr. Hermer perfectly understood him. "Yes," he finally replied, "I thought so last night, but I might have been mistaken."

"No, Lindorm, you were not mistaken," replied Mr. Hermer, decidedly. "Waldenberg, I would stake my life upon it, had not the slightest thought that Georgiana would return his love ; but he was happy so long as he possessed her confiding friendship undivided. But afterwards there arose within his heart, where no dishonor can dwell, a storm threatening to overpower him, since he was informed that the only happiness which could render life dear to him, would soon come to an end, or perhaps had already done so. Your frequent visits at Rosendal ; a former presentiment, which I must confess I also indulged ; your cheerfulness—answer with sincerity, was there anything further required to assure him that he no longer occupied the first place within her heart ? But, noble as he is, firm in the right path, trusting in Him who alone can strengthen the weak-hearted, he has struggled with himself until he has gained a victory far more glorious, Gustavus, than you imagine. But I comprehended it, for I know him well. If it had not been with him as I have said, he would not have appeared at the breakfast-table this morning."

"I understand all that, dear Mr. Hermer, especially since you have explained it to me more minutely," said Gustavus, with a smile. "It is now clear that his dark scruples have vanished ; but I believe that he has had no particular reason to complain. Georgiana has been most attentive to him. How kind she was to him at the table ! You must admit that she was so."

"And you, Gustavus, must admit," said Mr. Hermer, "that she would not have been that noble, high-minded girl she is, had she conducted herself in a different manner. Should she have sweet words and loving smiles for *you* only, Lindorm, when she knows that poor Waldenberg would rather sacrifice his life, by far, than to cause her the slightest pain ? Should she neglect those fine and delicate sentiments, so peculiar to a refined lady, under such circumstances ? Should she offend him that she might please you ? You must confess that this



desire would be both selfish and unjust, should it ever have arisen within her mind."

"You have convinced me, and destroyed my doubts," said Lindorm, shaking the hand of his friend heartily. "I see that I must be satisfied as affairs now are, although I fear I shall never be able to see them together without a feeling of uneasiness, which God knows, I would much like to overcome if I could. But, Mr. Hermer, it is as well when I confess to you my weakness. You must know that it is impossible for me to see Georgiana look amiable upon another person than myself, without feeling a painful sensation at my heart."

"You frighten me, Gustavus," said Mr. Hermer, anxiously. "I always thought that you possessed more power over your mind, than to allow yourself to become uneasy at such trifles; and I fear that if you do not carefully uproot these miserable weeds from your heart in time, they will root themselves firmly, and grow to a height which will prevent all efforts to eradicate them; on the contrary, they will destroy your own happiness, and perhaps even that of the one whom you have chosen for your partner during life."

Lindorm shuddered. His heart seemed to contract convulsively. "Why do you draw these dark pictures?" said he; "they afflict me deeply. Your ominous words shake my soul. I wish you had never spoken them."

"Away with such unmanly weakness!" exclaimed Mr. Hermer. "Your own words were the cause of my remarks. Endeavor to conquer the one, and the other will be vanquished by itself. God prevent me from again beholding you under the influence of such scruples. When everything smiles upon you in rosy splendor, would you destroy the beautiful vision with your own hand, which, had you left it unharmed, would have continued?"

"No, no, my dear friend, do not fear that. I solemnly promise you that I will battle with the malignant tempter like a man, and at the same time strive to conquer myself. God knows that I love poor Waldenberg from the bottom of my heart, and that I wish he should always have, during his life, his only remaining joy, a friendly look from her. Indeed, Mr. Hermer, this is no hypocrisy; and I will not deprive him of that joy, even should I be forced to suffer under the same lashes which have tormented me to-day."

"O, you can conquer yourself, Gustavus, although you call



your own imaginary sufferings lashes. And, aside from this, consider what I told you, not as a prophecy, but as the advice of a friend who is acquainted with the world and human nature. Think upon this as long as you have time. This I would press upon your heart.—But we are speaking too much upon this subject. We will postpone further conversation until another time. The ladies are probably waiting for us, and we did not think that we also require a few moments to make our preparations.”

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## CHAPTER XLII.

“They hasten—they fly in the current of feeling,  
And dark is the way ; but near is the goal,  
Yet quickly the boat on life’s river is stealing,  
Now up with the sail ! Encourage the soul !

ATTERBOM.

WITH the reader’s permission, we will look, in our mind’s eye, into the disturbed and joyful Balderslund. Many things here require the particular attention of the beholder, and therefore we must spend considerable time in the reception room, that we may observe what is taking place there. Here we see two gentlemen of medium stature, and about thirty-five years of age. They have a commanding mein, and seem to be consulting upon affairs of the utmost importance, as they take their snuff out of massive silver snuff-boxes, according to the ancient *regimé*. Between the pinches of snuff they express the hope that the weather will be fine, although it still looks very gloomy. They listen for the jingling of the bells, in anxious expectation for the arrival of the first sleigh. Both of these gentlemen, Dr. A——, and Assessor L——, are old friends of the Chief Justice. Their native place is the good city of L——, and they have come with their wives to be present at the marriage of their old friend

Now we will enter the dining-room. What an aspect here meets our astonished gaze ! What magnificence ! what taste ! what abundance ! The sitting room is as silent as the grave ; but everything is decorated with elegant ornaments. Its floor is carpeted in the most luxurious manner. The beautiful ottomans,



cushioned with purple velvet with silver embroidery. All thoughts are upon the approaching ceremony. With a feeling of despondency we pass into other rooms equally beautiful, yet magnificently empty. We now enter the sanctuary, the apartment of the bride. Here Bertha is sitting upon a sofa, holding a costly handkerchief to her eyes, as the two citizens' wives are arranging her hair.

"You look very charming," remarks Mrs. L——, as she gives a finishing touch to her work, and presses upon the locks of the bride, the bridal crown.

"The black crape dress contrasts well with your delicate complexion," adds Mrs. A——, "but I should think that the wreath would look better upon the right side. The hair deprives it of its splendor, or lessens it at least."

"There," Bertha replies, throwing an inquiring glance into the mirror. "I am satisfied, for I think that I should not wear any ornament, because I am mourning for the death of my father. But I have consented to your desires."

"But we have done right," Mrs. A—— exclaims, "for it is undeniable that you now look perfectly splendid."

"There, we have nothing more to do, except to put on the scarf and gloves; but it is astonishing that it takes Miss Louisa so long to dress," continues Mrs. L——; "you should both be ready at the same time, that you may receive the guests as they arrive." She cautiously raises the window curtains—"The yard is filled with sleighs. We must go. Adieu my angel!"

"Now be of good cheer," adds Mrs. A——, when she sees Bertha's eyes swimming with tears.

"Ah! yes," sighs Bertha. "Do not think that I am unhappy or discontented. God knows that I am happy; but it is extraordinary for one to be ornamented for the second time as a bride. It causes one to feel peculiarly uneasy."

"O, that is nothing," Mrs. A—— replies, merrily. "This uneasiness will soon be overpowered, as soon as you become familiar with your new situation. But I hear the nightingale voice of my dear husband."

"Frederika, where are you?"

"Here, my love." Quicker than thought Mrs. A—— flies through the door, and salutes him with many endearments. When Bertha was alone, she closed the door, and kneeling down upon a foot-stool before the sofa, she placed her head upon



a cushion. But it would not be delicate for us to witness further the agitation of her heart. We will now follow the example of Mrs. A—— and Mrs. L——, and leave her. Now we will proceed to the hall, which conducts into four pleasant rooms in the upper part of the house. We enter number one, and here we see Arthur's charming rose-bud, Louisa, in all the magnificence of her beauty. She presents a very attractive appearance. A black Naples dress flows gracefully over her lovely form. It is decorated, according to the fashion of the period, with cord work, and fits as well as though it had been made for a doll. Louisa also somewhat resembles a doll, for although she has looked into the mirror twenty times at least, she is not satisfied ; but continues that pleasant occupation for as many times more. Now she places around her head a string of jet beads, in such a manner that part of them fell over her white forehead in a point. During this time she looks through the window. After the beads are secured, she casts her eyes through the window into the yard below, and she claps her hands with an unartificial exclamation of joy. In one hand she grasps her gloves and snow-white handkerchief, and with the other she seizes her waist riband and scarf, and thus equipped, hastily descends the staircase.

And now we will enter number two. Here we find our friend, Mr. Holk, in a state dress. He is sitting in a large arm-chair, in the centre of the room, and his countenance beams with cheerfulness and contentment, which is most proper to a bridegroom. But sometimes he wrinkles his eye-brows, impatient at the long delay, which will not come to an end until he has left the solitary path of a bachelor, and has entered into the rosy gardens of matrimony. In the mean time, he entertains himself by speaking, with expressions of disgust, of the tardiness of the guests, and in thinking of the long sabbath of peace and domestic felicity, which will soon dawn for him, and of the beloved wife, who is to be its soul and its life."

Notary Blohm, in his court uniform, is standing before his mirror, brushing his hair vigorously. His colleagues are standing before the door, like watchmen.

"Do you not see any one, Mr. Blohm?" inquired Mr. Holk. "I believe that they have lost their senses. It is already half-past three. They come very slow."



"It is only three," replied the Notary, placing himself near the window.

"Only three! Well, I think that will do. Then, perhaps, if we are lucky, we shall be through so we can go to the table at half-past four, and then we will remain there for ever. Evening shall not come before to-morrow morning. Now, Mr. Blohm, I hear the bells jingling; who has come at last?"

"A whole lot of sleighs, Mr. Holk, and they look very fine."

"What else?" said Mr. Holk. "You know that I dare not show myself at the window. What do you see? Let me know."

"With much pleasure," replied the Notary. "In the first sleigh is our Tax-Collector, Mr. Alms and family. The body of the sleigh is an immense basket, placed upon a pair of runners. The two next sleighs, contain Major Pancini, and his two antiquities, I mean his two daughters, who were beautiful women twenty years ago. Then comes the Director of the Mines, Mr. Haller, with his three beautiful daughters. But who can number the notabilities who follow him?"

"Do you not see Mr. Hermer, Baron Lindorm, or Arthur, with their friends?"

"Not yet."

"O, I remember; they have a long way to come," sighed Mr. Holk. But Mr. Blohm exclaimed suddenly, "Now they are coming; they turn into the yard at full speed."

"Thank God, they have all arrived," said Mr. Holk, fervently. "Watch them as they descend from their sleighs, and see who are the first that enter."

"Mr. Hermer and his lady. We will not speak further of them, for the Assessor and the Doctor have taken possession of them. Arthur is sitting in the other sleigh alone. But what does that mean? See! what is now coming? As the Lieutenant gives his reins to the gaping servant, and before he walks to the steps, there comes—who do you think, Mr. Holk?—running to him straight, passing every body else, with her shawl, gloves, and handkerchief hanging on her arm,—why it is Miss Louisa! Now, I never before saw such a ridiculous and strange thing. He leaves the sleigh, and kneels down before her in the deep snow drift. But he rises quickly, and is taking the shawl from her hand. Now he places it over her shoulders, and one, two, three, he takes her arm under his, and conducts



her into the porch. What happens there, I cannot see. Now comes another sleigh, which is driven by Willie alone. He looks as grave as though he was a peer of the realm !”

“ But is Georgiana not with them ?” exclaimed the Chief Justice, impatiently.

“ Wait a moment,” replied the Notary, “ another sleigh is approaching. Ah ! Is that so ? The Baron is conducting the young lady ; and I would wager any amount, I would swear, that the beautiful angel figured upon our altar-piece, does not look happier than he. But as regards Georgiana, there cannot anything be seen of her, for she is completely muffled up in her cloak and veil. Upon my life, I never saw such a thing !” The Notary broke forth in loud laughter.

“ What is the matter ?” exclaimed Mr. Holk. “ Why don’t you go on ?”

“ The matter !” responded Mr. Blohm, and recommenced his laughter, as he steadied himself by holding fast to the table. “ The Baron struck the runner of his sleigh against the door steps, because he drove too near the porch, and has overturned sleigh and all. He has now regained his feet, and is very red in the face, although his clothes are as white as a snow image. She laughs so loud, that I can hear her. He now assists her in arising, and is bowing deep before her, as they hold a familiar confab. Now she laughs merrily, and springs into the porch. The sleighs are being driven into the barn-yard, and now there is nothing more to be seen.”

And then commenced a noise, and such a running up and down the stairs, that the Notary did not know what had happened.

“ I will tell you. Our friends from Rosendal and Engelvik, as they have come from a great distance, have had particular rooms set apart for them. The two rooms opposite us are theirs. But I have not heard Waldenberg’s name mentioned. Perhaps he is not with them.”

“ He is not ; and that is not to be wondered at,” said the Notary ; “ he is too unwell to take such a long journey. But his reverence, Parson Werner is coming, and now I think there are no more guests expected.”

“ Now, with God’s help all is at an end, and one thing I am sure of and that is, I shall never again occupy the chair of a bridegroom, because it has so much anxiety and suspense con-



nected with it. I feel like a poor culprit, who is anxiously waiting to be led before his judge for the last time. I should think that my penance would soon come to an end. Go in, dear Blohm, and request the Doctor and Assessor to hasten as much as possible, or we will not be seated at the table before six o'clock."

Mr. Blohm departed and soon returned, giving the Chief Justice hopes which revived him. He said that as soon as the ladies who had last arrived should appear in the sitting-room, the ceremony would commence.

After Mr. Holk had exercised his patience for another quarter of an hour, and had sent all the ladies, with the exception of his future bride, to a certain peppery place, at least a dozen times, then, at length, appeared a herald of consolation and peace, in the shape of Assessor L——, to conduct his old friend to the bridegroom's chair.

"I am glad you have come at last, my good friend," said Mr. Holk. "This delay was very unpleasant. Are they all assembled?"

"All in proper order," replied the Assessor.

"But excuse me, my friend," said the Chief Justice, as they descended the stairs, arm in arm, "excuse my frankness when I say, that if you should have the intention of delivering a speech, I am no friend of speeches, particularly before dinner. I hope you understand me."

"Perfectly," replied the Assessor, laughing. "I know your feelings, and therefore did not perplex my brain to invent a speech; but I cannot say as much for the doctor, for I have seen him take a white piece of paper from his pocket several times, and peruse it with that earnestness which persons assume before they commence a peroration."

"That would be infernally foolish!" exclaimed Mr. Holk, somewhat impolitely. "Cannot you hint to him, in a delicate manner, that he had better spare us the infliction until after we leave the table, or at least until after we have arrived there? For to have a speech immediately after the ceremony would be most abominable. I would stand there like a schoolboy, with his hat under his arm, to whom his master is making reproaches."

"Be quiet, and console yourself. No speech from us shall



trouble you ; but you will be obliged to hear the parson's sermon, at any rate."

"Yes, yes ; but that will be all that I shall be able to stand," said Mr. Holk, with a feeble attempt at a joke. "Do you remember that we had breakfast this morning at nine o'clock, and a very spare one, too?—that was a long time ago."

"Be silent now. Think of the heaven you are about to enter," whispered the Assessor, as he opened the door of the sitting-room.

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## CHAPTER XLIII.

They feasted in olden times,  
On wholesome and hearty food ;  
No sauces nor dainty cooks  
Did trouble their stomachs good.

But witness the present age,  
They scarcely their dainties touch—  
They *pretend* to forego food,  
Or really they suffer much.

FRANZEN.

EVERYBODY is familiar with all that takes place at a wedding ; and the ceremony on the present occasion was performed in the usual manner. After Mr. Holk and his bride had received the usual congratulations, and a movement had commenced among the guests, as they indulged in the fond hope that they should now go to the dining-room, the parson coughed significantly. He was still standing with his open prayer-book in his hand, and he commenced reading in a loud voice :—"Dearly beloved brethren, as we know it was God's will, that eternal love, in its wisdom and mercy, resolved to give unto Adam a helpmate that she might cleave to him ; therefore, we need not despair—"

But poor Mr. Holk *did* despair at the thought of the long exhortation that was to follow. He knew that Parson Werner rarely exhorted, but when he did so, he was so circumspect and wearisome, that his hearers wished from the bottom of their hearts that he had never began. Thus far the present audience was in the same mind with Mr. Holk ; and Assessor L—— and Doctor A—— could scarcely restrain their laughter as they looked at the sorrowful bearing of the old man. Mr. Werner,



who had not yet become so warm in his subject that he could forget, as was his usual custom, the presence of his audience, soon discovered that they were desirous that his words should come to an end. He, therefore, only made a few general remarks, omitting the theme as well as the variations, for which his hearers were very grateful. Now all had come to a conclusion, and the guests were fortunately seated at the table. They drank coffee, and yawned, the only amusements that the weary guests were able to indulge in, for their conversation could not be brought into a proper train. The ladies adjourned to the sitting-room, where they were seated alone, for the gentlemen had retired to their respective apartments, and the only subject which could afford the slightest entertainment was in conversing upon the grand ball which was to take place at Bjerke the following night. About eleven o'clock, after tea, preparations were made for departing, and each of the guests assured their host that they had enjoyed themselves very much indeed, although they all felt persuaded that the day and evening had been a remarkably dreary one. Mr. Hermer and family, Gustavus and Arthur, as well as the two gentlemen and their wives, remained, that they might accompany the bride and bridegroom to Bjerke the next day.

"Now, my friends," said Mr. Holk, with a long breath, "we will entertain each other, for the most cheerful of us are now alone together, and we are no longer chained to the yoke of etiquette. Away with all unnecessary compliments. Let us enjoy ourselves. We have yawned sufficiently. Now, doctor, give us your speech, we can now laugh at anything that is long and tiresome, only assume the position and mein you have practised. And you, Mr. Blohm, where do you keep house? Bring the punch-bowl here, and also a bowl of Bishop; we have no further use for compliments. Well, now, the doctor is through the preliminaries to his speech, it is now my turn. Right, now is everything ready? Gentlemen and ladies, fill your glasses; I exhort you to place yourselves in a half circle around my wife and myself. Shall we sit or stand, dear Bertha?"

"We must sit; that is if we are to do everything wrong end foremost," said the bride, laughingly. "But, if I remember aright, the bridal pair usually stand during the sermon."

"We do not care about that," said Mr. Holk, jestingly. "The wedding-day, I think, is made for us, therefore I think we can



have the privilege of sitting. That would be much more pleasant."

Mr. Holk conducted his bride to the sofa, and assuming a comical air of dignity, awaited the doctor's speech. The balance of the company gathered round the couple, and none refused a glass. Thirty times, at least, the walls of the room resounded with hearty laughter, as the doctor proceeded in his speech, which he had compiled out of fragments of ancient and modern literature, for it was not intended as a regular speech; but he had hastily written it one afternoon, that he might add his share to the amusements of a select circle. The moment he closed his lips, the company broke forth in one general hurrah. The guests clinked their glasses together, and drank to each other, according to the ancient custom. The gentlemen placed Mr. Holk upon a chair, and elevated him upon their shoulders, and the balance of the company, forming themselves into a procession, they carried the bridegroom around the room, singing, shouting, and laughing at the top of their lungs. After all had become quiet again, the bridal crown dance\* was performed. Arthur was so fortunate as to be appointed the first "crown-holder," and was succeeded in office by all of the company one after the other. Thus closed the festivities. The ladies accompanied the bride to her apartment. The gentlemen insisted that Mr. Holk should take a few glasses more, although he was very unwilling. Then the doctor and the assessor, having been the marshals of the day, were decorated with Mr. Holk's garters, and dubbed "Knights of the Garter," and so all was concluded.

It was nearly two o'clock when the guests retired to their several apartments. Louisa, by Bertha's directions, went from room to room, collecting the scattered tea-spoons and all precious silver and glass-ware. The servants had retired, and she was about taking the various valuables into the dining-room, when suddenly the door of the room was opened, and Arthur stood before her. "Why, dear Louisa," said he, "have you not yet retired? I pray you to pardon me, I returned for my pipe; what are you doing?"

"I should think you might see, Arthur," said she, somewhat

\* In Sweden, the bridal crown-dance always closes the festivities of the wedding. One of the company is chosen to elevate the bridal wreath in the air upon the point of a cane. The gentlemen and ladies then dance around him in successive pairs.



confused at the intimate *dear* he used towards her; "but," she continued, "I thought you were not fond of such amusements as drinking and smoking."

"I do not care much for them. I love something more noble and sublime. I was only cheerful with the cheerful ones; but I am detaining you. Where are you going to take all those things?"

"Into the dining-room," replied she, opening the door, and, having safely deposited her burden, she locked the door, and tearfully bid the Lieutenant good night. She was sorry at the thought that she had offended Arthur.

"Are you weary, Louisa?" said he, taking her hand in a beseeching manner.

"Not at all."

"Why, then, are you in so much haste, and why has Louisa been so strange to me all this afternoon, the same as she was at Bahnfors? Still—still Louisa, it appeared to me that you were glad to see me this morning."

"Yes, I was," she replied, "but Bertha and the two city ladies have laughed at me, and mocked me, because I went to meet you so soon this morning. That made me angry."

"But could I help that, dear Louisa? If they have no feeling, and ridicule the most innocent and amiable thing, you cannot be angry with me for that."

"No, not angry, Arthur; but—but—it will be better for us to separate now, for it is late."

"Time is of little importance," said Arthur; "I cannot always see you in the day-time. Therefore, do not let us purposely throw away such happy moments. I have much to say to you, will you not hear me, dear Louisa?"

Silent and blushing she stood before him. He conducted her to the sofa, and seating himself by her side, took her hand within his own, and said—something, yes, if it could only be told!—We cannot think that the reader wishes or believes that we will reiterate all that Arthur said. No, it would sound too sweet, for the subjects of their conversation were heaven, and angels, happy dreams; sweet awakenings to reality, which they imagined more glorious than all illusions, and all this was mingled with papas and mammas, sisters and brothers, money and land, domestic affairs, all of which added greatly to the effect. Louisa was spell-bound. The poor child surely did not



know whether she was in an enchanting dream, or experiencing a happy reality. At length, the plain question was uttered, clothed with fire and passion: "Will you enjoy all these things with me, my beloved, my own?"

This was the decisive moment of which Arthur had so frequently dreamed. How would Louisa appear? He was now so excited that he did not think of this. He only awaited the answer in anxious suspense.

She sat silently with her hands clasped upon her bosom.

"My Louisa, have you no answer for me? Speak, or you will drive me to despair."

"What shall I say, Arthur?" she inquired, nearly weeping, as she trembled like a frightened child.

"I wish you to say, my dear angel, when you will become mine," said Arthur, perfectly happy, conducting himself only as lovers can do on such occasions. Louisa blushed and became pale alternatively. She withdrew herself from his embrace; but Arthur drew her close to his side, and, as there was no other method of escape, as Arthur continually insisted upon hearing her answer by entreaties and prayers, she finally gave herself up to her fate, and whispered: "It is not necessary, Arthur, that I should answer you." She smiled upon her lover, with tearful eyes, and experienced the happiness of a bride.

What was said further we can omit without any loss. We can assure our readers that her happiness was as great as it was innocent. The first dawn of the next day had scarcely appeared, before Arthur stood beside Lindorm's bed, and awakened him by embracing him strangely, and uttering a few unintelligible words.

"Great God! are you mad, Arthur? or what ails you? I am afraid you will choke me," exclaimed Gustavus, freeing himself from Arthur's violent morning salutation. "Speak, what is the matter?"

"I sought, and I have found. Yes, I have received the word yes,—yes, if you could comprehend the meaning of that word. Louisa will become my wife, and I—in short, I am the happiest man on earth."

"What!" cried Gustavus, rubbing his half-closed eyes. When did you accomplish this? I thought that it was early in the morning yet; but no matter, I wish you all joy from the bot-



tom of my heart. But, dear Arthur, should you not have written to your father first?"

"I did so long ago. I wrote him a very long epistle, and received a good and favorable answer, in which he clearly expresses that he is content, if she only has a little property, and she has. He provided, that as soon as everything was settled, I should return home, and render an account concerning it; and that I should, as a married man, place myself in a position where I could enjoy myself quietly, and take my dear little wife along with me to my home, and there learn the noble art of planting cabbages and potatoes. For, he says, that nothing can be gained by remaining in the navy. I shall reply yes to everything, if I can only have my rose-bud along with me. You see, therefore, that there are no impediments; neither the least material for a romance or a novel; but my mind is made up. I think I am the happiest of men, and wish with all my heart that you may receive a second place under me, for you deserve it; but the first place is mine."

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

"My loving heart trembles with fear—  
A deadly serpent watches near,  
To drive away with jealous care,  
The modest dove which nestles there."

NIKANDER.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner, the company started for Bjerke, where many arrangements had been made for the festival of the evening. A large and brilliant assemblage filled the spacious rooms of the Chief Justice's residence; and after supper they prepared for the ball. The mothers, with eye and hand, rapidly arranged the toilets of their daughters, and looked carefully around, here and there, for old acquaintances, who would take particular care to prevent their children from sitting without partners during the ball. But this would be almost an impossibility, for there were seven or eight gentlemen there who were invariably invited to at least twenty social gatherings,



without counting the Christmas festivities, every season, that they might provide for any such exigency. The hearts of the mothers beat more quietly, and one of the few who was obliged to see her daughter without a partner, consoled herself by saying to a neighbor, "My daughter is sitting, because, thank God, I despise to provide her with partners by flattery and compliments. It is extremely disgusting to see Mrs. M——, Mrs. A——, and Mrs. B——, so anxiously looking around for partners for their daughters. No, if my daughters cannot procure partners without my assistance, they need have none at all."

"But, for heaven's sake, why does Mr. Holk have so many officers here?" inquired Lindorm of Arthur, as they were promenading, arm in arm, through the crowd of expectant dancers. A slight fear arose within his mind, that he might be prevented from having free access to Georgiana.

"They are from the city and surrounding country," replied Arthur, indifferently. "We military men, you know, are the finest ornaments of a ball-room, and the most favored partners."

"No doubt of that," replied Gustavus, shortly. "I wonder why the dance does not commence; who will open the ball?"

"I think that honor should be mine and my rose-bud's," said Arthur, with a smile, "for Mr. Holk and his wife do not dance; but hear, the hunting horn gives the signal for beginning. Our host has ordered that we should commence with a waltz, and not with that tiresome quadrille. But do you not dance?"

"How can you ask such a question?" said Gustavus, angrily; "as long as I mourn for Constance, I will not dance."

"O, excuse me, I forgot." Arthur hastened to the further extremity of the ball-room. The lively strains of the music resounded merrily. Gustavus stood in a door, from whence he could overlook the gay scene. A group of gentlemen which had surrounded Georgiana, gradually diminished in numbers, until only one remained. He was a tall young man, clothed in a splendid uniform, and wearing an order upon his breast. He offered her his hand, and, without waiting longer, opened the ball, with the countenance of a man who looked at this as a right which was due to himself only. Arthur bit his lip in vexation, and hastened to follow the example of Georgiana and her partner, as soon as his rose-bud had slipped her



tiny hands into her gloves. The mazy circle commenced moving before Lindorm's eyes, the flowing muslin dresses, the officer's fluttering sashes, and the glittering epaulettes, were all mingled together in confusion. The air seemed suffocating and oppressive to him, although the heat was only within the heart, for the teeth of those who did not dance, chattered with cold, for the ball-room was not heated.

At length the waltz came to a conclusion, and the before mentioned officer, Major B——, conducted his partner back to the place she had before occupied. Gustavus hastened to her, and sat down by her side, before the Major, who was placing her shawl around her shoulders, could take the seat. The practiced eye of the Major soon discovered, by a peculiar glance which the Baron and Miss de Werdenberg interchanged, that his further attentions were not required. He bowed politely, and left her, to dedicate his presence to a more grateful object.

"O, how sorry I am that you can not dance, Gustavus," said Georgiana, looking kindly into his deep eyes.

"I have never been a friend of dancing, particularly of the waltz," replied Gustavus, "therefore it is not so much of a sacrifice, as it would in all probability be to you, if any duty should forbid you this amusement."

"I like to dance very much," said Georgiana, "but I do not think I should consider it so much of a sacrifice, if any important duty should prevent me from indulging in it."

"Important!" replied Gustavus. "Must it then be important?"

"Dear Gustavus," said Georgiana, astonished, "I do not understand you. Did you not say a moment ago, that if duty should forbid my dancing, I would consider it a sacrifice? To this I answered, that I did not think you were right; and by duty, I understand an important reason."

"It is, indeed, a very happy circumstance," said the Baron, "that no such duty has as yet prevented you from dancing."

"You are not in good humor, this evening, good Gustavus; tell me, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all, dear Georgiana, except a slight head-ache, from the heat of the crowded room. I do not know why Mr. Holk has gathered together such a multitude of this description of people. But tastes differ. Will you allow me to ask you, for how many dances are you engaged?"



"For three quadrilles and two waltzes. But why do you ask me?"

"All that regards you is interesting to me, you know that very well; but, tell me, who are your partners for the two other waltzes?"

"The next one is Arthur, and the third one is Major B——."

"With Major B——! Why you have just danced with him," said Gustavus, in a tone expressing much vexation.

"Is there anything wrong in my doing so, Gustavus? Two waltzes can easily be danced with the same gentleman, and no attention will be attracted." Gustavus sighed deeply, but did not reply. He did not like to offend Georgiana with his thoughts in this respect.

"Why so gloomy, good Gustavus? You must tell me. You must know that I sympathize with you. Let me know what is the cause of your uneasiness?"

"I do not know myself," said he, evasively, "and if I did know, my sincerity would pain you as much as my silence."

"How unjust, Gustavus! What made you think of this? Your words grieve me. Should you not have more confidence in me?" and her soft look of reproach pierced his heart, and filled it with momentary confidence. He bowed to her familiarly, and his eyes spoke more than words, as he whispered: "Dear Georgiana, forgive my weakness. It grieves me to see you dance. I know that I am silly; and that I have no right to ask you to refrain from an amusement which you so much admire. Now, good Georgiana, I dare not speak more. You know the reason of my ill-humor."

We must say, in honor to Georgiana, that although she loved Gustavus, still she was not so blind but that she saw the egotism of his wishes. But love has ever been equal to itself, and although it sees with one eye clearly, still it frequently closes the other. And this was now the case. The sentiments which caused her heart to beat, covered the naked truth of Gustavus' selfishness with the fig-leaf of compassion, and therefore the painful impression produced by it was less apparent. She thought—as all women think who truly love—to be resigned is her joy, ungratefulness frequently her reward. O, that upon this point, which would give an impetus to her whole life, she had not united so much weakness with strength of mind! Here the humors and peculiarities of man should not flourish as



an inexhaustible fountain, for a good and reasonable woman might divert it from its source, so that the fountain might become harmless ; but, on the contrary, a woman good, yet unreasonable, changes her former idol into a despot, by enduring his humors, and meeting him half-way in them. And then, after years have elapsed, the veil of illusion is dispelled, and she cannot always remain unreasonable. What is the result ? We will not undertake to draw the picture ; but we are certain that it stands engraved upon many hearts in characters which are legible to others besides themselves.

Georgiana could not yet be numbered among either of these two classes. She was not yet a wife, still she loved, and loved a man who owned her heart, and who now requested, for the first time, a proof of her submission. Could she refuse him ? But she felt that the want of confidence displayed in his conduct towards her, violated her affection, and this thought caused two counter sentiments within her heart. The predominating sentiment, however, conquered. She leaned towards Lindorm, who, ashamed at his selfishness, awaited her answer in anxious suspense.

“ Good Gustavus,” said Georgiana meekly, but more earnest than usual, “ rest easy upon that subject. Can I please you by such a trifling sacrifice, if it can so be called ? I will do it willingly. But I must dance with those whom I have promised, and after that I shall remain sitting here with you without the slightest vexation. Will you be satisfied then ?”

“ Yes, Georgiana ; your promise renders me happy. I feel renewed life in the hope that you will be able to fulfill my desire without being pained. But forgive me, dear Georgiana, if you can, that I trouble you so much. You can hardly imagine how I felt when I saw you dancing with Major B——. But is it absolutely necessary that I must suffer this pain once more ? Are you obliged to waltz with him ?”

“ Would an excuse to the Major make you very happy, Gustavus ?” inquired Georgiana.

“ Unspeakably ; more than I can express—more than I can repay you for—for this, only this, can persuade me that you—— Shall I speak ? No, this is not a proper time. You know what I would say, dear Georgiana. Never shall you see me so ill-humored again. Your kindness has driven all dark thoughts



from my mind. I am happy and grateful. Henceforth the heaven of my joy shall be unclouded."

"May God grant that it shall always remain so, dear Gustavus," said Georgiana, extremely happy as she saw the love and joy which beamed in Gustavus' eyes. "How could I have been cheerful for a single moment if you had been sitting here so sorrowful? O no, that would have been impossible!"

They were now interrupted by a gentleman, who seated himself at the side of Georgiana, and commenced conversing upon indifferent subjects. Gustavus arose, for this gentleman did not cause his heart to beat the slightest. The intruder was a friendly old gentleman, wearing a wig, and dressed in a guise which had been fashionable twenty years before. There was no danger in leaving the young lady in his company. And, aside from that, Mrs. Hermer approached, and advised Georgiana not to dance too much, and not to drink anything cold. Georgiana willingly promised to obey her mother. After she had danced with Arthur in the waltz, and the three quadrilles with the other gentlemen, the third waltz was announced by Major B——, in a different order than was set down in the programme, between the third and fourth quadrille. As soon as the signal was given the Major approached his promised partner with a deep bow. Lindorm was standing at a distance closely observing Georgiana's every movement.

"Now comes our turn," said the Major, politely, as he drew on his white gloves.

"Yes, I believe so," said Georgiana, as politely as she had been addressed; "but, Major B——, you must excuse me for being compelled to withdraw my promise. I was unwell a few days ago, and I feel so much fatigued that I dare not dance any more this evening."

"That is very disagreeable," replied the Major, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; "but as you have deprived your forlorn partner from dancing with you this time, will you allow me to ask you why I alone should be so unfortunate?"

"Have I not told you already," said Georgiana, slightly offended, "that I am much fatigued; and, aside from that, I am not very well, and as I am not to dance again this evening, the Major has not the slightest cause to think me impolite."

The Major bowed silently, and, taking a seat at a card-table, did not appear again in the ball-room that evening. But the



hours flew rapidly by to Georgiana, for Gustavus was always near her, displaying his gratitude by countless little attentions for the sacrifices she had made.

The dancers remained until after sunrise. At the breakfast-table, Mr. Holk proclaimed, over a fresh bowl of punch, that Lieutenant Arthur S—— was now betrothed to his little sister-in-law, Louisa Montén. Toasts, congratulations, and exclamations of admiration and astonishment resounded from all sides. They were indeed betrothed, and Arthur made use of every opportunity to say, my bride. In the afternoon, Mr. Hermer and family departed; but Arthur remained at Bjerke. He intended to return home after two weeks had elapsed.

When Gustavus departed for Engelvik, Arthur said: "Although I have left much unfinished at Engelvik, which, under other circumstances, I should like to have completed, still I hope you will now excuse me from fulfilling my promise. You have seen my rose-bud, and certainly cannot be surprised if I live up to the old proverb, 'Charity begins at home.'"

"No, Arthur," replied Gustavus, smiling, "I am not at all surprised at your resolution; and, now that I am to be there myself, it would be unjust to abuse your kindness longer. But I hope you will spend, at least, one day with me before you return home."

"O, we will arrange that," said Mr. Holk. "We will all visit you, and see how far you have progressed in your work. I shall take the ladies with me, that they may decide upon it. We will soon come, and I intend to make our residence at Rosendal."

To this excellent suggestion all consented, and they separated with mutual expressions of regard, and the hope that they would soon meet again.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

Wherever I am, wherever I go,  
When sadly my footsteps turn from thee,  
Forever my course is finished below,  
Fondly and only I've lived for thee.

SCHILLER.

THE travellers arrived at Engelvik, and were received by Miss Wings, whose countenance displayed the deepest affliction. She was standing upon the staircase, wiping her streaming eyes with the corner of her apron.

"What has happened!" inquired Gustavus, alarmed. He quickly sprang from the sleigh. "How is Mr. Waldenberg?"

"O, my God!" sighed Miss Wings, mournfully, "the unfortunate chandelier! It is all over with him, as sure as I breathe. The poor soul has fatigued himself so much that he might finish that cursed parlor. All was nearly completed, and he smiled so happily and contented, that I went to look at the room, and rejoice with him. The chandelier alone was to be hung in its place; but he intended to wait a short time, he said, for he felt fatigued, and he did not think that anybody else would be able to hang it. O, what shall I say? One day at noon, when he was fastening the chandelier to the ceiling, he fell from the scaffold."

As soon as Gustavus heard these words, he rapidly flew up the stairs into Waldenberg's room. Mr. Hermer hastened after him, and the ladies in fear and trembling entered the sitting-room. Georgiana sat down upon a chair, and wept bitterly. Mrs. Hermer thoroughly examined Miss Wings, who communicated her knowledge of the circumstance to her confused hearers, as follows:

"I stood near the fire-place, about noon, making some custard, which Mr. Waldenberg loves better than any other dish, and I will say that I have always endeavored to please him as much as possible. Well, I said to Eliza, 'Eliza,' says I, 'go, and ask the Steward to come to dinner;' but scarcely had I spoken the words, when I heard a crash over my head, so loud that I thought the day of judgment had come. But a loud cry from



the workmen caused everything to become plain to me. I thought I would sink through the floor, but the knowledge that I must help him strengthened me, and I limped up stairs as fast as my old limbs would permit, and went into the room. But how can I describe what I saw? Although I said to Eliza, who was closely following me, 'go back, Eliza, and bring a pail of water, for I am afraid Mr. Waldenberg is killed,' still I could not think that it was so bad as that. When I opened the door, the men were about removing him from beneath the rubbish, which had fallen upon him, with the unfortunate chandelier. Undoubtedly his head became dizzy, when he stood upon the scaffold, or what else was the matter with him, I don't know. But the stupid workmen could not say anything about it. Yet that he was lying there bloody, and a large gash in his head, and one arm broken, was too certain."

Tears rolled down Georgiana's cheeks, and in the utmost confusion she wrung her hands. She knew too well for whom he had sacrificed his life. Her pain was unbearable; she wished to go to Waldenberg's room; but she dared not express this desire, and what would Gustavus think should he see her grief? Would he be able to comprehend its origin? Georgiana's tears flowed with redoubled force, when she thought of the one she idolized. She feared that he might hurt her feeling by distrusting the purity of her heart.

"Dear Miss Wings," said Mrs. Hermer, "have you done nothing to assist him?"

"If we had not done something," said Miss Wings, slightly offended, "he would have died. We bled him, and his arm was set and bandaged; and I washed the wound in his head, and dressed it. But he has not spoken since that day, and probably will never speak again."

"But, dear Miss Wings," said Georgiana in the deepest grief, "he is not dead yet; perhaps he is only fainting."

"No, dear lady, he is neither dead nor fainting. I noticed him the other day, and thought that his extreme weakness was the cause of his not being able to speak."

"What made you think so?" inquired Georgiana.

"I will tell you: I was sitting near his bedside, when I heard the jingling of sleigh-bells. 'Thank God,' said I, 'our lady is coming;' and as I said so, he quickly opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the table. I thought he wished to drink, and placed



a tumbler of water to his lips ; but he looked sorrowfully at me, and made a refusing motion with his head. I wanted to know what he desired, and after I had made several attempts to discover it, with the watch, the cologne bottle, and some other little things, I saw that he was becoming impatient. At length I took up an old faded wreath, the last thing that was left upon the table, and lo ! he smiled friendly upon me, and turned his head upon the pillow. I understood what he meant ; I lifted the pillow, and placed the wreath under his cheeks ; and that I had done right I clearly saw by his grateful looks."

"My God, my God," sobbed Georgiana ; she thought her heart would break, and Mrs. Hermer vainly endeavored to console her by assuring her that all would yet be well.

"No," said Miss Wings, he will never recover. It is impossible for him to regain his strength after such a fall. Oh, kind ladies, if you only knew what a ministering angel he was to the poor ; but God, and I only know that. And how many tears did he dry, which had been pressed out by fear and poverty. He did not think himself too good to enter into the dwellings of misery, and to console their inmates as much as was in his power. And I can tell you with truth, that when he dies, more tears shall fall upon his grave, than were shed at the death of either the Baron or his wife."

The door opened, and Gustavus entered the room. Georgiana turned her head towards the window, and looked forth into the twilight. Mrs. Hermer anxiously inquired : "Speak, how is he, is his life really in danger ?"

"I fear that it is," replied Gustavus, sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I have sent an extra messenger to Bjerke, that a physician may be sent here as soon as possible. They will not deny me."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Hermer, "but can we do nothing before he comes ? I must go and see him."

"Do so," said Gustavus, "but it is a very sad sight. His pain has increased, for, a moment ago, his sufferings were heart-rending, particularly when he coughed. I fear that his lungs received an injury when he fell. His broken arm must also cause him much pain."

Now Georgiana turned her tearful eyes towards her mother. "Dear mamma, permit me to go along with you," she entreated,



and added, as she fixed her prayerful eyes upon Gustavus, "there will be no harm in my doing so."

"You cannot bear it, dear Georgiana," said Gustavus mildly and cordially, as a soft blush overspread his cheeks. "I think you will not be able to bear it; but if you insist upon going, of course, this is not the time to talk of propriety or impropriety."

"I am of your opinion, Gustavus," said Mrs. Hermer; "but Georgiana is strong enough, when necessity requires it; she may therefore go with me."

Georgiana cast a look replete with gratitude, first upon her mother, and then upon Gustavus, who understood it. He silently pressed her hand, and accompanied her to Waldenberg. They stopped a moment in the hall before Waldenberg's door; Gustavus felt the trembling of Georgiana's arm, as it rested upon his own, and he trembled himself, when the approaching light, carried by a servant, shone upon her countenance. It was deathly pale, and betokened the deepest affliction. With a slight sigh the Baron opened the door; a gloomy light pervaded throughout the apartment; a small lamp was suspended from the ceiling, the light of which faintly illumined the objects in the room. Mr. Hermer and Willie were near the bedstead. Willie was sitting upon the floor near the foot of the bedstead, weeping. A deathly silence reigned, broken occasionally by a slight groan from poor Waldenberg. The ladies approached the suffering man, walking on their tip-toes. The sound of their steps was deadened by the soft carpet. And here reposed one with a blood-stained bandage around his head; he was as pale as a corpse, and his eyes were closed; his beautiful features were disfigured with pain, and his deep groans issued between his pale lips. His lungs labored heavily;—and was this Waldenberg? A heart-rending sob escaped Georgiana, and the thought that he was suffering so much pain for her sake caused her heart to beat with indescribable anguish.

She had visited the parlor, before they had departed for Bjerke, and she had seen how industrious Waldenberg had been. She had recognized in the ornaments of the room the plan she had made herself. How deep was her emotion as she thought of this self-sacrificing man, who loved so purely. And now, when she saw him so disfigured, a picture of fast approaching death, and all for her sake, it seemed to her as though the grief of a whole world was pressing upon her heart, so severely,



that it was nearly crushed. She fell upon her knees before the bed, and forgetting Gustavus, and all except the sick one, she rested her head upon the unbroken arm, which was lying powerless upon the sheet. Her tears bedewed his hand; they were unseen by others, still Lindorm imagined them.

As Georgiana uttered the single sob, Waldenberg trembled, and opened his eyes. How expressive were those eyes, as they rested upon her who was so dear to him. When he saw her grief, her tears, he attempted to speak; but only a broken, unintelligible sound escaped his lips. Georgiana bowed over him, but she could not understand his murmurings. He shook his head mournfully, and she understood by the eloquent language of his eye all he wished to say. Mr. Hermer was now about to raise Georgiana from her position, but there was immediately such an entreating expression in Waldenberg's eyes, that he drew back again. All eyes were bathed in tears. Gustavus' emotion was deep and fervent; his compassion for Waldenberg was unlimited, and his heart too noble to have the slightest feeling of envy for the natural grief, which Georgiana had displayed, although he had an unhappy inclination to jealousy. Thus several long moments elapsed. "This cannot last long," whispered Mrs. Hermer to her husband; "his emotion will do him more injury than anything else. I must go to him, and speak to him." She approached the bed, and, with her usual mildness, said: "Shall I dress your head, my dear Waldenberg? Georgiana must leave you for a short time, she can no longer bear to see you suffer." Georgiana, who had taken Waldenberg's hand within hers, dropped it, and a half-suppressed sigh was his only answer. "Dear child," whispered Mrs. Hermer, "be not so sad, you will make his sufferings still worse."

"O, no, mamma, I do not," replied Georgiana, softly. "O, I know, it was only——." She blushed, and Waldenberg's ear alone understood what she intended to say. She arose, and, when her eyes met his, a beautiful expression overspread his countenance. A slight flush passed over his cheeks, his lips were moulded into a happy smile. She seated herself upon his bed; his hand was again clasped in hers, and in this manner a few more moments passed.

"Georgiana, my child," said Mrs. Hermer, with a motherly earnestness, "you do not understand that your longer presence



is inexpedient. You had better leave the room with Gustavus."

She arose silently from the bed, and whispered to the sick man: "I will soon return, dear Waldenberg, I cannot remain from you. God be with you." She again pressed his hand, and supported by Gustavus' arm descended into the sitting-room. Gustavus seated himself by her side upon the sofa, and warm expressions of sympathy came forth from his lips, giving consolation and peace to her sorrowful heart.

"O, Gustavus," sighed she, "Waldenberg is as dear to me, as Constance was to you. I shall miss him much."

"And so shall I, dear Georgiana," replied Gustavus with much emotion. "But, when I think that his noble heart has battled and suffered in a thousand bitter struggles for resignation to his sad fate, and that his strength was exhausted in the ever continuing striving of his raging passions, then I say, the Lord's will be done; He only knows what is good."

"Waldenberg," replied Georgiana, "is so good and so quiet, that his heart is free from those battles, which sometimes rage within yours."

"Yet he is a man, Georgiana," replied Gustavus, "and although he is one of the noblest and best of men, although he may be able to subdue his passions, still the embers are smouldering within his heart. I have seen him as excited as I ever have been myself, and that for the same reason. To suffer such pain, daily, is a torture which you cannot comprehend. Believe me, that it would be far less to Waldenberg, if he now dies with the belief that he still lives in your heart, than to live and see you another's."

Georgiana sighed, and remained silent. She thought upon Gustavus' words, and remembered, that Waldenberg had not visited Rosendal since the Baron's return; also that he did not appear the night she first visited Engelvik, although he generally desired to see and converse with her. His unusual and singular conduct at the breakfast table, the dark glowing expression of his eyes, all these circumstances now stood before her in a clear and different light, than she had ever before considered them. Every circumstance tended to confirm Gustavus' words, and the illusion, that she could continue to live on the same footing with Waldenberg, as formerly, without the intervention of Gustavus, was fast dispelling, as all similar illusions generally do. The



more she considered all this, the more she was convinced that a paradise cannot be found on earth, not even in the heart of the most generous and noble man.

"Do you now think, dear Georgiana, that I was right?" said Lindorm, after a long pause, looking into her eyes with a friendly glance of inquiry.

"I do, Gustavus. I must think that you are right; but my heart almost breaks at the thought that he must die, for he has met his fate in endeavoring to obey a miserable whim of mine. Gustavus, if you only knew how much that pains me, and shall ever pain me!"

"What do you mean, dear Georgiana? I do not understand you," said Gustavus. Georgiana related how, one evening, when Mr. Waldenberg and herself were pleasantly conversing concerning the decorations of the rooms at Engelvik, he asked her opinion, and jestingly requested her to draw a plan; she did so, "and," she continued, "I had forgotten all about it, until *now*, when I am reminded of it in such a horrible manner. For the good Waldenberg, I do not know why, had determined to adopt my plan. In short, he did so."

"Noble Waldenberg," said Gustavus, and a gleam of pure joy overspread his countenance, as he pressed Georgiana's hand to his lips. "Now I understand all. It has long been my greatest desire, that my house might be arranged according to the judgment of one whom both Waldenberg and I love; and he has accomplished that desire for me. Waldenberg's great heart has renounced all earthly hopes. This action proves the magnitude of his soul, and his high-mindedness. And now, for the first time, I see how pure and unselfish his love has been, and will be until his latest breath. And you, good Georgiana, you, who have been the only object of each of our wishes, how can I display to you my gratitude, for having been so noble in explaining to me the true circumstances of the case? Tell me, how can I thank you, and how you were able to resist a love like Waldenberg's?"

"I will answer your first question sincerely," said Georgiana, blushing deeply. "Remove, as far as possible from your mind, that painful jealousy, which so much offends me and is of such little use. To your second question I will reply, that I thank God that my affection for Waldenberg was that of a sister. His loss, so bitter to me now, how much more bitter would it



have been, if I had regarded him otherwise. Perhaps it is best to be as it is now, if he only would not die for my sake."

"Do not grudge him that, my dear Georgiana; it is his only happiness. Did I not tell you that he would die rejoicing that he has lost his life in the endeavor to please the one, whom he could never hope to wed, but still loved her more than he did his own life? But try now to rest for a few hours, and in the mean time, I will go and see how he is. We need not fear the worst now. Rest easy upon that."

The night passed heavily for poor Waldenberg. As long as Georgiana was in the room, he exerted his every power to suppress his complaints, but as soon as she was gone, he could not longer suffer in silence. Doctor A—— arrived a few moments before the breakfast hour. He felt the sick man's pulse, asked many questions in relation to the accident, and dubiously shook his head. Waldenberg's arm was rebandaged, and the gash in his head pronounced insignificant.

"All this," said the doctor, "amounts to nothing; but he has received a severe injury in his lungs. I fear a blood-vessel has been ruptured; still we will do all we can."

The doctor succeeded, after a few hours, not only to relieve the pains of the sick man, but Waldenberg had also gained so much strength by the use of the doctor's powerful medicines, that he was able to pronounce a few words audibly.

"Doctor," said Mr. Hermer, taking the physician aside, "is that a good symptom? Is there any hope for him?"

"No;" replied Doctor A——, "although I have succeeded in assuaging his pain, still I cannot save his life. It will be useless to attempt it. I saw that the first moment I entered the room. He may possibly live twenty-four hours longer; but even that is doubtful, as his strength is nearly gone."

"Now, Doctor," continued Mr. Hermer, "do you consider the accident as the cause of his death?"

"It has hastened it, perhaps," replied the physician, "but I do not think he would have lived more than two or three weeks longer, had not the accident occurred. His life would have so gradually left him, that he would not have noticed it himself. And I assure you that his death now, will be perfectly easy and quiet."

The doctor was compelled to leave after dinner, his extensive practice in the city preventing him from remaining longer. The



Baron was very sorry that he had to depart; but the doctor assured both Gustavus and Mr. Hermer, that his presence would not be of the slightest benefit.

Arthur, who had accompanied the doctor, remained at Engelvik, not only prompted to do so by his friendship for Waldenberg, but also because he thought that it would be ungenerous to leave Gustavus at this trying hour. Immediately after the doctor's departure, Waldenberg expressed in broken but distinct words the desire, that Parson Werner might be sent for. He wished to take the holy communion for the last time on earth. The parson arrived at three o'clock. Mr. Werner was much moved when he heard the cause of his mission, and was in a proper condition of mind for the sacred duty he was obliged to perform. Waldenberg's dear friends were gathered around him when he partook of the last consolation which a Christian can receive on this earth. Mr. Werner spoke words of comfort, and the sick man lifted his eyes towards the holy man, in faith and happy hope. He took the sacrament with a countenance which moved the hearts of all present. They were impressed with sentiments too holy for this earth. The veil of immortality seemed to be cut asunder; the dust was glorified, and they all knelt around the death-bed in silent prayer.

Seven o'clock in the evening arrived; it was so silent in Waldenberg's room, that the ticking of the clock could distinctly be heard. Mrs. Hermer was sitting at a short distance from the bed. Georgiana sat upon a chair near the pillow. She held his hand within hers, and with her other hand she wiped the cold damp of death from his brow. Waldenberg smiled frequently: he was silent and quiet, and his eyes rested continually upon her, as he slightly pressed her hand. A smile played upon his lips, where death had already imprinted its stamp. He was happy. The three gentlemen had retired to a further corner of the apartment. Willie retained his place near the foot of the bed. Waldenberg had spoken a little with the Baron, a few hours before, requesting him to write to his parents, and console them by assuring them that he was entering the better world peacefully, and well prepared, nay joyfully. Gustavus solemnly promised to perform his request, and now nothing appeared, which could chain the spirit to the dust. The hours rolled by to the mourning ones in anxious suspense. The approach of the decisive moment oppressed every heart.



"Georgiana," whispered the dying Waldenberg, in a clear and thrilling voice, which penetrated her very soul, and awakened the remembrance that the speaker would soon be united with the angels.

Georgiana bowed over him, as he motioned with his head that he desired to be raised up in the bed. She tenderly placed her arm under his head. "Is it right now?" she inquired, softly, and her tears fell thick and fast upon his forehead.

"Yes," replied Waldenberg, "I would not return to the pains of earthly life, after having experienced this happiness, for any price. I was so happy, Georgiana, that no man could be happier. All desires are now gone, but one."

"And that, dear Waldenberg?" inquired she, entreatingly, "can I do anything more?"

"I desire—O, I wish—much, Georgiana, to hear you touch the harp strings once more, and sing me to sleep."

"That shall be done," said Willie, and sprang from his seat. "I will speed to Rosendal, and procure it. Waldenberg, dear good Waldenberg, please do not die until I return," sobbed the poor boy, pressing Waldenberg's hands convulsively to his lips. "I wish I could please you even at the last moment."

"Go, Willie; may God grant your prayer, that I may live until your return."

Willie flew rather than run over the slippery surface of the bay.

"It is sweet thus to die," said Waldenberg, still resting his head upon Georgiana's arm.

Willie returned at ten o'clock with the harp. "Am I too late?" he anxiously inquired of Gustavus, who met him at the door.

"No, my good boy, you shall have the pleasure of fulfilling the last request of our beloved Waldenberg, and you will see his happiness. The lamp still flickers."

Willie approached the bed on his tip-toes. "Does he sleep, dear Georgiana?"

"No, dear Willie, he just inquired for you."

Waldenberg still occupied the same position, with his head resting upon Georgiana's arm. The heavy gasps had given place to quiet, short breaths. He opened his eyes, and fixed them upon Willie with an expression filled with the liveliest gratitude. He then turned them upon her, who was his sole



happiness; he gave one long look upon her beautiful countenance. "Now," said he, softly, "soon all will be over. Oh, Georgiana, most loved Georgiana, idol of my soul—I dare call you so now, for the first time—the first, the only, the last time—Farewell, my Georgiana, I desire rest, soothe me with your song."

Georgiana preluded upon the harp, and, filled with the most holy sentiments, she sang in her melodious voice three verses of a psalm, which Waldenberg had often repeated to her.

As the last trembling sound of the solemn music wafted through the rooms, like the whisper of a spirit, Georgiana bowed down over Waldenberg to listen to his soft words of gratitude, and the harp dropped from her hand. One of the strings snapped with a doleful sound. She uttered a wild exclamation. Her head sunk upon the pillow—Waldenberg's soul had returned to its beautiful home.

How often I have longed,  
How often sighed and prayed,  
That mist might disappear,  
And cast aside its shade.  
And now my charmed ear  
Is filled with wondrous sound.  
The brilliant rays appear,  
And glory shines around.  
Thy loved eyes grant my prayer,  
Thy sweet songs lead me there.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

No world was there for her; no yesterday nor now;  
For time had stopped its course, placed limits to its wheel.  
And yet, those kisses sweet, ours by love and death,  
Are children of eternity.  
The earth might be in flames, yet, filled with happy love,  
We would not feel the heat, nor see the rolling smoke  
And should the heavens crack, and fall asunder down,  
We would not heed the spectacle.

TEGNER.

THREE months had passed by, and May had scattered its rich and fresh life. The gay flowers sprang forth, and the trees of the forest were furnished with leaves, like joyful brides wearing myrtle crowns. On a beautiful May morning Baron Lindorm entered a skiff, and started forth upon the bay, from the



wharf at Engelvik, and rowed over to Rosendal. He had now been a widower seven months, and his mourning dress had this day for the first time given place to an elegant hunting costume, of a light green color, richly ornamented with cord work and embroidery. A small cap of the same color as the coat rested upon his beautiful brown locks. The rich cap tassels fell upon his shoulder in a negligent and graceful manner, and his rifle, which he had placed upon a seat near him, together with his well-filled game-bag, proved that he had been successful. Health glowed upon his cheeks, and his air gave proof that his heart was light, and his mind at rest. He landed at Rosendal, where he was saluted by Willie, who was soon busily engaged in fastening the boat.

"Oh, yes, this is very nice, Baron Lindorm, that you conduct yourself so," said Willie, half in earnest and half in joke, as he concluded his task.

"Why so, you little rascal?" said Gustavus, patting the boy upon his back.

"Ah! you ask me, when your own conscience can tell you better. You have not done right, anyhow. It was a sin on your part, and I intended several times to go to Engelvik, and have you confess yourself."

"You should have done so, Willie; then I would have been here long ago. Do you think that she will weep and sigh to-day?"

"Certainly not, if you do not provoke her with dark looks and sarcastic words. Be as you were before, and she will cease sighing and weeping; for I understand this much, that I know that the tears for the last two months were caused by a different reason than the former ones."

"God grant that you are right, Willie," said Gustavus earnestly, as they proceeded towards the house. They entered the parlor, where they found Georgiana alone. Her cheeks crimsoned as Gustavus stood before her, so entirely unexpected.

"O, Gustavus," she exclaimed, "we almost thought that you had left Engelvik, since you visited Rosendal so seldom."

"I intended to wait until I could hope to be welcome again," he replied cordially, and laid his spoils at her feet.

"Thank you, dear Gustavus," said she, with an amiable smile, "but how could you think that you would not be welcome here, whenever you might come?"



"O, dear Georgiana, I not only suspect it, but I think I am convinced of it. I lived, however, in the sure and happy conviction, that, when time had received its rights, the beautiful roses of my life, which have been hidden from me for a season, would flourish again for me with renewed splendor. I have now come that I might see whether your lovely countenance would confirm this hope."

"Well, Gustavus," said Georgiana, lifting her eyes to his, "what do you read in my eyes?"

"O, I read in them what I have long wished and prayed for. Consolation for the long and solitary hours which have divided us. My only occupation was in altering and beautifying Engelvik, and how much I longed for the moment when I might again see in your countenance that expression, which assured me more than words that you wished to see me, and that the dark days had passed."

In charming confusion Georgiana turned away from him. O, how long he had been absent from her! She did not desire that he should see in her every look how much she had missed him. In this confusion of affairs, the Baron inquired:

"Will you not take a short walk in the park with me? The weather is beautiful, and the morning air refreshing and inviting."

"You have not yet saluted papa nor mamma," replied Georgiana, evasively.

"What are you talking about?" said Willie. "Do you not remember that papa started from here yesterday, and that mamma is gone out, and will not return home before noon? Shall I go and bring down your bonnet?"

"I will thank you to do so, Willie. Take your cap along, and then we can go to meet mamma as she returns."

"No, I thank you," replied Willie, with a cunning smile, "I am going out to fish."

"Georgiana, why will you not give me the pleasure to-day of walking with you? Have we not done so very often before?"

Georgiana did not reply, but her uneasiness increased every moment. No girl could be less whimsical than she, but Gustavus had not visited Rosendal often for the past two months, and had conducted himself entirely as a friend or a brother, so that his relation with her was much changed. During the whole two months he did not utter a single word about that which



concerned his heart. Georgiana's deep and unaffected sorrow had formed a separating wall, which, perhaps, both of them wished to overleap, but which, however, they both avoided to do. Three or four weeks had passed since they had last seen each other, and it was no wonder, therefore, that Georgiana, after the first natural outburst of joy, again fell back in an undefined uneasiness which welcomed the presence of a third person.

Willie returned with the bonnet. Georgiana placed it upon her head, with a heavily-beating heart, and her every motion was slow and hesitating. First, the gloves must be found; then the parasol could not be discovered for a long time; finally, nothing more was wanting, and she took Lindorm's arm. They walked towards the park without speaking.

"Shall we not sit down?" inquired he, after they had arrived at a green mossy bench, which seemed friendly and inviting.

Georgiana sat down, and pulled a handful of grass from beside her, that she might make wreaths.

Gustavus, who during this time had thoughtfully stood before her, sat down beside her.

"Why, dear Georgiana," said he, in a persuasive tone, "why are you so confused and uneasy? Why do you avoid my eyes? And although my lips have not yet pronounced that which you have read within my eyes, in my every action, the assurance that I love you more than anything on earth, I thought you had understood me, and several months ago I hoped that you would return my sentiments."

Georgiana was silent. Lindorm continued: "Another circumstance occurred which occupied your mind exclusively. That was natural. I do not complain of that; but, because I did not succeed to cause your lips to smile again, and always saw your beautiful eyes concealed by a veil of tears, I withdrew myself, that time might remove them. I waited more than three months, in vain. Then my heart desired certainty. I came here. Your first look gave me hope, gave me consolation, and repaid me for the lost days; but now, what shall I think of your unusual silence, and of your just as unusual confusion? Great God! if I should be mistaken! If I should be deceived by false hopes, which your looks and words nourish within my glowing heart, then, Georgiana, I would be unhappy. My soul shrinks from the thought that I should be condemned to wander alone, seeking



in vain for a being who could understand me, for the other half of myself."

Gustavus was silent; he was much moved. Georgiana now turned her eyes upon him. They were glistening with holy and lovely tears. "Gustavus, my Gustavus," said she, in distinct tones, "how could you have deceived yourself? That being who understands you, and sympathizes with your welfare and your grief, that other half of yourself can be no other than I, who have loved you since my heart was capable of loving. You alone and exclusively; and now I know no other wish than to drive away the dark shadows of your life."

Gustavus' eyes glistened with joy during this declaration. Language cannot express his happiness. Silently he drew Georgiana to his heart, and the first sacred kiss was burning upon her lips.

"O how beautiful is this life!" he exclaimed, as soon as the first storm of excitement had passed. "Yet, my Georgiana, my beloved, I would be contented—yes, I almost wish that I might be permitted to die this very moment, as I hold you to my heart. Then I could be certain that my happiness could never be disturbed."

"My Gustavus," whispered she, "why do you disturb this moment with such dark thoughts. Our happiness shall not end. O, no, how could that happen? as it will be our joy to share our good and evil days together. Death only shall divide us."

"God grant, my Georgiana, that you may always think so. I must confess that it requires the utmost love to obey the wishes of my craving heart, and to give it the assurance, that I am all to you, as you are all to me."

"But, Gustavus," replied Georgiana, "there is something more required in order to confirm your conviction; and that is a firm and undeniable confidence in her, whom you have chosen for your companion of life. Promise solemnly, in this first, glorious hour of our love, that you will conquer the dark spirit, that horrible demon of jealousy, which sometimes steals into your heart, destroys your peace, and undermines our happiness. Will you promise this?"

"I promise all you ask me in this hour, my dear love; but why should I conceal the fear from you, that there perhaps lies within my heart a weak sentiment, which I cannot conquer; not



that I would doubt your faithfulness; but I shall always feel uneasy and sorrowful, when I see around you other gentlemen, striving to engage your attention. I reproach myself for this weakness, for it is ungenerous and selfish, still it is within me; but I am perfectly convinced that a daily increasing consolation by the thought that your heart is exclusively mine own, and entirely inaccessible to others, can destroy my fears."

At this moment Georgiana felt something within, which she could not then, or afterwards explain. It seemed to her as though an icy cold hand had grasped her heart, and had powerfully stayed the progress of her blood. But she overcame the feeling of uneasiness, and with a smile replied: "We may also hope that they will disappear like a cloud of dust before the wind, for Gustavus, I will never give you any provocation, by which these sentiments can be nourished within you. Your image alone dwells within my heart, and never shall it open itself to receive any other impression."

Her looks, her tones and her words appeared to Lindorm as so many truths of the faithfulness of her endeavors. His happiness was complete, and his lively descriptions of the joyful future caused the uneasiness within Georgiana's heart to be quieted. She had forgotten all, and she now lived in one of those hours, the content of which can better be imagined than described, and whose influence over the soul can be compared to the shining spheres, which glimmer in the heavens on a dark night, guiding the anxious wanderer on his dreary way. They now returned happy, in the heaven within their hearts. Mrs. Hermer, who had long been expected from her walk, now arrived in the garden. She cast a sharp glance upon the loving couple, and with a mother's instinct she observed that something had happened, which she had hoped for long before. She silently entered the sitting-room, and Georgiana suddenly sprang into her embrace, and whispered: "Good mamma, receive Gustavus as a son, our hearts have found each other." Mrs. Hermer looked towards Lindorm, who was kneeling at her feet. "My second mother," said he, taking her hand, "bless our union. May Georgiana become my wife?"

She pressed them both to her happy heart, which was throbbing with a mother's joy.

"O, that Mr. Hermer was here!" exclaimed Gustavus, "we only want his presence to complete our joy."



"He has arrived at the very moment, I think," said Mr. Hermer, as he suddenly entered the room; he had returned home that moment. "What festival are you celebrating, my dear?"

"Look only at those two," replied his wife, smiling, "and I think you can readily discover what you wish to know."

"That is to say, we have a betrothal here!" exclaimed Mr. Hermer, opening his arms; "come here, and let me press you both to my heart, which thanks God for your happiness, and prays to him for its continuance, as fervently as the heart of a real father."

"What I have done," said Gustavus, "was necessary, for she should have had time to deaden the sorrow she experienced at her last visit at Engelvik."

"She had therefore occasion to wait," said Mr. Hermer with a smile. "I have frequently seen her casting uneasy glances over the bay towards Engelvik."

"But papa," said Georgiana, blushing, "it is not polite for you to say so."

"Still it is true," continued Mr. Hermer. "You cannot deny it."

"No, she shall not deny it," said Willie, who now hastily entered the room from the hall, where he had overheard the conversation unobserved. "I am an unobjectionable witness to that, as Mr. Holk would say, for I have seen her do that which papa says, many, many times, and when I thought sometimes, that it would be a pity for her, then I would think again that Georgie ought to reflect a little about matters, for I well remember how Gustavus begged for a friendly look and word last winter, and how tears were standing in her eyes, as she was unable to do anything but sigh. That must have been very disagreeable to a good-hearted man. Although I was sometimes a little angry, because he treated Georgie so, still I now declare, as he has returned and made every thing all right, that my future brother-in-law has acted wisely."

A hearty laugh greeted Willie's declaration, and the day passed most joyfully.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

And now by this my trusty sword;  
By Northland's honor, by yon star,  
Which like a wedding light does shine,  
Upon yon silent grove afar,  
For earth and heaven thou art mine.

TEGNER.

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR received a letter from his father immediately after his betrothal, which called him home that he might give an account of all the circumstances, which fathers always wish to know in advance, and that he might receive a countless number of precepts for his future life as a husband and a father of a family. He was now to live the greater portion of the year at his father's country seat, Lindholm. The balance of the year was to be spent at Bahnfors; this latter provision had been insisted upon by Louisa's mother, and was readily assented to by Arthur and his young bride as well as their relatives and friends. The succeeding September, Arthur was to visit Bjerke that he might celebrate his marriage there, and in the mean time Louisa and her mother were to prepare her wedding dresses, and other necessities for the approaching event. Gustavus desired that his own and Arthur's happy sun should arise upon the same day, and therefore he insisted upon it to his future father-in-law, having already received Georgiana's consent. Mr. Hermer and his wife's consent was conditional. They desired that the marriage of the young people might have been delayed until Christmas, but they would not have had any objection, if the Chief Justice Holk and Louisa's mother would allow both marriages to be celebrated at Rosendal. Gustavus, by the most indefatigable exertions, finally effected a friendly and general understanding, and it was concluded that the marriages should be celebrated on the fifteenth day of September at Rosendal.

The life at Rosendal was now ethereal to Gustavus and Georgiana. Lindorm's love was too lofty, too fanciful, to prosper here upon earth. The certainty of being in possession of Georgiana, and soon to lead her home as his wife, together with the thought that now, for the first time, happiness should reign at Engelvik, all these had driven away every dark cloud, and unwholesome imagination. He was as happy as a man could be,



for Georgiana loved to listen to his fanciful dreams, and join with him in heavenly imaginations.

One afternoon, when the family were cheerfully sitting around the table after dinner, enjoying their coffee, Mrs. Hermer opened the conversation by saying, "We shall have a ball after the wedding, as they had at Bjerke."

"Of course," replied Hermer, with the decision of the father of a family. "I have the weakness that I should like to out-shine friend Holk, both with the wedding and the ball, with this difference only, that we, having more room, and two marriage couples instead of one, must invite many more people than Holk had."

Lindorm remarked, with a smile, that there was no want of people then, especially officers.

"There are never too many of them when there is a ball," said Mrs. Hermer, "but for anything else they are good for nothing. But, Georgie, what do you think? You have a most important voice in this question."

Georgiana looked toward Lindorm; but she saw no denying expression in his eyes. He seemed quiet and cheerful, smiling upon her encouragingly.

"We may give a ball if our parents wish to do so," replied Georgiana, "that is if Gustavus will dance, otherwise I should not enjoy it."

"Yes, my dear," replied Lindorm, much moved at the delicate attention displayed by Georgiana, "I am contented with anything that pleases you. My ill-humor at Bjerke had its origin because I was then not perfectly certain but that another one might run away with your heart, before time would permit me to fulfil the usual duties of a widower."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hermer, with an expression which was not alive with contentment, "was it your fault, Gustavus, that Georgiana was obliged to break off a pleasure which she has always desired to indulge? Had I known that, I should not have been satisfied with her assurances. She told me that she did not dance because she feared that it would injure her health, already weakened by her illness. Of course I thought this very strange; but as I approved of her caution, I thought no more about it. Was it as she pretended, she acted wisely; but still—you must excuse my frankness, Gustavus—it was as weak for her to indulge your whim as it was unpardonable."



Lindorm blushed slightly, and said, in a persuasive manner: "I have long ago, yes, at that very hour when I made the request, found how unjust it was for me to require such a sacrifice from Georgiana; but, my dear mother, I have thanked God that she was so generous, or weak, if you will, that she fulfilled my desire; for you may rest assured that this produced a more beneficial influence upon my soul, than the strongest arguments could have done."

Georgiana pressed Gustavus' hand gratefully for his opportune defence; but Mrs. Hermer shook her head dissatisfied—"Jealousy and distrust are evil spirits and dangerous guests. What do you say, Mr. Hermer?"

"What else can I say than amen," replied Mr. Hermer, laughing, "for you, my old lady, are the one who preaches; but you should know that all this is different after marriage. A little jealousy forms an essential part in the nature of a lover. Thank God that he is not jealous of the air she breathes. Such things pass over after a time. You must not be so strict, for I am convinced that even now Gustavus would be able, as he bears the protecting ring upon his finger, to see Georgiana dance with a whole regiment of officers, without experiencing the slightest heart-beating."

"Not so many," said Gustavus, laughing. "I fear that my patience is not so great that it could stand such a trial. At least I would not say decidedly that my heart could remain such a temple of peace. On the contrary, I have a very strong presentiment that it would beat in a far different manner before my turn for dancing should arrive. But at the same time it was too great an assumption, respected father. Omit the twentieth part of it, and then, perhaps, my patience would stand the trial."

"But, gentlemen, we have departed from the main subject," said Mrs. Hermer. "It is decided that we shall have a ball the day after the wedding; and the guests shall dance until day-break, and after breakfast the whole company shall ride to Engelvik, where Miss Wings shall have a dinner prepared for them, which shall be, according to her old proverb, 'a credit to her late mistress, the deceased Baroness.'" And all were of the same opinion with Mrs. Hermer, and thus it was arranged.

The sun arose gloriously upon the fifteenth of September, that it might shine upon the solemn union of four loving hearts. The



more distant guests had arrived several days before. Arthur and his father, Mr. Holk and *suite*, took up their residence at Engelvik. Old Mrs. Montén, Mrs. Holk, and Louisa, remained at Rosendal. The marriages were to take place at seven o'clock in the evening, for Lindorm's persuasive eloquence had succeeded in having a long dinner avoided. It was a beautiful sight to behold the long lines of skiffs and sloops approaching Rosendal from Engelvik, at six o'clock. The boats were decorated with branches of trees and garlands of flowers. The last boat contained a band of music, which gave forth upon the waters the most magnificent strains. The band was composed of amateurs, who had volunteered, that they might afford a pleasing surprise to the happy bridegrooms, who were seated in a boat which had its position in the centre of the line. This boat was distinguished above all the others by the splendor of its decorations. It was covered with a white awning, which was provided with green silk curtains. The interior was festooned with ever-green wreaths, around which were trimmed flowers of the richest hues. Among these were arranged forget-me-nots and everlastings, as tokens of remembrance for him whose hand had cultured them. The seats were cushioned with crimson velvet, and upon the after-part of the boat were placed two thrones for the two brides, who were to occupy them upon the return to Engelvik. This boat contained the two bridegrooms and Arthur's father—a rich and good-natured old country squire, who bore the title of Director of Ways and Means. He excelled in his native place in the cultivation of clover, his new plantations, his stock raising, and his patriotic sentiments. His large breast was decorated with the Wasa order, which he had gained by his skill in the above-mentioned arts.

The little squadron soon landed at Rosendal. The brides and bridegrooms met in the large hall, surrounded by their nearest relations. Hundreds of wax tapers were burning in the elegant chandeliers and glistening silver lamps, and illumined the myrtle wreaths that crowned the heads of the brides. They were both clothed in white satin dresses, decorated with sprigs of myrtle. Louisa was beautiful, and could well pass as a sister of the graces. Georgiana's commanding beauty could be compared to nothing, save a messenger from the world of angels.

Lindorm's noble and manly form compared favorably with



the beauty of his lovely bride. Arthur's slight figure was graceful and pleasing, his features soft, almost to effeminacy. The wedding couples both appeared charming and rarely beautiful to the guests. The four lovers appeared happy, even to bliss ; although their feelings, in the course of the evening, proved so much at variance with each other.

Arthur was happy almost to extravagance. He fluttered like a butterfly around his rose-bud, anxious to anticipate her slightest wish, and the innocent Louisa could scarcely recognize herself. It could justly be said of her,

"As a happy bride she stood,  
Her dark locks decked with flowers,  
And blushed and smiled."

Louisa was seventeen years of age, modest and lovely ; and although she never had been so happy as upon this day, still, it was a strange sensation she experienced, as she figured as a bride. She was the centre of all eyes, and the crimson upon her cheeks seemed almost to burn, as her father-in-law jested with her, upon various subjects, which, in his opinion, were allowable.

As a comparison to this picture, Lindorm and his bride stood near a window, at the other extremity of the room. His arm was placed around her waist, and his eyes were directed constantly upon her beautiful face, which reflected the happy conviction that her love for her husband was all in all to her, and which encompassed his every earthly hope. They spoke not ; but a warm pressure of the hand, and the eloquent language of the eye were sufficient. Such moments are, however, fleeting. They endeavored to entertain their guests in the most polite manner, and they were able, by so doing, to be separated from each other for a whole half an hour, which circumstance Mr. Hermer thought excusable on Lindorm's part ; but Lieutenant Arthur was extremely vexed, because he could scarcely deny himself the pleasure of his wife's presence for even a quarter of an hour.

The next morning, a joyful breakfast was partaken of, which was followed at noon by a stiff dinner, and, finally, in the evening, a magnificent ball, where Lindorm and Georgiana, and Arthur and Louisa, alternately danced with all their guests, whose name was legion.



After all this had come to a conclusion, and the weary company had rested several hours, the immense concourse commenced, with the sound of trumpet and joyful songs, the pleasure trip across the bay to Engelvik, where they entertained themselves until the next morning, when they took their departure one after another, leaving the newly-married couples in undisturbed happiness. For three weeks longer the dinners, excursions and parties, seemed as though they would never find an end. The whole neighborhood seemed to join in the happiness of the lovers. After a few days rest from these exciting pleasures, Arthur and his wife, accompanied by his worthy father, started for Lindholm, where he commenced a happy and peaceful life of marriage. Protected by his good-humor from many of the rough storms of life, for he looked at every thing in its best light, he therefore found comfort and peace.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Boast not of wealth;" said the old man, "but place it under bolts and bars, that the envious Gods may not disturb it; or that the Furies may not require their share."—SPINDLER.

DURING the latter part of the summer, in the year 1821, two soldiers were returning home from their encampment near Christiania, after the conclusion of the review.

Fatigued by their exercises, the dust, the heat, and long marches, they were rejoiced that the day had nearly arrived, when they could rest at home upon the laurels they had won. They rode in a light carriage, which contained their baggage, as well as their good-natured, continually singing driver. The gentlemen were engaged in conversation, which was well seasoned with soldierly oaths. After a short time the conversation ceased, at least on the part of one; and he replied only by a doubtful sarcastic smile as the other one, with an uninterrupted flow of eloquence, told the most wonderful stories of his exploits with the ladies, particularly those of smaller towns and villages where he had been stationed, and he said, that even in Christiania there were at least two dozen of beautiful eyes, which



shed such a prodigious number of tears, that he would have been able to fill five parting glasses with nothing but salt water.

"Bah! what silliness!" growled his silent friend, looking angrily at his companion. The clouds were lowering, and looked as though the gentlemen might expect a fine shower-bath, which, indeed, would have been fortunate, for they were far from clean.

"Silliness! you say. As true as heaven, every word of it. But you love to philosophize, for no beautiful eyes look upon you, you queer fish. Now, I will tell you an anecdote; when we passed the little village of S——, on the northern boundary line, it happened one morning, when I went up, that ——"

"I do not care a straw what you went up for. Leave me alone with your cursed anecdotes," said the other, interrupting the boasting of his friend. "Heavens! how it blows. See how the clouds chase each other. Whew! we shall certainly have a shower, do you not think so, old fellow!" He gave the driver a violent kick in the ribs.

"What the devil do you want?" said the driver, angrily, turning around.

"I want to know whether you think it will rain."

"Yes, there is no doubt but that we will have enough of it. God knows we want it," and the driver coolly placed his whip over his shoulder, and recommenced his singing.

The gentlemen were much dissatisfied with the driver's joyful expressions, and much more so with the subject itself.

"Hear now, you bear!" said the Knight of the Weeping Eyes, who was much younger than his companion; he was taller and more slender than the other, and his countenance, although browned by exposure, still was good-looking, which somewhat tended to prove the truth of his boasting. "Listen, you bear, is it far to the next inn? May the devil take me, it is no fun to sit exposed to such weather."

"It was a mile and three quarters to the next station when we started, and we have now made three quarters of a mile," replied the driver, gravely.

The rain, which had fallen in large drops, now commenced falling thick and fast, until it appeared that the clouds were inexhaustible.

"Is there no parsonage nor tax collector's house in the neigh-



borhood, where we could find shelter?" inquired the elder one, drawing his cloak over his head.

"The parsonage is on a side road, and the tax collector's is a mile and a quarter from here. But if the gentlemen desire it, I can drive to a gentleman's estate not far distant."

"That is not a bad suggestion," thought the younger one, "if we can only be bold enough, it can easily be done. Who owns the estate, driver?"

"Engelvik belongs to Baron Lindorm," replied the driver, "and as there are a great many guests now, you can mingle with them without being noticed."

"No doubt about that," replied the young son of Mars, rubbing his hands with joy, "both of us are acquainted with the Baron; now drive on fast."

"Yes, yes," growled the driver, "drive on fast, I must always hear that, but the gentlemen are not liberal enough to pay me, and therefore I will say beforehand, that I will not drive there, until I receive my full pay for driving to the next station."

"Be not uneasy about that," said the elder officer. "Have no pity upon your horse for the short distance we have to go, and I will not have pity upon my purse."

"That's right, that's what I call talking," and with these words the driver lashed his horse into a gallop.

"I wish you knew how to appreciate the benefit of travelling in my company," said the Knight of the Weeping Eyes, with a complacent smile; "I am the darling of the goddess of Fortune, and she therefore sends me as proof of her love many little adventures. What could be more welcome than to find an old acquaintance at the very moment we so much need a lodging for the night?"

"I think so too," replied the other; "aside from a slight inclination to melancholy Gustavus Lindorm was one of our bravest comrades, always at hand in case of necessity with heart and purse. A noble youth; it can be said of him justly that he was Fortune's favorite in a higher sense of the word than you, for it is a great thing to be born as poor as a church mouse, and to inherit such extensive property as he has. All the hearts you have gained placed together, will not weigh down one ton of the land he possesses."

"You prosy blockhead," said the younger one, "you do not understand, neither will you understand in what my gain con-



sists. If I could only gain the highest prize in the lottery in which I own a share, and of which I dream every night, then you will see who would be the favorite child."

The carriage rattled through the lane which conducted into Engelvik. The rain fell so fast that the gentlemen could not see much, yet once in a while they could catch a glimpse of the magnificent building. The officers directed the driver to stop in the outer court, as they did not wish to soil the inner yard, which was richly decorated with flowers, plots and gravel walks, because they had a simple farmer's carriage. The inclemency of the weather as well as the circumstance that they stopped in the outer yard was probably the reason that their arrival was not observed by the inmates of the house. Somewhat confused at the unpromising beginning of their adventure, our heroes ascended the broad stair-case, and modestly opened the door. They now found themselves in a spacious hall, which resembled an immense hot-house, for it was filled with flower-pots, and various descriptions of trees, among which were oranges, and lemons.

"Deuced nice!" said the youngest, "but where shall we go? We cannot remain here." Many doors led from the hall, but they were all locked. The gentlemen then proceeded directly to a double door, which was situated at the further extremity of the hall. They passed through the door, and entered another hall, which had six doors.

"This is too bad," said the eldest, "where shall we knock now?" He cast his eyes with an expression of compassion towards the carpet, which was soiled with his wet boots.

"Silence! I think I hear some one talking," replied his companion, "we must wait—but unfortunately, in our present situation, we resemble knights of the road more than heroes; but I trust that in my movements and in my face lies something, in which people of sense can easily discover the man of the world."

"Confide in the world, and the favors of Fortune, you impudent fellow, that our fate may soon be decided," said the eldest. His companion knocked, the door opened, and a beautiful spectacle greeted their astonished eyes.

Baron Lindorm and his young bride were sitting upon a luxurious sofa, in an elegantly furnished and decorated cabinet. He was reading from a book to her, and in his manly countenance there shone quietness of soul, and holy peacefulness of heart, as he



bowed over his wife, on whose lap reposed an infant of one year of age. How beautiful was Georgiana ! She yet possessed the charms of maidenhood, magnified and elevated by the modest bearing of a mother. Her fresh lips were formed into a slight "whist," as Lindorm lifted the little cap, and kissed the infant's pretty forehead.

"No, I entreat you," said Georgiana, with a beautiful smile. "It has caused me much trouble to put the little wailing one to sleep. You must not awake him."

"But then you must not place it aside yet," replied Lindorm, as he was arranging the little cushion at her feet. "Do you promise to sit quiet, my dear?"

"O, yes, dear Gustavus, I will promise you ; but you must not interrupt yourself so often ; continue reading, for I am much interested."

"Willingly, good Georgiana, but you must pay me beforehand with at least ten kisses."

"O, not so many," said she, smiling. "You always call both cheeks as one kiss. That takes too much time. Now commence quickly, or we shall not come to an end with it."

"Now for the kisses, my angel," said Lindorm, suiting the action to the word. At this moment the door was opened, and two manly forms entered the room.

Lindorm approached the strangers, politely. "I do not think," said Fortune's favorite, "that we have the pleasure of recognizing each other ; for you, Lindorm, look much different than you did before. If I did not know that you were an old friend of mine, your joyful and happy appearance would have contradicted my opinion. But you have good reason to be changed," he added, as his eyes rested upon the beautiful form upon the sofa.

"I now recognize you both," exclaimed Gustavus, and embraced his guests heartily. "I could not expect to see you. Allow me to present my wife to you. Captains Brant and Kornelli, dear Georgiana. Now gentlemen, please follow me." He opened another door. "My wife, you see, is prevented from performing the duties of a hostess ; but we will soon see her again."

"Once more welcome, my friends," said Lindorm, after they had entered the parlor, and the door of the cabinet had closed upon them. "What joy it is to me to see such dear guests,



whom I did not expect. But I see that you have taken a slight circuit on your return from the encampment to visit me."

"Precisely so," replied Captain Brant, the elder officer. "It was a happy accident which brought us hither, which Kornelli ascribes to his own good fortune."

"Then I am as much obliged to Kornelli as to my good star," said Lindorm, politely. "But, gentlemen, you really need a fire. You must be cold."

"But excuse my brother-in-law and myself," said Captain Kornelli. "We should like, with your permission, to arrange our toilet first. We are dirty, and we are ashamed that we have left the marks of our boots and spurs in your wife's room, which we ignorantly entered."

"O, that needs no excuse," said Lindorm, "and as you came so silently, none of the servants have observed you. But what did I hear—have you become brothers-in-law?"

"Yes," replied Kornelli, "and which of us appears the model husband to you?"

"Not you, at least," replied Lindorm, laughing. "You must be the man, Captain Brant, whom I can congratulate."

"Yes, I am really the happy one. I have been married one year. My wife is a lovely woman, Kornelli's sister; and, as you may probably remember that he and I were always the best of friends, you can readily think that we are now united more closely than before."

"Dear Captain," said Kornelli, impatiently, "Lindorm can hear all this by-and-bye. I am impatient to change my clothes." The Baron conducted his guests to their rooms. He rang the bell, which was answered by a servant, whom he directed to provide the guests with anything required, and then left them.

After the two friends had clothed themselves in their best uniforms, they entered the parlor, where Lindorm was awaiting them. He conducted them to a magnificent sitting-room, in which stood the tea-table. The young Baroness arose from her chair, and received her guests politely and cordially. Her dress, although simple, was elegant and tasteful. Captain Brant bowed deeply, and endeavored to his utmost to appear amiable. Kornelli stood aloof, charmed by the appearance of his beautiful hostess, and Lindorm vainly invited him, with words and gestures, to take a seat at the table. But Lindorm's countenance did not evince that expression which once had so much pained



the heart of Georgiana. A smile played about his lips, like that of a connoisseur displaying a beautiful piece of art to an admiring beholder, with a quiet feeling of content at the enthusiasm excited by his masterpiece.

“Will you not take this chair, Kornelli?” inquired the Baron, patting him upon the shoulder. He hastily turned round, and for the first time blushed at his rudeness. With a silent bow he seated himself.

“Now tell us the news. We are country people, and do not hear any,” said Georgiana, turning from Captain Brant to Kornelli. “Although we know the most of it by reading the newspapers, still it becomes interesting when told by one who has participated in what he relates.”

Under such an influence, Captain Kornelli quickly regained the use of his tongue. He described the march to the encampment, and he narrated, with easy eloquence, all that had passed while there and during their return. His talents for description were so varied and pleasing that even Georgiana united in the laughter which his narrative called forth from the gentlemen.

Kornelli spoke, in the course of his narrative, of a little village where the regiment paraded in the market-place at the same time that the graces paraded at the windows. The fair damsels regarded the handsome soldiers with looks of wonder and admiration, which could easily produce an impression upon the hearts of the officers. After that he treated them to many anecdotes, probable and improbable, concerning everything that had happened at this place. Then he carried them to Christiania, and described what had occurred there, its antiquities and its ladies; and finally, after he had told of their ride through the rain, and the proposition of the driver to carry them to the gentleman's estate, supper was announced. Lindorm and his wife heartily thanked Kornelli for the pleasure he had afforded them.

“How did the evening pass so soon?” exclaimed Kornelli, when he saw the others about departing. It seems to me as though we had not been at the tea-table longer than an hour.”

“Of course,” replied Gustavus, “we have not been sitting at the tea-table longer than an hour; but we have been sitting here more than four hours.” He handed his watch to Kornelli, which announced half-past eleven. “You see, my friend, that it is not too early for us to provide for your accommodation.”

Mr. Brant smiled assentingly, for he had thought the same



thing long before. With a pleasing expression of countenance he extended his arm to his hostess. Kornelli followed them with his host, assuring them that he had never before spent such a pleasant evening.

"I am pleased to hear it," said Gustavus, politely; "and I would be very sorry if both of you would not spend a few evenings more with me, as you see, my dear Kornelli, I have drawn a heavy prize in the lottery of life. Yes, I must confess that I am to be envied. Remain a few days longer and bear witness to my happiness, and I will convince you that the purest joy is to be found in the domestic circle. And, aside from that, I will introduce you to-morrow to my father and mother-in-law, whom we expect about noon; and I should like to show you my young brother-in-law, an excellent youth, but this must remain only a desire, for he will not leave the academy for a week yet. But I should like to have you see him."

Kornelli was enraptured at the friendly suggestion of the Baron, but he left the decision to Brant, who changed the conversation upon another topic. After the company had conversed a short time longer, the guests retired to their apartments.

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

World, thou rollest in thy ceaseless course,  
And yet provides for the little sparrow;  
Even protecting the smallest leaf—  
Look now upon the forsaken swimmer,  
Who is battling the billows of time.

EUPHROSYNE.

"No," said Kornelli, throwing himself carelessly upon the sofa, after the servant had closed the door; "no, Brant, I never before heard of such a fortunate man. Great God! such a woman, and two large estates! Upon my honor, these are inveterate enemies to melancholy and hypochondria. But his property is a trifle—many can have that; but listen, Brant, and answer sincerely, did you ever before see such a beautiful woman?"

"Never," replied Brant quietly, "she is no doubt very amiable and charming."



"Amiable and charming ! What a common expression is that," said Kornelli, angrily. "Those qualities can be found everywhere, but I, who have had at least fifty women dying for me,—and they thought they were beautiful,—I tell you that they were dim stars to this sun, which shines here for the solitary Lindorm ; this too-happy man, this melancholy man, although the faintest glimmer of her eyes would be sufficient to warm a dozen hearts."

"Yes ; but you must see, my dear Kornelli," replied Brant, "it is for this very reason, and Lindorm understands it very well, that he does the best while he keeps his happiness for himself ; and I think that is just, for it seems to me that the fair fame and beauty of a woman should always compare favorably with each other. Her honor is as a looking-glass, but breathe against it, and it becomes tarnished. Therefore, although the Baroness de Lindorm has caused me to esteem and respect her, still, I think that it is better for her, as a young and beautiful creature, to be surrounded by flatterers as little as possible. They hover around the rose, until jealousy and scandal have sharpened their arrows, and have pierced the heart of the husband. I am not deceived, Kornelli ; a man of Lindorm's eccentricity does not require much to see monsters where there are none, or, as folks say, to see ghosts in the day-time. His whole domestic happiness rests entirely upon the fact, that he has found a refuge from jealousy."

Kornelli did not reply. He could not, neither would he contradict his friend, and also, he wished to drop the subject, for he hated, from the bottom of his heart, Brant's well-meaning custom of representing every thing clearly and distinctly, and of thinking about causes and effects, as Kornelli never thought but talked. Brant did not now desire to listen to vain conversation, and Kornelli complained of fatigue. The gentlemen retired.

The next day passed by, as rapidly and as pleasantly as the evening before. The Baron had invited some neighbors to dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Hermer, as hospitable as usual, expressed a desire that the two pleasant and interesting strangers should visit Rosendal. But Brant, who longed for his own fireside, as often as he saw Lindorm's happiness, excused himself on this account ; but, perhaps, to this were added other and more powerful reasons, which, however, he did not mention.



But Mr. Brant's objections were overruled by Kornelli's decided assurance, that a few days, more or less, would be of no consequence, and the rest taking part with Kornelli, Brant finally submitted. The two gentlemen were to remain two days longer.

"Hear me, Kornelli," said Brant, earnestly, after they had retired to their room, "you are acting wrong in giving way to your weakness, and remaining here. Do you not think that my eyes are open? Yes, you may depend upon it; and Lindorm's eyes are also open. He follows you with his eyes, as much as yours do his young wife. You were not absent from the Baroness three minutes to-day. It is impossible for such things to please a husband, and I will tell you sincerely, I am convinced that Lindorm consented to the invitation of his father-in-law, more from politeness than inclination."

Kornelli coolly lighted his pipe, after which he lounged yawningly upon the sofa, occasionally looking at his watch. Brant well understood this silent answer, but he did not permit it to prevent him from giving his advice upon the subject.

"My good Kornelli," said he, "you must think more seriously upon this matter, than you generally do upon such affairs. Of course it will make no difference to you. You seek flowers that you may hover around them; but that does not end the matter. Perhaps your gallantry to the Baroness may have kindled a fire within Lindorm's heart, which the innocent cause may not be able to extinguish. Trust in my experience and knowledge of Lindorm's character. Seed sown by a frivolous mind may bring forth fruit, the bitterness of which may be tasted by those who least deserve it."

"Have you anything more to say?" said Kornelli, with a yawn more forced than natural, as he placed his pipe aside; "if so, I should think you should have your essay printed, that the public might have the benefit of it."

"There have been worse things printed, perhaps," replied Brant, without allowing himself to be offended. "I should be richly rewarded for my endeavors, if you would only listen to my well-meaning advice, to bring you back to reason and honor."

"What foolish words are these?" exclaimed Kornelli, much excited. "Will you please tell me in what manner I have erred?"

"I will do so," replied Brant, and filling his pipe, he seated



himself in a comfortable arm-chair. "In the first place, and principally, you have deviated from the path of reason, in allowing yourself to be impressed by the charms of a woman, who is another man's wife; and then, instead of flying from her, you anxiously seek every opportunity that presents itself, to remain here. Again, you have deviated from the path of duty and honor, by robbing the joys of life from an upright man, who has received you as a friend and guest, by endeavoring to gain the favor of her who is so dear to him. I think, Kornelli, you will not deny the truth of my statement."

"And should it be so," said Kornelli, quickly arising from the sofa, "I despise falsehood. I certainly should like to remain here, and be a friend of hers; but I declare that I do not entertain any ungenerous motives, unless you should call the desire to enjoy the charms of her conversation by such a name."

"I believe so, too," replied Brant, with a smile of vexation. "Who could think otherwise? but Rome was not built in one day. One thought brings forth another, until they at length are so confused and mingled together, that no escape can be found. You cannot speak for the future. You know not how far your imagination may carry you, after you have been with her longer. In short, dear Kornelli, I think it is not certain whether we can depend entirely upon your honor in such a case, for, although you are highly endowed, and polite even to extravagance, still your honor would fall like a card-house, should you have even an ounce of encouragement."

"Now listen, Mr. Brant," said Kornelli, blushing with rage. "Do not treat my honor so lightly. True, we are friends, and you are my brother-in-law, but you should remember that my patience, although very great, may have its limits."

"I do not speak to your patience; I speak to your heart," replied Brant, quietly. "Thus far no damage has been done, and the flowers of peace and domestic joy are still flourishing. Do not trouble her. Do not contaminate her with the poisonous breath of calumny, for if she is once crushed, the grief and sorrow of a whole life will not be able to restore her. They sink but once, and never rise."

"You are very eloquent this evening, and disgustingly sentimental, and I must leave you to your own conversation,"



replied Kornelli, and taking his candle he left the apartment. He entered his bed-room, and locked the door behind him.

The good Brant shook his head sorrowfully. "I will give him no peace," thought he, "until we have gone, for I suspect that he has an intention of remaining here a long time, and that certainly would be bad. I read something in Lindorm's eye this evening, which did not please me. It was an expression either of displeasure or contempt at Kornelli's impudent behavior. There was something peculiar in his glance, as Kornelli followed every movement of the Baroness. He did not seem as he did yesterday. Perhaps, however, all this has no other foundation than in my imagination, or in my fear, which sometimes looks at the worse side of the question. May God grant that it is so, for I never could enjoy myself again, if my conscience should taunt me for entering a dwelling in company with a despoiler, a dwelling, in which happiness dwelt, before we entered with our blasting presence."

"Kornelli is a very interesting man," said Gustavus to his wife that evening, after they had retired to their apartment, and were conversing upon all that had happened during the day.

"O, yes, his conversation is so interesting that one can listen to him a long time without fatigue; but as a daily companion I prefer Mr. Brant's decided but cheerful conduct."

"They are both generous and good men," said Gustavus, "but as regards an engaging disposition Kornelli is superior to the other."

"Yes, dear Gustavus, as far as you understand by an engaging disposition. That he is good-natured and witty, I admit; but I cannot recollect of hearing more than three words, which were not extremely foolish."

"You are strict, my dear," replied he, patting the blooming cheeks of his wife affectionately. "Now tell me, whether you dislike him, and if so, why."

O, unfortunate blush, which speaks falsely as often as truly, how much misery you have caused in this world, when you have burnt upon the young and innocent cheek, because the innocent one knows that your presence betokens jealousy.

"And why do you dislike him?" continued Gustavus, looking sharply at her.

Georgiana blushed; she was confused that her husband had



asked her such a question, and her uneasiness increased as she felt the blood rushing to her face. She knew too well why Kornelli had displeased her that day, and she did not wish to tell Gustavus ; but if she did not tell him, her confusion might be construed in a manner which would cause her heart to beat with grief. She fixed her eyes tenderly upon her husband. "My dear Gustavus," said she, "you have observed my blush, tell me, by our happiness and peace, so dear to you, if you consider this as a token, which could render your heart uneasy ?"

"No, my beloved Georgiana," said he, kissing away the tear that glistened in her eye. "By our heavenly Father, I do not distrust you. I have studied your heart too much during the two happy years we have passed together, to harbor the slightest suspicion of your noble heart ; but I will be frank with you. Had you not asked me this question, or had you avoided, for any reason, giving an account of the behavior of Kornelli towards you, then your confusion would have contained something, which might have awakened the old demon within my heart to renewed life."

"You have lifted a heavy burden from my heart, Gustavus," said Georgiana, and nestled her head upon the bosom of her husband. "Know then, that I blushed at your question, because Kornelli looked at me in a manner, which I would have despised in any other man but you. It was with the utmost difficulty, that I could be polite to him, and his impudence caused me to wish that he had never entered our house."

"Thanks, my dear Georgiana, for your frankness," replied Lindorm, joyfully. "Never shall the despoiler succeed in destroying our paradise. But Kornelli I have long known, and his inclination to please the ladies is so strong that I believe that he thinks it his duty to fall in love with every woman he meets. Whatever his sentiments may be, the first breeze blows them away, while it wafts to him another object to dote upon. Therefore, he is not of the slightest significance, yet he is an agreeable and entertaining companion."

"That may all be so," replied Georgiana, "but the description you have given of his character, I do not think would recommend him to any respectable families. It seems to me that he is only created for a superficial intercourse with society."

"I am sorry, my dear," said the Baron, "that you are of that



opinion, for I see that a suggestion I was about to make, will not please you."

"What suggestion?" inquired Georgiana, much confused, as Lindorm stood undecided whether he should speak or not.

"I was about to ask," said the Baron, "that Kornelli might remain with us a short time longer."

"You must be jesting," said Georgiana.

"No, my dear, why should I jest?"

"And why, my dear Gustavus, should he remain with us? Have we not been perfectly happy since we have been married? Have you ever wished for another companion beside your wife? And why should we increase our domestic circle with a companion, who cannot be contented with our simple manner of living? And then, Gustavus, have we not our Rosendal, our beautiful Bjerke; and then we have the pleasant company of Arthur and Louisa once or twice every year. O, my dear husband, relinquish this idea. Kornelli will never be a proper companion for you. His presence would only be an unpleasant intrusion upon our beautiful and quiet life."

Georgiana spoke warmly. Her entreaties and sincere words entered Lindorm's soul, and shook the resolution he had made; but they could not conquer it. He was moved by the friendly words of his dear wife, but so singular, so insensible is the heart of man, that perhaps it was her very desire to dissuade him from his purpose, that caused him to insist upon carrying it into effect. The battle of his finer feelings against his stern will he called a weakness unbecoming to a man. And then, was it not strange—so spoke the distrust which slumbered within him—was it not strange that she laid so much stress upon the quietness of their life? Did it not seem as though she thought that the tempter must be avoided instead of being conquered? or, in short, did it not appear that she feared that Kornelli might have some influence upon her?

While these thoughts were crossing Lindorm's brain, his lips were silent, and his hand clasped Georgiana's. It was not until she pressed his hand cordially, and said, "My Gustavus, you will not refuse my petition to-day for the first time since our marriage?" that he started up as though awakened from a dream. "My dear, are you not a little childish in this matter?" said he. "God knows, my Georgiana, that the presence of no human being except you can have any worth in my eyes. Still



it would be pleasant for me, to have Kornelli remain with us as a friend and guest, as long as his duty and his contentment will allow. You cannot think how pleasant it would be for me to have a companion, when I am at billiards, or wish to hunt. And then Mr. Hermer and I could have a better opportunity of forming a whist party. In short, a companion is advantageous in more respects than one, and my dear, if you would approve of my suggestion, I should much like to invite Kornelli to remain with us."

Georgiana was very uneasy. There was something in the expressions of her husband which sounded unnatural, and his arguments were so novel, that, to comprehend them, she was obliged to listen to them attentively. But she thought it would be better to leave the solution of this problem to time, and she was convinced that submission and self-denial becomes a wife, when arguments and requests prove of no avail. "Do as you think best, my dear Gustavus," said she. "If Captain Kornelli can afford you pleasure, I will endeavor to remember that, as your friend and guest, he has a right to the polite attentions of your wife. But that shall be all."

"Thank you, my dear Georgiana," said Gustavus, kissing her warmly, "I shall never forget your kindness, and you shall see that my idea will cause you much joy."

"I doubt that," replied Georgiana, sighing deeply.

"Let us now retire," said Lindorm, "for we must rise early that we may take breakfast at Rosendal. Mr. Hermer appears much pleased with our guests, particularly with Brant. They agree in every respect with each other."

"Yes, that is natural," replied Georgiana, as they left the room arm in arm, "Mr. Brant possesses head as well as heart."

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## CHAPTER L.

Unknown the bridge from life to death,  
 Unknown the path, the end of care ;  
 Great God, who holds the fate of men,  
 Father, in mercy hear my prayer.

EUPHROSINE.

THE next forenoon the inmates of Engelvik prepared for their trip to Rosendal. As soon as the guests had entered the parlor, Kornelli offered Georgiana his arm. Gustavus thought this but natural, and recommenced his interrupted conversation with his wife, concerning the establishment of a paper-mill. During their walk towards the landing he described everything in detail, and so unaffected and simple that it required all Brant's acuteness to penetrate the veil, with which he concealed the workings of his heart. But in spite of Gustavus' calmness, Brant observed that the Baron's mind was not always upon his conversation, and that his cheeks frequently changed from red to white, as he looked at Kornelli and Georgiana, who were walking a few steps in advance ; but he could not hear their conversation, yet it was evident that Kornelli was enthusiastic and eloquent. Her gestures however, appeared as though she did not enter into the spirit of her companion. But Satan whispered into Gustavus' too willing ear : "She avoids him ; she fears him. Would she do so if she did not think that he might ——"

The sentiments which now disturbed Lindorm's heart, did not permit him to follow the train of his thoughts. He resolved that he would think upon this subject for this day only, and then determine whether he dare make the dangerous trial of retaining Kornelli at Engelvik. He thought Georgiana's conduct towards that gentleman, should determine him. If she should continue to conduct herself as stiffly and haughtily towards Kornelli, as she treated Brant kindly and politely, then—then—he did not proceed further in his thoughts.

"Do you remain at Engelvik during the entire year, madam ?" inquired Captain Kornelli, of his lovely companion.

"Yes, we do not desire change," replied Georgiana, with a smile.

"It seems unjust and selfish, to me, for Lindorm to conceal his



lady in this solitude, when she would prove such an elegant addition to refined society."

"Engelvik is not so very solitary," replied Georgiana, slightly offended. "But we rather love a small company of select friends, than the gaiety of city life."

"By heavens!" said Kornelli, hastily, "please do not take my words so literally. Without doubt Engelvik is a paradise, and a most happy habitation during the summer months. I only thought that he should do as the rest of the refined world do, visit the capital during the winter. But instead of that he reminds me of a miser who carefully hides his treasure from others, who would fix their eyes in admiration upon the bright star, should she shine where they could behold her."

"But the star has no desire for admiration," replied Georgiana, shortly. "But see here is Rosendal, our second home. Is it not beautiful?"

Kornelli was frequently confused at the answers he received from Georgiana, but he concealed his uneasiness. "It appears to be a copy of Engelvik," said he, "and probably it is just as pleasant and comfortable. How pleasant it must be," he added, in a lower tone, "to spend a life with such company." He sighed deeply and cast a look upon Georgiana which plainly expressed his feelings. "Could I but live here, dear Madame, the dreariest winter would become the most glorious summer to me."

Georgiana withdrew her arm, and gave her hand to Lindorm, who assisted her from the boat. She pretended that she had not heard Kornelli's last words, but he, the bold Adonis, who thought himself infallible, construed her modesty in a different manner. He thought of the many coquettes who had affected the same modesty, still—still Kornelli felt that in this his last experiment his heart beat with redoubled violence. But this was not to be ascribed to his triumph, but rather to a reproach caused by the painful thought that he had changed many a modest female into the veriest coquette; but these monsters of an excited imagination, as he termed them, soon gave way to hopes of success in his present undertaking, if he could only find a proper excuse to remain at Engelvik longer. Kornelli could not comprehend Georgiana's character. According to his opinion, it would have been but natural in a young lady, who had been educated and had always resided in the country, to reply



to his words and looks, if she had been angry, either by a sharp look of reproof, or angry words of scorn. As a generality, Kornelli did not judge wrongfully, but Georgiana was from her youth accustomed to flattery, and therefore, did not pay particular attention to it. She would have thought it beneath her dignity to notice it in the present case. Kornelli, who was not aware of these facts, and aside from that being influenced by his self-esteem, hoped that her coolness, which he thought assumed, proved that he had produced a favorable impression upon the heart of his young hostess. As for himself, he considered that such a charming creature as he, could not be seen without being loved.

The day was not spent so pleasantly as it would have been had there not taken place a certain awkwardness among the company. This was not apparent, for each one of them endeavored to conceal it, yet they were not so happy as they desired. Kornelli's conduct was invariably the same. He conversed entirely with Georgiana, who received his attentions with cool indifference. She was polite, but not attentive. But if Georgiana could have suspected the new and singular form which the monster jealousy had assumed within her husband's heart, she would have certainly used every endeavor to conquer her contempt for Kornelli and tried to act friendly and attentive towards him. Still she could not be aware of the strange trial Gustavus had determined upon, and she thought that if she behaved differently towards Kornelli than she did, Gustavus would have good reason to doubt the purity of her heart. She was happy in the thought that she was persuading her husband, by her every movement, that she considered Kornelli one of the most insignificant of God's creation, and that she endured him only because he was her husband's friend.

Evening approached. The guests from Engelvik departed. Captains Kornelli and Brant were loud in their praises of their good hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hermer, and the pleasant day they had spent. Gustavus was in better humor than he had been during the day. He had brought his flute with him, and Georgiana had taken her guitar. They performed duetts together, and after they had concluded, Gustavus handed the flute to Kornelli, and requested him to play with Georgiana. Georgiana was unable to perform longer, and Kornelli, taking the



guitar, after a short prelude, sang a beautiful song in a clear, manly voice.

The little boat glided over the calm bosom of the water. The setting sun reflected its splendor with redoubled magnificence in the softly swelling waves, and all nature seemed to vie in adding to the glorious beauty of the scenery. O, that all hearts had been so calm and quiet! then the angels would have rejoiced in the soft beauty of this evening; but, alas! it was not so, the Furies held their watch that night! They now landed at Engelvik, and with many good-natured sallies of wit they entered the house. After partaking of some slight refreshment they bade each other good night, amid many congratulations upon the pleasant day that they had spent. But for the first time in the two years, since their union, Gustavus could not sleep by the side of his wife. He pretended to sleep, and therefore lulled Georgiana's mind as well as body to rest. With silent anxiety he listened to her soft breathing. She slept. It was the happy sleep of innocence. He looked upon her beautiful face with sentiments of boundless joy. The night-lamp shone dimly upon her white forehead, and he could not resist from pressing its ivory surface with his lips. When he was convinced that she was soundly sleeping, he removed his hand from under her head, where he usually placed it as her pillow. He arose from the bed and hastily clothing himself, rushed out of the house into the most lonely part of the park. He cast himself upon the damp earth, and, pressing his hand to his forehead, unburdened his heart by a copious flood of tears.

“Did I not notice at the very first moment that her beauty would make a dangerous impression upon him? But at that time I was cool and indifferent, and being assured of the sole possession of her heart, I laughed at him, for I was certain that his flatteries would not have a bad end. Still I depend upon it, and believe firmly that she cannot deceive me; but how can I be convinced of that? Where there is no temptation it is easy to preserve a spotless purity of heart. I need a firm foundation upon which I can build the happiness or misery of my future life. Why did she endeavor to prevent me when I only suggested to retain Kornelli with us? If she really despised his flatteries and impudence, then there are more ways than one for a noble-minded woman to keep a bold admirer at a proper distance. But her decided objection to his remaining here, united with the



indifference with which she now favors him, causes me to think that she is fearful that he might become dangerous to her peace of heart, and even that is sufficient, and more than sufficient to drive me mad, for the slightest unfaithfulness of her heart would dig the grave of my earthly joy. Yes, Kornelli must remain, even should I sacrifice my life by this desire for light to illuminate the darkness of my soul. Oh, how happy she has made me!—happier than any other mortal. My beloved Georgiana, if I did not love you so much I would be contented to remove the tempter from you; but my dark and wretched imagination would never permit me to live in peace if I did not make this test. I should be continually disturbed by the thought that I must thank myself only for her love, that I removed the temptation from her path. Therefore I shall put her to the test. Oh, if I could only appear so cool in my every movement, that I might not excite attention. I must be very careful not to allow either of them to observe my fears, and after she has stepped forth from the fire as pure as refined gold, then my confidence in her will be strengthened and confirmed. I can then say that I have attained the pinnacle of happiness.”

Lindorm quietly arose. He thought that his meditations had been silent; but they were spoken aloud, although he knew it not. He suddenly became silent as he observed the dark form of a man issuing from beneath the trees. In a rage he approached the unwelcome intruder; but then he suddenly stepped back as he heard Brant's friendly voice addressing him: “Night walker, why do you throw away the peace which can be found at the side of a lovely wife, that you may dream of things which a sensible man should avoid? I was sitting near my window, looking out upon the beautiful night, and saw you cautiously leaving the house. Thinking that something was wrong, I followed you, and have overheard your soliloquies.”

“Well, then,” replied Lindorm, “if you have heard all, there is no need of further explanation, neither will I trouble you with the request that you will keep it secret. Upon that I depend.”

“You can do so; but allow me, as your friend, and a quiet observer of your changing fate, to speak a few words to your heart, which is now disturbed by passion.” They sat down, and Brant continued: “There are but few souls in this world who are created to understand each other, and they meet but seldom.



But for our consolation such souls occasionally meet ; and then their hearts commune happily with each other. The drops of the ocean are innumerable, still they bear a certain relation to each other, for the everlasting and sacred laws of nature unite them ; but the least gust of wind dissolves their union, drop parts from drop, and the powerful storm drives one towards the north, and the other towards the south, where they are united with other drops, that the harmony of nature may again be restored. And again they are driven from their new companions to others, and thus it continues for an eternity. This is my comparison with the beings of this world ; but it is not so with love. Love is like a beautiful spring, the drops of which, although separated by a breath, still they are quickly united again, that they may run together in one, until the burning sun of summer prepares a grave for them, when they die, and are buried during the winter, that they may again salute the returning spring together. The drop which obstinately refuses to remain in its native spring, and boldly dares to form a stream by itself, will soon vanish, being absorbed by the sand."

Brant ceased, and Gustavus replied : " I understand you, my noble friend ; but for the very reason that I was so soon thrown into the ocean and had strived so much against the blasts, that I might arrive at the spring ; and now that I have attained that purpose, a treacherous breath is about disturbing its hitherto unruffled bosom. I must summon a hurricane which will drive away the darkness in its rapid flight, that the spring may become quiet again ; or else, if it should be so, that the spring may be dried up, forever."

Brant shook his head disapprovingly. " Excuse me," said he, " you now force me to be sincere. I must tell you that the purpose you have in your mind, is perfect madness, which your passion has produced, and which is most unpardonable. It may have a good result, because your wife, as far as I can determine, after my short acquaintance with her, is a noble-minded woman ; yet there may be incalculable evils grow from it. Kornelli, although a flatterer, still has a heart which might easily be offended ; and supposing this should happen, who else but yourself would be guilty of causing the criminal action, to which his excited imagination drives him ? He is very delicate of that which the people of the world call honor, and a few hasty words between you and him might give rise to a horrible event, for



your determination to remain cool during this unnatural test, is impossible to be carried into effect. How can we limit our words when passion is boiling within us, and when reason occupies a subordinate position? Oh! Lindorm, this is all madness; be contented with the happiness you possess. Do not call the demon of revenge to your destruction."

"Your persuasions are all in vain, Brant. You are throwing away your words, for your eloquence nourishes my determination. Now, if you did not think that the subject was important, you would not make so many efforts to dissuade me, therefore your words are useless. I must know what I wish to, the result be what it may. Believe me, Brant, I swear to you, that peace and happiness can never return to my soul by any other method. You must assist me in my plan; and I entreat you not to give Kornelli any advice, when I ask him to-morrow, to honor us with his presence for a few days longer. But at all events I have your word not to disclose to any one what has transpired this evening."

"I have given my word," replied Brant, with a sigh, "and thus far I have always kept it. But there is no help for you, Lindorm; you are mad, and it would be better if you would travel with us, and take the advice of a skillful physician, rather than to make such crazy experiments, which are caused by an insane curiosity."

Lindorm frowned upon his well-meaning friend. "You are my guest," said he, "and therefore can say what you think expedient. I am not in a humor to become excited, especially when I know it is your friendship which causes you to act thus, therefore, let me know whether I have your promise in relation to Kornelli?"

"No," replied Brant, offended at the result of his endeavors. "On the contrary I will do all I can to persuade my brother-in-law, to return home with me; but alas! it will be of no use, if he only sees the slightest prospect of remaining here longer."

"That is well," replied Lindorm, "but we will now return."

Silently they walked through the lonely park, and having arrived in the hall, Captain Brant said, as he pressed Lindorm's hand, cordially. "Pray, Lindorm, pray; your soul needs consolation. Seek for help there, where man should only seek when imaginary troubles oppress him; you will find rest there. When the sun of grace illumines the confused mass of dark and



sinful thoughts, which now fills your heart and bewilders your mind, then it will fall from your soul, like scales from the sightless eyes of the blind, and the spirits of peace and domestic joy will resume their place within your home and heart."

"Oh, that it were possible!" sighed Lindorm, and closing the door softly, returned to his bed-room. But what horrible sensations moved his soul, when he saw his beloved Georgiana lying senseless upon the floor near the door! The deepest regret filled his heart. He carried her to the sofa, and with the most endearing epithets, endeavored to restore her to life. Terrified and astonished she looked around the room, and when her eyes fell upon her beloved husband, her tears fell in torrents.

"Gustavus, my Gustavus!" she sobbed, "why have you again allowed yourself to be chained by the evil demons? You cannot longer rest by the side of your loving wife. I slept, and dreamed that we stood upon the verge of a precipice; and that you told me to spring into the abyss. I tremblingly embraced your knees. I entreated you to have mercy upon me. Our life was so beautiful, I did not wish to leave it; but then you tore yourself from me, and exclaimed in a horrible voice: "Well then, if you refuse to be the sacrifice, I must submit myself;" and as my weak arms encircled you in the endeavor to detain you, you cast me aside roughly, and springing wildly into the air, disappeared in the depths below. I awoke in deathly fear, and called you; but Gustavus, you did not reply. I turned towards you that I might see your dear face; but you were not there! O, God, how my heart beat with terror! I sprang from the bed to seek you; but I did not know where to go, and overwhelmed with pain, I fell, and insensibility came to my relief."

Gustavus endeavored to console her with tender words and assurances; that not being able to sleep he had taken a walk with Captain Brant, who was similarly afflicted, out into the cool air of the park. And thus after a short time he succeeded in calming Georgiana's fears.

His warm and tender love again soothed her uneasiness. She again fell asleep upon his arm, believing that it was as quiet within his heart as it was within her own. But a redoubled storm now raged within Lindorm's soul. He was now firmly persuaded that Georgiana's heart beat only for him; and he would have given his whole life, if he could have freed himself



from his fears. Two powers strove against each other within him. His noble love commanded him to refrain from the dangerous experiment which he was about to perform; and then selfishness and passion warned him that he would not be happy until he had proved her faithfulness to the most. Poor, weak man! The best are frequently conquered when the tempter presents himself in the guise of their reigning passion.

At the breakfast table the next morning, Lindorm expressed his desire that the two gentlemen might remain at Engelvik a few days longer. Brant was filled with astonishment and admiration at his coolness and self-control. "But," continued Lindorm, "Mr. Brant, as a married man, cannot much longer bear a separation from his beloved wife, yet Kornelli, who is a bachelor, would render us much happiness if he would consent to remain a short time longer."

Kornelli's cheeks crimsoned; but, to the astonishment of both Lindorm and Brant, he stammered an excuse, that he had already accepted another invitation. Georgiana, who during this conversation had not lifted her eyes from the table, now looked up quickly, with an expression of kindness, into Kornelli's countenance. Kornelli's better nature had been aroused by Lindorm's fearless confidence; but when he saw Georgiana's look, which he could not rightly understand, he felt the blood rushing to his heart. He experienced a sentiment that he called love. Lindorm's quick eye observed the change in Kornelli's countenance. But, convinced that under the same circumstances he would himself have proved victorious, he did not hesitate to expose his friend to the dangerous trial he had prepared for him. He once more brought all his eloquence to bear upon Kornelli; and Brant reminded the Baron in vain of the anxiety which his parents and sisters would feel at his absence. The good-hearted Brant spoke to the wind; Kornelli gave way to Lindorm's requests, and his own weakness. He presented his hand to his hostess, and shook it warmly, as a token that he had resolved to remain. Kornelli, of course, nourished all those sweet hopes, which is usually the case when reason has ceased to guide the heart. Those who have gathered roses and thorns from the gardens of experience, and have preserved them in the herbarium of their mind, feel their influence, and also know what fruits such hopes bring forth, if they are not supported by an earnest desire to govern their passions,



even though the sacrifice should prove almost unbearable. Lindorm appeared cheerful and contented. Georgiana assumed an air of indifference, and Brant looked the personification of confusion. His countenance appeared careworn and doubtful. They all endeavored to enliven the flagging conversation, and they were rejoiced when it was interrupted by the arrival of two strangers.

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## CHAPTER LI.

I fear me—now the battle commences.

NIKANDER.

Weep not. Tears are stinging  
Thrice sharp the hero's cheek.  
Take shield. Grasp sword strongly.  
Quick, your brave comrade seek,  
And strive with vengeance rife:  
Fight rough for death or life!

LINDEBLAD.

BEFORE their separation, Brant once more used his greatest eloquence to dissuade Kornelli from remaining at Engelvik. "I have promised," replied Kornelli. "Fear nothing; I can govern myself; you can depend upon that. I shall never see the Baroness de Lindorm in any other light than the wife of my friend."

"Yet, you will love her," said Brant.

"Yes; just as one would love an exquisite piece of art, or an angel, which can never descend to the regions of passion; thus I will adore her. No look nor word shall betray my sentiments."

"Bah! what foolishness!" said Brant, angrily. "Looking at a piece of art, or an angel, never produces a passion. It's all nonsense; a trick of the devil, that you may excuse your weakness. Be a man, Kornelli; shake off the fetters which bind your bold spirit. Remain by your first noble resolution; go with me, your friend, with your brother, with your fellow-soldier. Neither you nor I would be able to fly before enemies of flesh and blood; but it is better to fly from those which now threaten you with disgrace and confusion."



"My good Brant, I will not fly. Do not ask me that, for it pains me to refuse you ; but, believe me, we shall soon meet again, and you will not find me unworthy of your esteem."

"God grant that it may be so," sighed Brant, embracing the friend who was so dear to him, with dark presentiments. At the farewell, Brant whispered to Lindorm : "Remember our conversation, and do not trifle with Kornelli. His sentiments are deeper now than they were ever before in a similar case. Remember, therefore, I entreat you, that the guilt and responsibility may not rest upon you."

Brant approached Georgiana, and with much emotion placed her hand to his lips. "Dear Madam," said he, "it would give me the utmost joy, if I could hear in my far-distant home, that your happiness continues to flourish, as much as your cheeks now bloom. May your life be long and happy."

Georgiana was moved with admiration at Brant's farewell words. With a beautiful expression she moved her head, and replied, "That is my fervent wish. Give my compliments to your wife, and tell her I will pray for your mutual welfare."

Captain Brant ascended into his carriage, and soon a cloud of dust was the only remaining vestige of the good friend, the frank and honest man.

Engelvik was filled with an emptiness which was exceedingly painful, and Kornelli's presence caused this emptiness to be more observed. Georgiana went to her cabinet, and taking little George in her arms, soon forgot that a disturbance had taken place ; but when her eye accidentally fell upon the open book, out of which her husband had read to her upon their last happy evening, tears started to her eyes. It appeared to her as though she could never be so happy again as she had been before, at least as long as Kornelli remained. She plainly saw that his presence was as disagreeable to her husband as to herself.

The gentlemen were sitting in the parlor. Lindorm occupied a sofa, before which stood a small table, on which was placed books and newspapers. He was scanning a weekly newspaper. The Captain was standing near a window, accompanying his thoughts by drumming upon the window panes. Fortunately Mr. Hermer arrived, and a complete change occurred. He quickly observed that something wrong had taken place, and he was much astonished that Lindorm had persuaded Kornelli



to remain, in spite of his former dislike for any other company than that of his own friends and acquaintances, but, without allowing himself to speak his opinion, he turned the conversation, with his usual aptness, upon an interesting topic. The conversation was continued until dinner, and after the afternoon nap, coffee was served, and the gentlemen went out on a fishing excursion. Thus passed the first day.

The next day was commenced by a hunting excursion, during which they visited the Parsonage, and remained there the greater portion of the day. Lindorm and Kornelli had become more confidential. Both of them were pleased that this familiarity had taken place. After their return to Engelvik that evening, Georgiana was rejoiced to observe the change that had been effected since morning. Lindorm greeted his wife with unaffected joy. He embraced her cordially, and taking his little son upon his knee, trotted him playfully. His heart, to all appearances, was quiet and happy.

Kornelli witnessed this happiness, and a sigh which was about to escape his lips, was repressed by his better feelings. He did not wish to be envious of the happiness of his friend; he wished only to look at it. They seated themselves at the tea-table good-natured and gay.

"Georgiana and I are fond of reading, and if you are of our opinion, dear Kornelli, you and Georgiana can be my audience."

"With pleasure," said Kornelli; and as the Baron stepped into the next room to provide a book, Kornelli related all that had passed at the parsonage, and how much he had been pleased by the educated and refined conversation of Parson Werner, who, he said, was a man of God in every sense of the word, as he had neither displayed himself eccentric nor boasting, but sincere. And, aside from all that, he said that Parson Werner was a pleasant, good-humored man when out of his library, and seated in front of a well furnished table.

With the utmost satisfaction Lindorm observed, after he had returned, that the slightest trace of confusion could not be detected in either of their countenances. After giving the title of the book, Gustavus commenced reading. Georgiana was making a little coat for her boy, and Kornelli stroked his moustaches. All was domestic and pleasant, and the little company did not



separate until a late hour. They retired to their apartments satisfied and contented with each other.

Thus a week passed by. All was peace and happiness. Lindorm was now more composed—Kornelli more social and entertaining. He was a pleasant and dear guest to Lindorm. In the bosom of Georgiana, however, there existed an unpleasant fear. She did not speak of it, thinking that it was caused by the inward antipathy she felt for Kornelli, which she could not overcome.

The court session now arrived, and the first court day Lindorm was obliged to attend. Kornelli wished to accompany him, but the Baron persuaded him not to do so, because the road was very rough, and Kornelli finally submitted to remain at Engelvik. Georgiana, however, who foresaw this, had invited her mother and her little brother Alexander, to visit her, without her husband's knowledge. As Lindorm was about setting forth upon his journey, his mother-in-law landed at Engelvik. He divined the intention, and casting a cheerful look at his wife, hastened to the landing to receive Mrs. Hermer.

"I charge you, Kornelli, to entertain the ladies during my absence," said Lindorm; and kissing the hand of his mother-in-law, and embracing his beautiful wife, he sprang into his carriage and disappeared. His mind was cheerful, his heart set at rest, and after the futile observations of a week he had almost come to the conclusion that he had been very foolish. But after he had persuaded Kornelli to stay he could not withdraw the invitation. He was perfectly convinced that the result must be good. He meditated upon Brant's philosophical remarks concerning the drops of water, their union and separation, and he felt cheerful and extremely happy at the thought that Kornelli would soon leave them that he might be reunited with other drops. Lindorm resolved to write to his friend Brant by the next mail, and to satisfy him in relation to his fears and doubts, by showing him that eternal love directs everything for the best, and that it had caused him to acknowledge his folly. He would assure him that Kornelli was only a dear guest, and many other things of a like nature. Thus Lindorm felt and thought. He had regained his senses, but his self-love caused him to thank God that he had directed his bark to a safe haven according to his own method. But he entirely forgot that Kornelli would be obliged to battle strongly against the passion of



his heart, before he could also reach this haven. Should he fail to do so, and not cast anchor in the holy ground of peace, how could Lindorm's quietness prosper? But as regards Kornelli, Lindorm believed that everything would be right if he would only change his place of residence, and thus change his feelings also.

After the Baron had finished his business at court, he persuaded Chief Justice Holk and Mr. Hermer to spend the evening at Engelvik, that Mr. Holk might become acquainted with Captain Kornelli, and that they might enjoy a quiet game of whist. The Chief Justice, who could never resist when whist was used as an argument, immediately consented. After their arrival they found Mrs. Hermer and Kornelli were in the sitting-room playing piquet. Georgiana was in her cabinet, rocking the infant to sleep. The little one had been very cross that day as it was cutting its teeth.

"My only love," said Lindorm, tenderly, as he kissed both child and mother. "Have you spent the whole day here alone, Georgiana?"

"O, not a long time," replied Georgiana; "but I could not appear at the dinner-table, and if mamma had not been here to-day I do not know how Captain Kornelli would have been entertained."

"Well, an every-day guest must entertain himself," said Lindorm. "Captain Kornelli is a plain man, not at all ceremonious. I am glad that he is here, but he must occasionally look out for himself."

But when he said he was glad that Kornelli was with him, he spoke falsely. He sincerely desired that he might soon be far, far away. Gustavus was frequently obliged to attend court, and be absent from home occasionally on other business, and then Kornelli would have too many opportunities to be alone with his wife. This he had now discovered, although he did not mistrust Georgiana. He now saw, as Brant told him, that he had been silly, and almost mad, when he formed this rash resolution, for he was convinced, after his return from court, that Georgiana was not at all interested in Kornelli.

In the mean time, one month passed by, and Gustavus meditated in what manner he could rid himself of Kornelli, who did not even mention his departure. On the contrary, he had made sundry proposals to Lindorm to accompany him on several short



excursions in the neighborhood, and after the excursions were made, Gustavus proposed that they should visit Rosendal for a short time, for the Baron was desirous of preventing Kornelli from remaining with Georgiana. But when Kornelli thought that Lindorm was not observing him, his eyes rested upon Georgiana. He would sit still and look upon her for hours, when she was sewing in the evening, as Lindorm read to them, as was his usual custom. At length Lindorm noticed this, and reproached himself bitterly for the unfortunate idea he had concocted to dig his own grave, although he was convinced by Georgiana's conduct that he had no cause for fear. Lindorm, however, could not rid himself of his burdensome guest, neither could he give him a hint that his presence was no longer needed, for the conduct of the Captain was perfectly gentlemanly, and he seemed to be endeavoring to conquer his passion. But there was something in his wan countenance which betrayed his wishes. He never addressed Georgiana; but when she spoke he was all attention. When they walked out he never offered her his arm as he formerly did, but would walk humbly and silently by her side, with folded arms. His behavior was the same when he happened to enter a room where she was alone. He either left the room hastily, or sat as mute as a statue. Mr. Hermer and his wife had long before observed this condition of affairs, and they felt that it was too delicate a matter for them to give their advice upon it. Still Mr. Hermer made up his mind to seek for a proper opportunity to speak with Kornelli; but as Kornelli intentionally avoided him, he chose another method which Mrs. Hermer communicated to Georgiana, and Georgiana told her husband. He chose this method as the last means by which he could regulate the delicate matter. Mr. Hermer's plan was as follows: He proposed that little George, who was now old enough to be weaned, should be allowed to remain a few weeks with his grandmother at Rosendal. This would give Gustavus and Georgiana an opportunity of taking a trip to Lindholm, as they had before proposed. They were to visit Arthur and Louisa, and it was suggested that Captain Kornelli might be invited to participate in this journey, which would afford him much pleasure, they thought. Georgiana added that, as Kornelli's home was on the same road, in all probability he would go home instead of returning to Engelvik.



"You are my guardian angel," said Gustavus, embracing his wife. "I am sorry for poor Kornelli, yet nothing better could be invented than this scheme. If he only leaves Engelvik, no doubt new objects will attract his attention," he added, in a low tone, and entered the house to prepare his guest for the news.

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## CHAPTER LI.

And I—but first the kiss, the kiss,  
Thou fairest rose fading for me.  
Far from thee my life is flowing,  
Memory is fast leaving thee.  
Love by black revenge is strangled,  
Another world divides our bliss,  
Yet my wounded heart, in breaking,  
Is grateful for this final kiss.

NIKANDER.

LINDORM did not find Kornelli in his room. Upon the table was lying an open book, bound in red morocco, which proved that the owner of the book had been using it a moment before. Lindorm stooped over the table, and as the half dried ink proved that it contained Kornelli's hand-writing, his eyes rested upon the following lines :

"Where has my former strength flown? Has my soul become as withered as my heart? I have striven, and prayed. My prayers were in vain, and my struggling useless. I am subdued by duty and passion, and the pain which I endure is the punishment, the horrible punishment for the frivolity, influenced by which I formerly deceived so many innocent hearts. But when shall my punishment end? Not on this side of the grave, for the passion, which consumes my heart and crushes my strength, shall never cease, even if I should succeed in fulfilling the often made resolution to depart. But I must——"

Lindorm heard quick steps in the hall, and he stepped aside. Kornelli immediately entered the room; his face was flushed as he saw Lindorm standing near the table upon which the memorandum book was placed; but a glance at the Baron's face, which was unmoved, convinced him that Lindorm was not acquainted with his secret. Gustavus now informed his guest



politely and considerately of his intentions. He spoke of the joy which Arthur and Louisa would experience in seeing their loved and long expected friends. He also said that the trip would be very beneficial to Georgiana's health, as the weather was fine, and the roads in good condition.

Kornelli was silent and gloomy. His eyes were fixed towards the floor.

"You will accompany us, no doubt, my friend," continued Lindorm; "you will be much pleased with Lindholm, I assure you. Our amiable friends will receive you with joy."

"When shall we start?" inquired Kornelli, monotonously.

"Next Monday," replied the Baron. "Sunday we have guests as usual. It is my birth-day, and we will be a little merry on that day, my dear Kornelli."

"Good, I am willing," replied Kornelli. "I am willing," he repeated, mechanically. Lindorm left the room with an oppressed heart.

Saturday arrived. The Baron had business, which absolutely called him to Bjerke. He invited Kornelli to accompany him; but his guest refused the invitation, giving as an excuse that he had a severe headache. Lindorm gloomily mounted his horse, but, before he had rode half a mile, his evil presentiments became so powerful that he was not able to listen to the voice of reason, and he therefore turned into a by-path, and rode towards Engelvik through the park. He was riding slowly, meditating upon his strange presentiments, when he thought he heard confused conversation issuing from a summer-house near by. He thought he recognized the voices of Kornelli and Georgiana. The blood rushed to his heart. He fastened his horse to a tree, and softly walked to the window, through which he could see without being observed himself, as he was concealed by a thick myrtle bush. He saw Georgiana standing in the centre of the arbor, with Kornelli kneeling at her feet. Kornelli held her hand within his, and in words of fiery eloquence he was describing the sentiments which burned within his heart.

The earth appeared to Lindorm, as though it was burning beneath his feet. His first impulse was to rush into the summer-house, and give vent to his rage; but he controlled his passion that he might hear Georgiana's reply.

"Arise, Captain Kornelli, and release my hand," said she, with queenly dignity. "You dishonor both yourself and me by



this act. How meanly you deceived me, when you cunningly called me hither, pretending that this place would be the most proper to prepare an unexpected joy for to-morrow, my husband's birth-day. You pretended you wished to make a friendly suggestion. I came innocently to you, and you have thus insulted me, me—me, the wife of him who has so generously given you his hospitality and friendship. Is this the conduct of an honorable man? No; but still, arise, and leave me. Pray for my husband's pardon, and I will forget your madness, and will pity you."

"Thank God!" thought Lindorm. "I was certain she would stand the test, still it is a sad sight for a husband. He is upon his knees, motionless as a statue, and his devouring eyes feast upon her. She endeavors to loosen her hand, but he still retains it. But he speaks. I must hear him." Lindorm listened intently.

"Forget and pity me! Cruel Georgiana! Is that the only consolation you can offer me for the misery of a whole life? Is there no feeling within your heart, which will be merciful to me? No friendly star to lighten my dark path?"

"No, Captain Kornelli. The most that you can gain from me is pity for your unfortunate weakness. I love my husband too well to be able to listen a moment longer to your words. Go, if you do not wish me to despise you."

She made a strong effort to release her hand.

A horrible expression of passion flashed from Kornelli's eyes. He quickly arose, and wild with rage, he forgot honor and duty, and boldly encircled Georgiana's waist with his arm. "You must not, you shall not despise me!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Georgiana screamed wildly, and now Lindorm's self-possession vanished. He forcibly opened the door, and stood before them both like an avenging spirit from the other world. Georgiana and Kornelli started back pale with fright, and the excitement which raged within them. Lindorm's rage boiled within him like a seething cauldron, as he said: "How dare you, you villain, insult my wife in such a manner!"

"Stop!" stammered Kornelli, between his firmly set teeth. "I have offended you, I grant; but until this moment I have struggled with the unfortunate passion which has blinded my reason, and, therefore, Lindorm, I do not deserve the epithet villain, and you shall answer for it with your blood."—The last



words were whispered bitterly in Lindorm's ear. Kornelli quickly left the spot.

Georgiana, who had stood trembling in fearful suspense, now threw herself upon her husband's bosom. He clasped her to his heart. "My noble, brave Georgiana!" he exclaimed. "My dear, my beloved wife! Never, I swear by this bitter and sweet hour, never will I again doubt you. May God grant peace to the unfortunate Kornelli. My passion carried me too far. I have offended him more than I should have done. I reproach myself bitterly; but alas! too late, that I received him as my guest, and even forced him to remain. Oh, my Georgiana, would that I had regarded your entreaties, and had listened to your arguments! then this storm would not have passed over our beautiful paradise. Where will it end?"

"Where else than that Kornelli must leave us as soon as possible?" inquired Georgiana, astonished.

Gustavus did not reply. He felt that it would not be so easily arranged,—but fearing to speak his thoughts to Georgiana, he silently offered her his arm. "Will you not go to Kornelli's room and endeavor to console him?" inquired Georgiana, as they were ascending to their apartment. Lindorm pressed her hand, and hastened to the Captain's room. Kornelli was standing near the window engaged in cleaning his pistols. He was as cool and quiet as though he was preparing for target shooting. "Are your pistols ready?" he coolly inquired of Lindorm.

"No," replied the baron. "I do not need them. I do not intend to use them. We have offended each other. For my part I will confess it, and will give you my hand in reconciliation. If you will confess the same, then give me your hand also, and we will be friends again."

Kornelli smiled sarcastically, and replied with an expression of contempt.

"You wrong me," continued the Baron, "if you think that any conciliatory words are the result of cowardice. No sir. I am no coward, and had I not requested you to remain here, when your nobler feelings prompted you to depart, and thus feel myself the cause of this evil, I would be the last one to offer you my hand, as I now do again with my whole heart, with the hope that our old friendship may be continued. Gentlemen



can mutually forget weakness in each other, and forgive each other, without despising each other for so doing."

"Your words may be caused either by a noble heart or cowardice, still the matter is the same. We have offended each other deeply, and blood must be shed. I can not, and will not consent to any other method of reconciliation. If you deny me this, I will declare publicly that you are a coward who can see another man kneeling at his wife's feet, without washing away the disgrace with blood."

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Lindorm, waving his hand impatiently. "As you please. Name your hour and place."

"Five o'clock; the open space behind the park."

Lindorm departed and shut himself up in his room. The strife which he passed through was horrible. The thought that he had now sacrificed for his miserable weakness his earthly happiness. Perhaps one or both of them would be slain. And she—Oh, the thought was horrible!—He wrote a letter to Hermer, telling him frankly every particular of the matter, and requested him to hasten to Engelvik. But that his father-in-law might not arrive in time to interrupt them, which Kornelli would represent in a very contemptible light, the letter should not start till nearly five o'clock, so that all would be over before he arrived. He secretly ordered that two horses should be harnessed, that the carriage could be quickly prepared, should it prove that either Kornelli or himself should be obliged to fly into Denmark. Lindorm made all arrangements with the utmost composure. He made his will and appointed Mr. Hermer the guardian of his son. He assigned Engelvik as the residence of Georgiana during her widowhood. He also made other arrangements which proved his courage and foresight in the highest degree. They met at two o'clock in the dining-room; but Captain Kornelli excused himself from appearing at the table. Lindorm sat silent and pale. "Take a glass of wine, dear Gustavus," said Georgiana, filled with the utmost uneasiness, and presented him with a glass of Madeira; but when Gustavus plied it to his lips, two great tears fell into the wine.

"O, God, Gustavus! what is the matter?" exclaimed Georgiana, arising. He extended his arms, and silently pressed her to his beating heart. Their tears mingled together; it was a moment of sacred pain. But she was far from suspecting the true



cause of his grief. He shut himself in his room after they separated, and remained one hour in solitary prayer. He then descended to Georgiana, and his heart beat more calmly as the fatal hour approached. He sat beside her, and endeavored to speak of the pleasures of their intended journey, and of the joys that awaited them upon their return, if God would permit them to live. Georgiana nestled her head in his bosom, deeply grieved. He was not so lively as before. His smile was sad; but his heart was calm. At length he withdrew a letter from his pocket. It was to be sent to Rosendal. It requested Mr. Hermer to visit Engelvik. This consoled her somewhat, for she had unlimited confidence in the wisdom and prudence of her step-father. After he had spent a short time in playing with his son, Lindorm said: "Now, my dear Georgiana, I must go out into the fresh air for a short time, and in the mean time will examine the new fruit trees." Georgiana wished to accompany him; but he refused her with the excuse that the walk would fatigue her too much, and that he would soon return. He endeavored to bid her farewell in his usual manner; but his grief overpowered him. He pressed mother and child to his heart, and then hastened from the room. Georgiana's uneasiness increased rapidly, and after she had endeavored to console herself by all possible arguments that Gustavus' present state of mind was caused only by the incidents of the morning, she called the nurse, to whom she gave the child, and throwing her shawl over her shoulders, hastened to the park, although he had forbidden her to follow him.

"Did the Baron go towards the orchard?" she inquired of a boy, who was standing in the court-yard.

"No, he went into the park."

"Into the park?" said she, with increasing anxiety. "Was he alone?"

"Yes; but the Captain went there a few moments before he did."

A horrible thought flashed through her mind. She hastened to the park; but in her confusion she took the wrong path. At length when she had arrived almost at the further extremity of the park, she heard the report of a pistol, rapidly followed by another. A feeble cry of pain reached her ears, and with renewed fears she hastened to the spot. Lindorm was lying prostrate upon the ground, bathed in blood. The ball had



pierced his breast. Kornelli was kneeling over him, endeavoring to staunch the blood. With a heart-rending scream Georgiana rushed to her husband's side. Lindorm looked up tenderly towards her, and silently extended his hand. She pressed it to her almost bursting heart.

"Gustavus, my Gustavus!" these were the only words which her trembling lips could utter. Lindorm requested her by signs that she would allow him to rest his head in her lap. She retained her presence of mind as long as he wished for anything from her. His head was resting upon her lap, and his lips were illumined by a sweet smile. Georgiana bowed over, and pressed a long holy kiss, the farewell kiss of life and happiness upon his lips.

"Oh, how happy I am that you are here," he whispered. "How happy that I can die near you. Forgive me, dearest, for the grief I have caused you. Pray for your Gustavus, and soon follow me—soon—soon—." These were his last words. His eyes were veiled with the mist of death. A slight sigh, a soft pressure of the hand, and Gustavus Lindorm's soul stood in the presence of its Judge. A half hour elapsed before Mr. Hermer, anxious and bewildered, arrived. For the first time in his life he lost his presence of mind, as he saw the beautiful Georgiana stretched out near the body of her husband. She was senseless, and Gustavus Lindorm, his friend, his son, was dead. Mr. Hermer's manly soul was deeply moved. His first thought was of Lindorm's last request that the survivor should have every facility to escape. Kornelli stood by, filled with the deepest despair and grief.

"Fly!" exclaimed Mr. Hermer. "All is ready for the first comer."

The servants had heard of the catastrophe, and the confusion was horrible. Kornelli mechanically followed his conductors to the carriage. The old and faithful driver, who had already received secret instructions, ascended to the box. Kornelli's trunks were placed in the carriage. Nothing was wanting except a peaceful conscience. That was gone for ever. And now they rolled on through the darkness, like a storm. Darkness also reigned within Kornelli's soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lindorm's grave has been covered with the snows of several winters since that eventful evening. Several summers have



strewn it with their odorous flowers, and Georgiana still remains at the solitary Engelyik, mourning for the loss of her beloved. Her tears are not yet dry ; but the love for her beautiful son, the image of her loved one, strengthens the weak cord which binds her to earth. Each morning she looks with longing eyes towards the lofty willows that shade her husband's grave in the church-yard. Every evening she sends a desiring sigh to the great Giver of all good for liberty ; and she will soon be able to say,

"My heart is dust, my hopes are fled,  
I wish no more ;—no more I need."

Kornelli, that unfortunate man, was not heard from for several years. At length Brant received a letter, informing him that his brother-in-law had enlisted under the banners of the King of Portugal. A short time afterwards, another letter arrived. It was from a comrade of Kornelli, and contained the news that his friend had fallen in battle, during Don Miguel's usurpation of the throne of Portugal.

THE END.







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These volumes embody a full and continuous history of Poland from the earliest ages of its existence, in which are included the several dynasties under which it has been governed, with reference to every subject which throws light on the principles of its government, its varying prosperity, its literature, its distinguished men, its religion, and the character of its people. The author has consulted everything which has been written on the history of Poland which was accessible; has placed his materials under a clear arrangement, and has subjected the whole to a careful analysis. There is no other book extant, in which so much has been compressed on the subject of Poland, and which may more safely be referred to as an authority.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

A map and engravings add interest and value to a history which Mr. Saxton has prepared with great labor and care. We know not where else to look for so much in the same compass, relating to a nation whose tragic career has drawn to it the attention and sympathy of the civilized world. The construction of the work is in many respects a model for books of this class, giving, as it does, an answer to the inquiries that are naturally suggested to the mind of the inquisitive reader, who will not rise from the perusal of so complete a survey of Poland and its history, without feeling himself informed at almost every point to which his inquiries may be directed.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

The author's style is terse and vigorous; his conclusions enforced by arguments based upon well established facts and sound philosophy; and the work, as a whole, we consider a valuable accession to modern historical contributions. It is worthy the patient study of the student of history, and eminently deserving a place in every private as well as public library.—*Troy Daily Whig*.

It is a book which the statesman may read with profit, while it is also well calculated to interest the general reader. Especially would we commend it to the perusal of the student, who will find many things “both new and old” within its lids.—*Freeman's Journal*.

This work recommends itself to public notice by its clear and concise history of a coun

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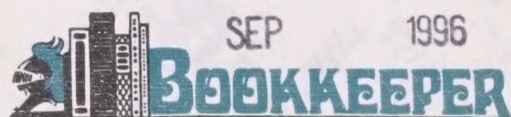








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